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November 21, 1925

# Collier's

THE NATIO LY

**H. C. Witwer writes another "Bill Grimm" story**

Ann Brockman

**"The book nobody knows"**

**Told by BRUCE BA**

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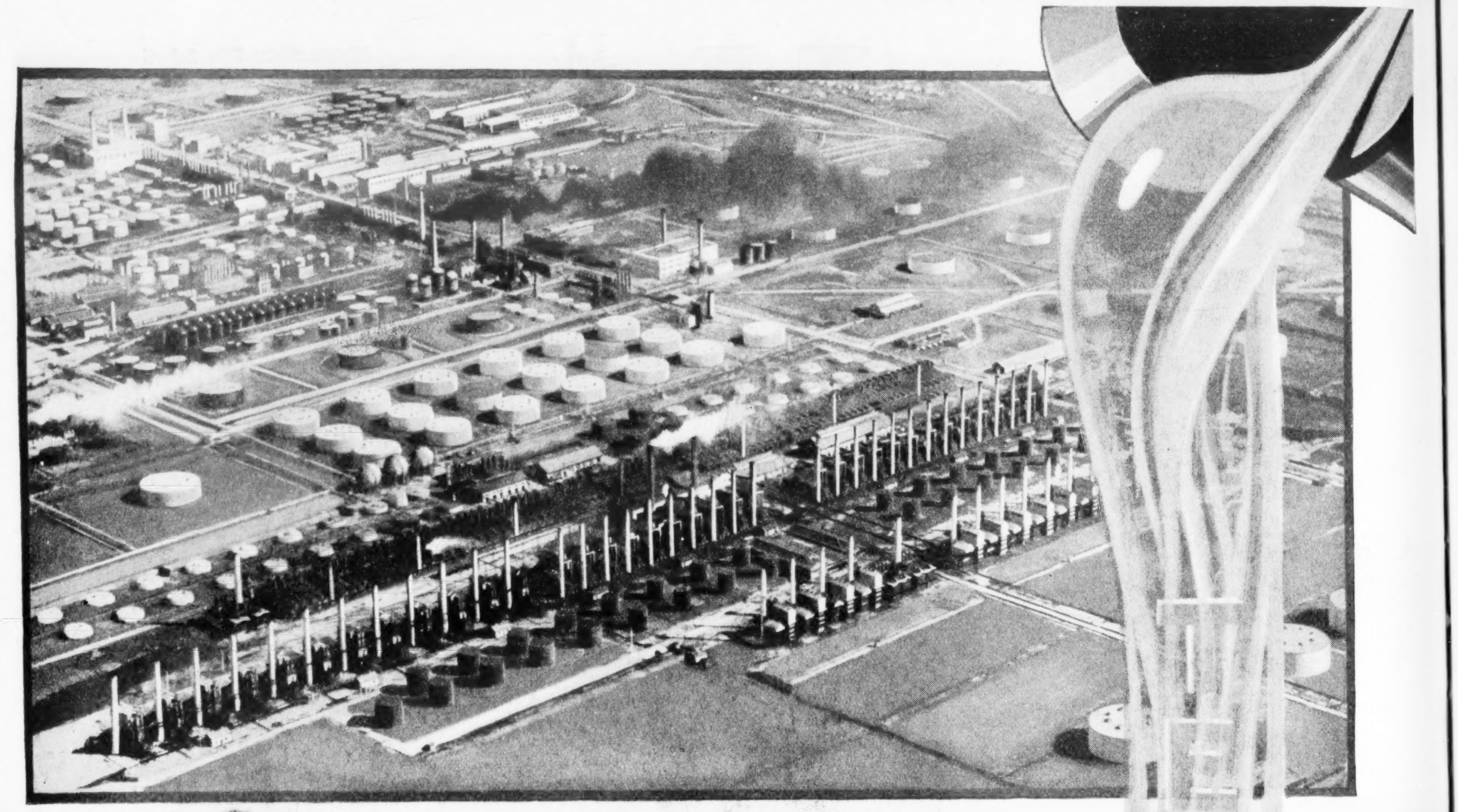

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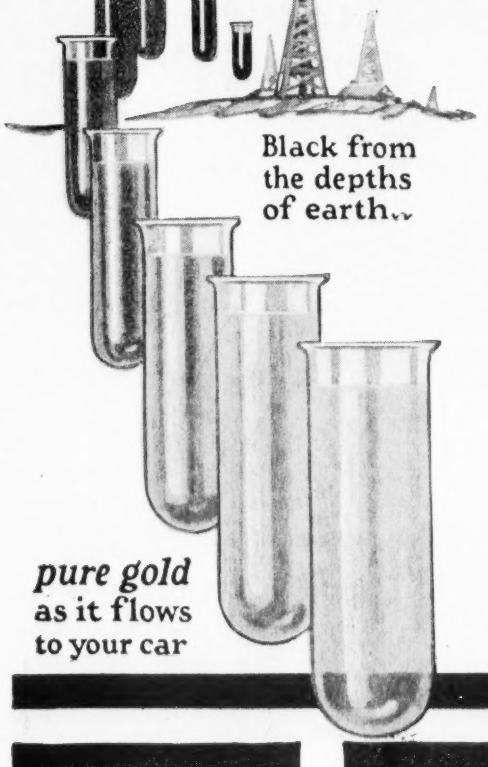
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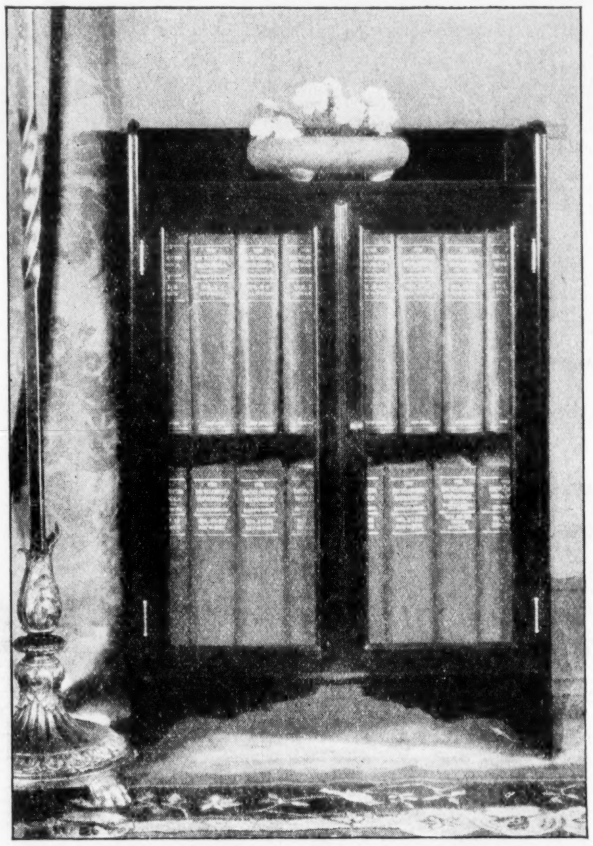

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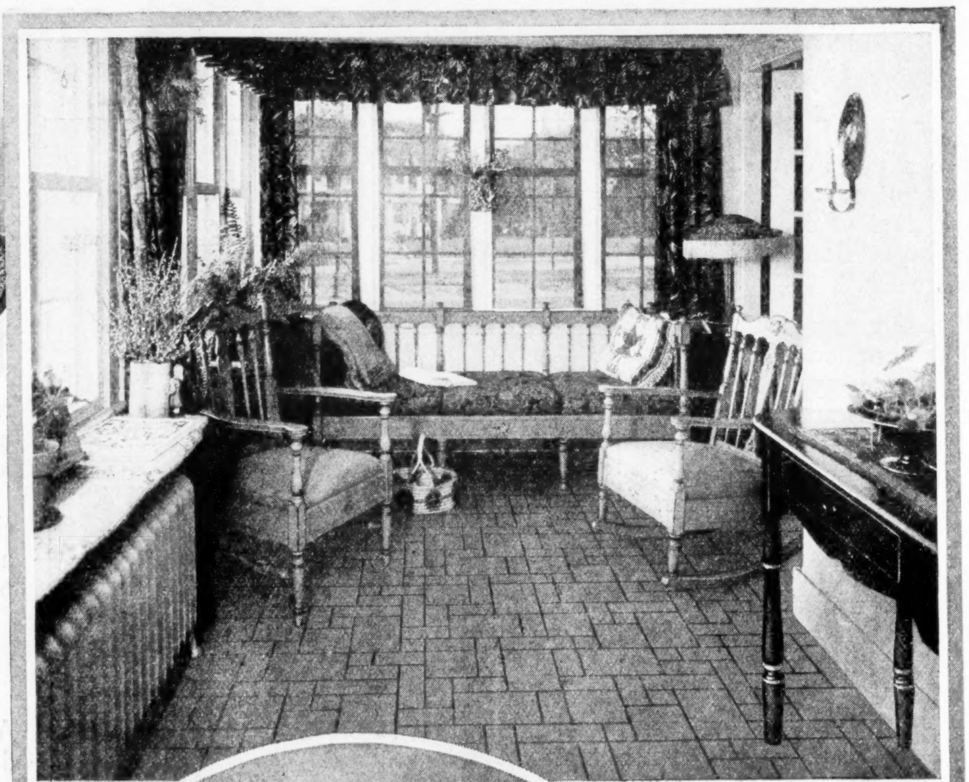
# What the Priscilla Proving Plant *proved* about linoleum floors

*By* DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

*Housekeeping Editor of Modern Priscilla; Director of the Priscilla Proving Plant*
*Author of "A Home of Your Own"*



## New book for home-planners

A NEW book on furnishing and decorating homes has been written by Agnes Foster Wright, formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York and an authority on this subject. This book, entitled "Floors, Furniture, and Color," contains workable suggestions for the correct use of color in all types of homes, all kinds of rooms. Many interesting interiors are shown in full color. Every home-planner should have this book. Send for it now, enclosing twenty-five cents to cover packing and postage costs. (Sixty cents in Canada.) Address Armstrong Cork Co., *Linoleum Division,* 2517 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

SO many women have written to the Priscilla Proving Plant asking for information about the decorative and housekeeping advantages of modern linoleum floors that about a year ago we decided to make an actual test.

We now feel qualified to give practical, unbiased answers to the two questions uppermost in every housewife's mind: "*Are linoleum floors really pretty? Are they easy to keep clean?*"

Let's take appearance first, because, with all due respect to economy of labor, time, and money, you want your home to be attractive.

Our sun parlor has a floor of quaint Dutch tile linoleum. Nothing, to our minds, could be more suitable or more satisfactory.

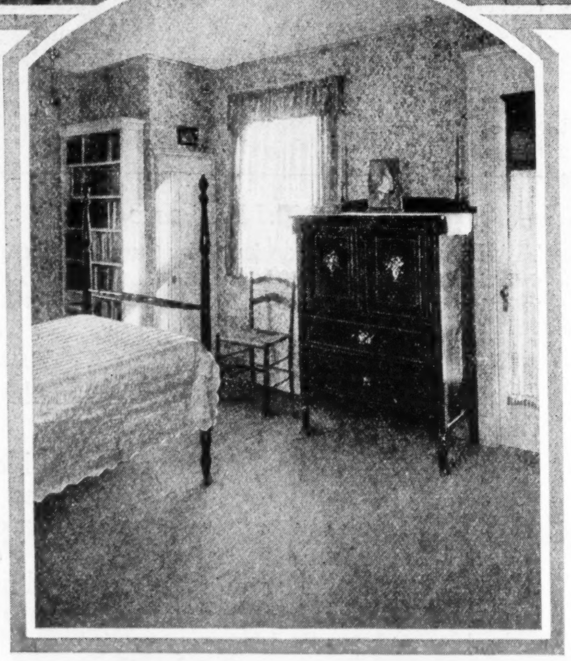
In the bedroom we installed a rippled gray Jaspé linoleum floor. This floor gives just the right color background for gayly stencilled furniture, wall paper in rose and lavender, and draperies of rose.

In our guest room the floor is plain blue linoleum. Unquestionably, this floor enhances the whole decorative scheme, forming a soft foundation of color for the walls of old-fashioned chintz and the Colonial furniture.

### *More than just "pretty"*

Everyone who sees these floors can't help exclaiming, "How beautiful!" Those who formerly thought of linoleum as suitable only for kitchens and bathrooms are agreeably surprised and delighted.

But these floors are more than just beautiful. They are remarkably long-wearing. We have had linoleum on both our kitchen floors for seven years—and it shows no signs of wear. Not only has it had innumerable visitors treading over it daily, but, because of this unusual traffic, it has been scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed. In spite of this hard treatment — for, ordinarily, linoleum floors should not be scrubbed — the pattern is not at all worn nor the color faded. There are many years of good wear in it yet.



*Floors of Armstrong's Linoleum materially help the decorative treatment in these two pleasing rooms in the Priscilla Proving Plant. You can see these and many other new Armstrong patterns at any good department or furniture store*

The linoleum floors in our other rooms are extremely easy to care for. They were waxed when laid. They are rewaxed occasionally. A dry mop or floor brush quickly removes dust from the smooth, polished surface.

Today, from our practical experience, we can recommend modern linoleum floors as good-looking, springy to walk on, easy to care for, and long-lasting as well.

* * *

***Mrs. Lutes invites*** anyone who would like to see these linoleum floors to visit the Modern Priscilla Proving Plant at Newton Center, near Boston, Mass. If you cannot personally visit the Plant, write to the Bureau of Interior Decoration maintained by the Armstrong Cork Company. This Bureau will send you samples of pattern floors especially suitable for your own home, and will give you names of local stores where you can see them. This Bureau will also help you plan home decoration. Consult with it. There is no charge. Address Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division,* 2517 West Walnut St., Lancaster, Pa.

*Look for the* **CIRCLE A** *trade-mark on the burlap back*

A

# Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

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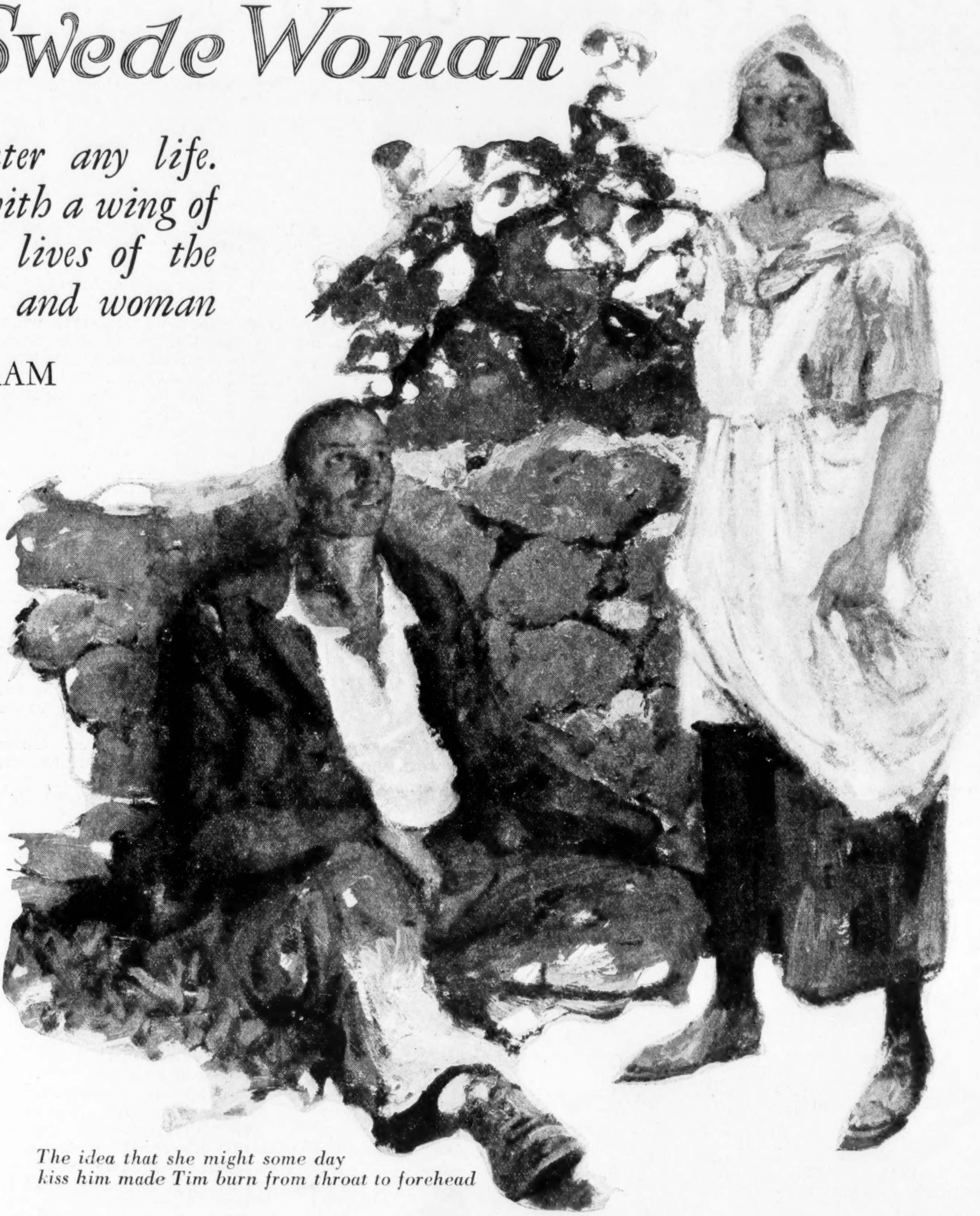
# The Swede Woman

## *Romance can enter any life. Here it touches with a wing of bright colors the lives of the least likely man and woman*

### *By* MILDRED CRAM



*The idea that she might some day kiss him made Tim burn from throat to forehead*

WHEN the sun came up, Tim Carty woke. He woke as he had slept, like a big animal. His eyes opened, and with a stretching and yawning he sat up.

He saw below him the valley he had known, in the darkness of the previous night, to be there. And, clustering between low, ample hills, the village.

"That's it," Tim Carty said aloud. "That's the place I'm going to live."

He spoke to his dog, and the animal, with little gruff snorts, indicated that he agreed with everything his master said. Tim Carty's dog was a mongrel, an old, short-haired, thick-tailed dog that had seen better days. Tim rose stiffly and brushed himself off with both hands, for he was a man of clean personal habits.

He had come a long way, on foot, hunting for a place to settle down and round out the measure of his days. All the way from Pennsylvania, through New Jersey, New York, New Hampshire, always north and always toward the sea. He still had some of the money given him when he left the prison in which he had spent the last ten years. During those empty, slow ten years he had dreamed of a village sheltered by hills, yet near the sea. Now, pausing on the crest of a slope known locally as "the toboggan," he looked down at the scattered farmhouses, set in rectangular fields, at the village, dominated by a church spire, and off, beyond, to the tidal river, the semicircular sweep of dunes, and the sea, breaking on a white beach.

Snow still lay in patches, but there was a flush of green here and there. Spring was at hand.

Tim Carty was filled with contentment. He had come to the end of his journey. A deep happiness filled him. He swung down the hill, whistling.

He turned up at Jim Weare's store at six o'clock in the morning, and asked for work. Thereafter he became a part of the village life, and it was hard to believe that there had ever been a time when Tim Carty wasn't to be seen doing odd jobs, or loafing on Jim Weare's porch, or driving his horse over the steep "toboggan" hill to the house he built for himself on the ruins of the old Beale place, burned in the nineties.

He never explained himself to anyone. From the beginning most people liked him, though they made fun of him. He was a big man—six feet two in his bare feet—with the deep chest and the long, ungainly arms of an ape, yet a graceful man too, one who moved without effort. His hair was stiff, dry as straw, and he cut it himself, with a penknife, chopping it off, any old length, whenever it grew too long for comfort. He wore a hat shaped like a beehive, a sort of pixie's hat. And what with his little blue eyes, his bristly chin and his gentle, deprecating voice, he was a target for everybody's wit. He contrived to live through the first summer in a rough lean-to made out of charred lumber salvaged from the ruins of the old Beale place. When the hard rains drove in from the sea, during September and October, he moved into the village and slept in Schultz's barn, curled in the hay with his dog lying pressed against him. But the following winter found him in that crazy dwelling on the ridge, the owner of a stove, a cot bed, a few pots and pans and a phonograph.

When the spring came again he emerged from his refuge like a bear coming sleepy-eyed and groggy out of its winter nest. On clear days, from his house on the ridge, he could see the Trinity light, and, beyond, the shoal islands, always misty and far-off. Tim Carty would stand for hours just staring at the world. He could remember a time when all he could see of it was compassed by a high, oblong window heavily barred. No one in the village guessed the reason for his slow, painstaking gestures, as if he were groping for things through a mist of memory, as if he had once been a skillful worker, a good carpenter, but was a good carpenter no longer. The women were a little afraid of him, because of a certain look in his eyes, a questing, a tenderness and a longing. Women are afraid of ugly men who cannot hide a longing like Tim's.

THEY gave him work, and paid him less than they dared to pay any of the younger men, who moved faster. From March until June he worked steadily, at the beck and call of anyone in need of a handy man. He came by his horse and wagon in a curious

The table of contents will be found on page 50

way. One night in June, when he was working late to weed his patch of a garden, a strange man turned in from the highroad driving a big sorrel with a white star on his forehead. Tim Carty saw the patch of white, moving toward him through the dust, before he could make out the driver. A voice hailed him:

"Hey, you! I need help!"

And the horse came to a stop with its forefeet planted in Tim Carty's garden, the wagon lurching behind.

Tim approached cautiously, and through the gathering darkness made out the white, stricken face of the driver. He sat huddled up, his hands dangling helplessly between his knees, the reins abandoned. Tim climbed on the wheel, and the stranger toppled against him.

HE WAS a big man, broad and burly, but Tim Carty lifted him down and carried him into the house, putting him gently on the bed.

"Guess I'm done for," the stranger said, while Tim was groping for a match. The voice was so alive and vibrant that Tim wondered whether he wasn't being made a fool of again. But when he had lighted the lamp he saw that the other was in truth "pretty sick." His hair was matted on his forehead, thick with sweat, and he kept turning his head from side to side.

"Guess I'm done for. I can't feel anything. It hit me all of a sudden, about a mile from here."

"I guess I'd better go fetch the doctor," Tim said.

"Guess you'd better not leave me. I'd rather you stayed."

"It's only four miles."

"You stay."

"All right."

"I've seen you before, ain't I?"

Tim Carty shook his head. An old fear swept through his veins. He swallowed. "Not as I remember."

"It doesn't matter. We've both been behind bars. I know a jailbird when I see one. I seen a lot in my time. It's this way: They won't let us alone. All I wanted was to live my own life. Free. I'm a man—myself. Get me? And here's the world. Ain't I got the right to live in it to suit myself? Go where I please? Sleep out? Tramp around? Work when I please? Loaf when I please? See the world? Live? Ain't I?"

Tim Carty nodded. His fingers tightened on his knees.

"Well, what does the law say? It says I can't. It stops me. See."

"Mebbe the law's right."

The sick man's eyes grew brighter, and a spot of color dyed his cheeks, receded again, leaving him white as paper. His dry lips parted in a smile.

"How old do you think I am?"

Tim Carty said slowly: "'Bout forty."

"Well, I'm sixty-three! And I've always been as strong as an oak tree. I'll bet now, if I could lift my arm, I could bend your arm over backward and crack it like a twig."

"Mebbe. I'm pretty strong myself."

"How old are you?"

"I'm thirty-five."

"You look older'n me."

"I take things hard. I do a lot of thinking."

"Well, cut it out," the stranger advised, "before it's too late. If you give 'em time, thoughts'll kill you. I'm like this because they put me where I had to think. Five years. I've been out six months. I bought the horse and cart because I was soft and lazy. Before they got me I'd never slept under a roof. The sky was good enough, or a tree. I belonged to the earth, see? My lungs was too deep for the air you have to breathe in houses. I earned a little money, mebbe working in the fields or cutting wood, and then I moved on—to Europe. Italy. All around the Gulf. India. There's a country! And there's a valley in Lower California where the flowers spill honey on the ground, and where honey runs in rivers. You can hear the humming birds ten miles off. Like a mill."

"You don't say?"

"I DO. I'd like to go back there. Happiness is being free to do what you want, and if men could do what they want, and not what they're told to do, there wouldn't be any sin in the world. Animals don't sin and lie and steal. They kill and eat, sleep and run, smell the earth, feel the sun, lick, scratch and then mebbe they're killed, or they get old and die. But not many of 'em get old! Men hunt 'em down and kill 'em, the way men hunt free men down and kill 'em by putting clothes on 'em and making 'em live in houses. God! It ain't fair."

The sick man turned his head away. "They got *me*," he said. "I was sleeping in an empty car on a sidetrack. A bull dropped on me and I knocked him out. Quick, see? Wasn't I a free man? Free to sleep if I wanted to? I hadn't any money, not a dime, and that made me a criminal. See? A hobo. They gave me five years."

Tim Carty moved. There was something he must find out before this man died. The gray shadow of death was moving up, across the face, like the shadow of an eclipse creeping over the hushed earth. "Didn't you ever get lonely, traveling?" he inquired.

"Lonely? What for? A woman?"

"Well, yes," Tim agreed. A slow flush spread over his face and neck. "A woman. Some woman to watch out for."

"I never see a woman who didn't hanker for things," the other said. "And I don't set any store by dishes, furniture and such like. A clean shirt to my back's enough. You can't trust a pretty woman. And the ugly ones cling too fast, fear of losing you. . . . No, sirree. . . . To be free a man's got to leave women alone."

Tim Carty had never before dared to speak his desire to another human being, and now he choked on the words. "I'd kind of like to get married," he said. "I've got a ring." He reached inside his shirt and brought forth a small leather case, drew out a ring, and held it on the palm of his hand for the stranger's inspection. It was a ring of magnificent proportions, of that shape called by jewelers a marquise, set with glittering stones.

"I aim to give it to some woman," Tim said. "Me and the ring and this house go together." He put the treasure back into the leather case, drew it tight, and thrust it inside his shirt against his bare flesh. "That ring got me into trouble," he began.

"How's that?"

"I showed it to a man fifteen years ago. Like I showed you. Trusting him. See? And he laughed at me. Called me a red-headed son of a fool."

"What'd you do?"

"What would you of done?"

The sick man smiled faintly. "We was both right. Say, you can have my horse and the wagon when I'm gone. That horse's better'n any woman."

Tim Carty shook his head. "You ain't a-going to die," he insisted.

"Feels like I am. I'm all cold. The fire's gone out of me."

"I'll fetch a blanket."

Tim Carty turned away. He kept an extra blanket in a sort of makeshift chest he had fashioned out of packing boxes. He drew it out and, unfolding it, went to spread it over the stranger. Then he saw that he was too late. The last ember, glowing in those eager and wandering eyes, had been quenched. Life was gone.

Owning a horse and wagon, then, Tim Carty became more prosperous. He began to save money. Never parting with his hat, he nevertheless purchased plaid flannel shirts and a suit of store clothes for Sunday. When he was dressed up, shaved, wearing varnished yellow shoes and a watch chain, he was as self-conscious as a woman. He used to hang around the post office, jingling the coins in his pocket and grinning. On such occasions Bo crouched behind his master, sorrowful, ashamed and subdued, his brown, bloodshot eyes full of the tragedy of being a dog, Sundays as well as weekdays. The horse was given a holiday; unharnessed, his mane braided, his tail ornamented with blue ribbon bows, he cropped contentedly in the old Beale orchard or rolled in the deep grass on the hillside, near the shallow grave of that stranger who had wanted to be free.

ONE day in June, when he turned into the Dixon place, that big, red-shingled house on the ridge, he found someone already there. Trunks and boxes had been spilled out on the porch, the windows stood open, and a woman was already hanging things to dry on the lines in the kitchen yard. Tim Carty drove around to the back of the house.

The woman who was flapping and smoothing and hanging the wet clothes was young. As she bent down over the heaped basket Tim Carty noticed the powerful lines of her body, her strong legs, her broad back, her neck, like a column. When she stood up and turned toward him, squinting in the sun, he saw that she wasn't so young after all. Thirty, she was, at least. Maybe older. Her hair was thick and straight, flax color. She spoke to him: "Good mornin'," she said. He sat where he was, his hat pushed back, just staring at her. She was the first woman whose eyes rested on him quietly, without fear, as women's eyes rest on men who are not simple and possessed with longing. She had looked at him as if he were any other man. "Good mornin'," and then back to her work.

After a while Tim Carty said, "Family here?"

She told him, in broken English, that she was alone. They had sent her up from Boston to open the house, clean, wash the curtains and set things to rights.

"Swede, ain't you?"

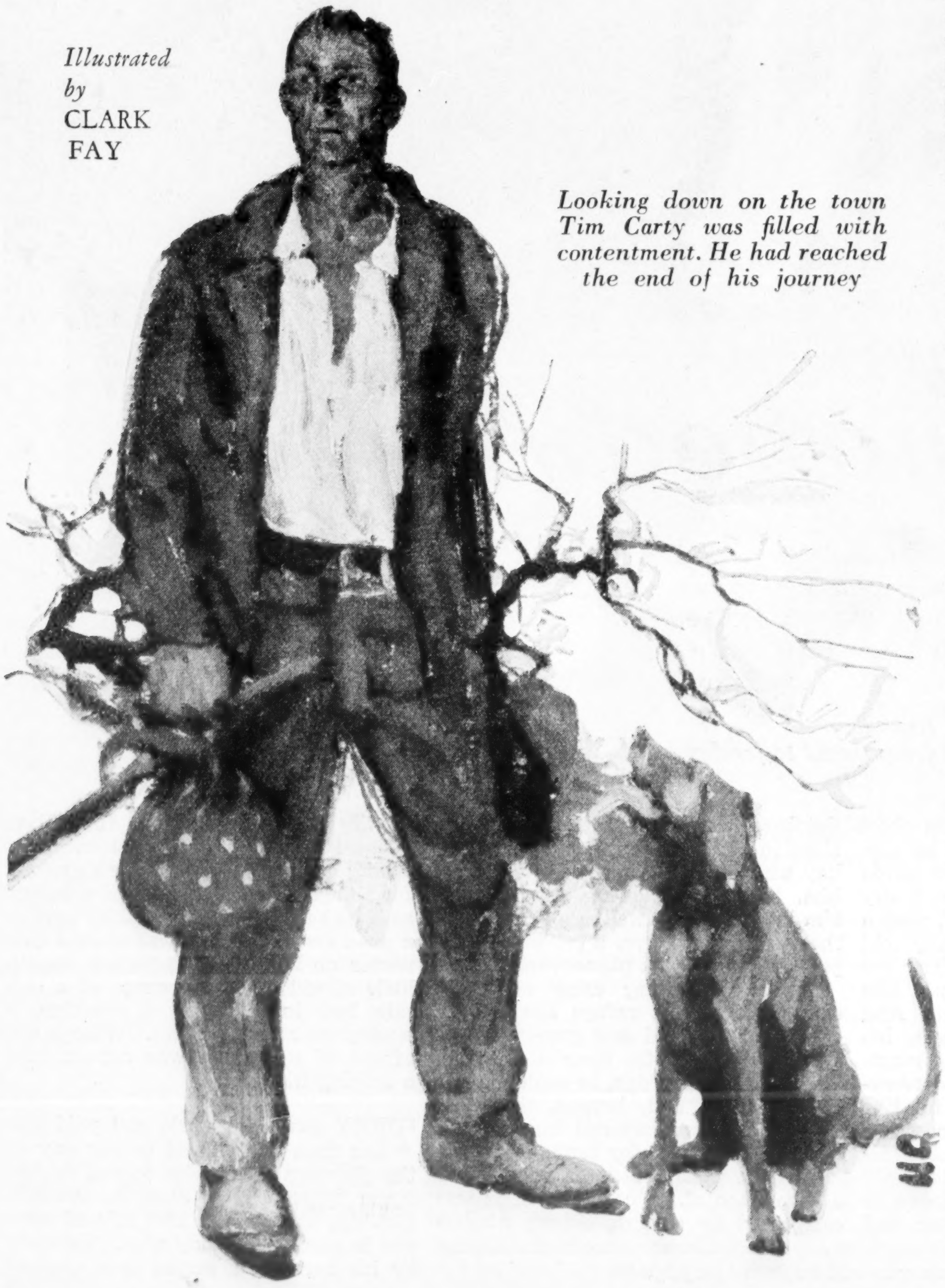
No, she told him, she came from Norway, from a town near Oslo, in the country.

"Just over?"

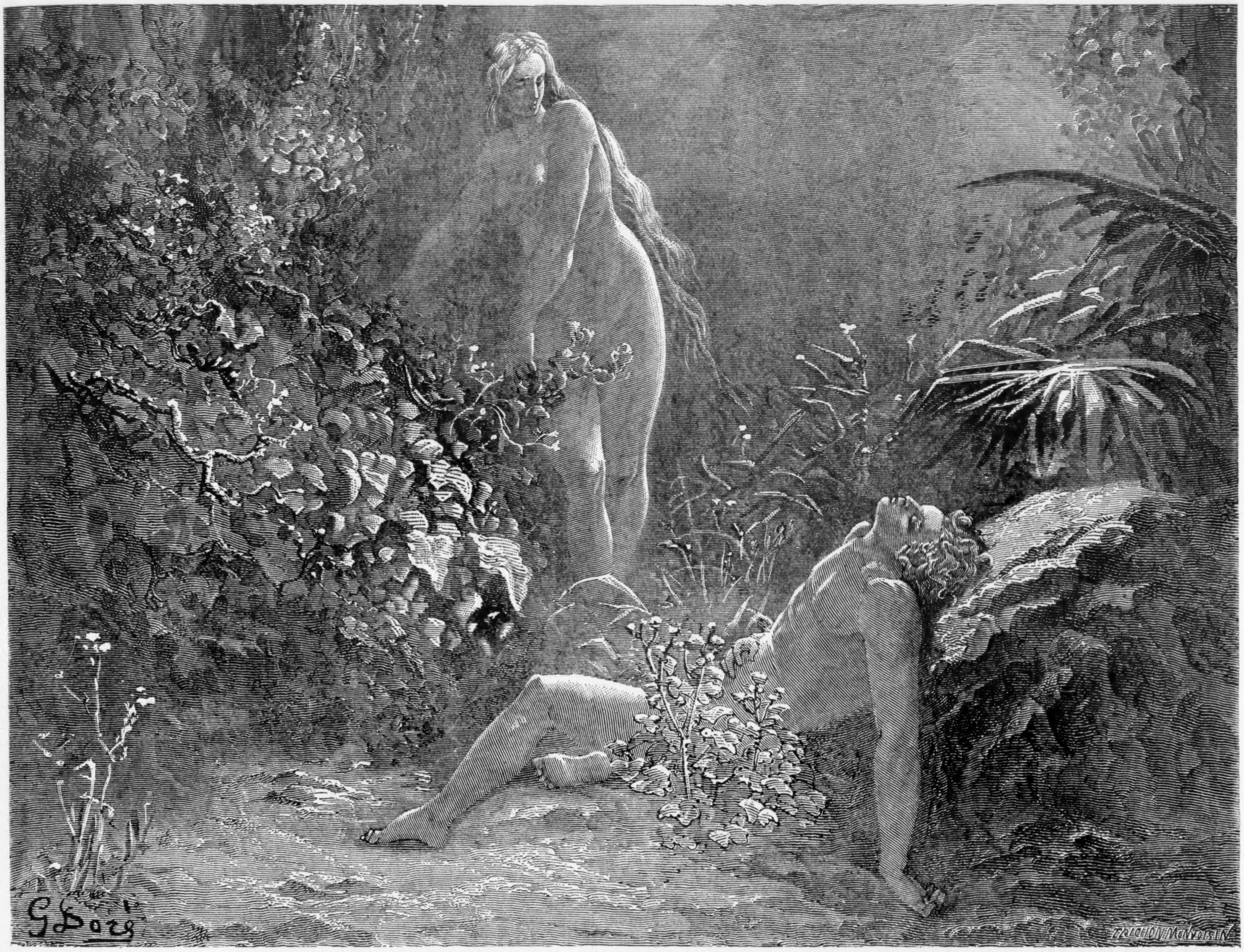
"'Bout two year."

"Like it here?" (*Continued on page 46*)

*Illustrated by* CLARK FAY



*Looking down on the town Tim Carty was filled with contentment. He had reached the end of his journey*



*From Gustave Doré's famous drawing of the creation of Eve*

# The Book nobody knows

HOW well do you know the world's best seller? Nearly every home has a copy: twenty-five million were printed in 1924. Everybody buys it, but everybody doesn't know what's in it. Of all books in the world this book is best worth knowing. Beginning in this article, Bruce Barton "reviews" it. You will find here tales more thrilling than the newest "shocker," romances more tender than the latest novel and wisdom sublime enough to guide the human race eternally upward.

### By BRUCE BARTON

AN INTELLIGENT and talkative lady found herself at dinner beside a bishop. Having a social gift, she knew that most men are flattered to be met in conversation on their own grounds, and so she started to talk about the Bible.

"I can't pretend that I read it as much as I should," she confessed, "and really, you know, parts of it seem to me hopelessly out of date. Yet," she added broad-mindedly, "I'll admit that there are some very beautiful lines."

"Yes?" said the bishop. "For instance?"

"Well, for example, that line about God tempering the wind to the shorn lamb." (On the chance that there may be one or possibly two readers whose knowledge is no more exact than this fair lady's, let us hasten to remark that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," a book which resembles the Bible in about the same way that "Three Weeks" resembles the "Encyclopædia Britannica.")

"And now you must tell me *your* favorite verse," the lady continued brightly.

"It would be hard for me to pick a single verse," the bishop answered. "But I can give you my favorite passage. It is the one where Eliza crosses the ice."

Not long ago I met a man who wanted to know which of the Old Testament books contains the verse: "Thus saith the Lord, Every tub shall stand upon its own bottom." I told him that both Jeremiah and Ezekiel give expressions to bits of philosophy that resemble this but not in words that bear any resemblance whatever.

It would be easy to multiply such stories. They illustrate a strange phenomenon. Here is a book, or more properly a collection of books, which is beyond comparison the world's best seller. New novels grip the public fancy for a few weeks or months and then disappear, but the Bible stands continuously at the top of the list. Go "somewhere east of Suez," where there "ain't no Ten Commandments" and what do you find? A fine big bookstore in Rangoon, which city you have to visit "on the road to Mandalay," centrally located and up-to-date, with a modern printing office in the rear. American presses are turning out textbooks and literature of every sort. And Bibles, cords of Bibles, literally cords of them.

Go into the finest hotel in any American city and on the stand at the head of your bed—the last thing to meet your glance at night and the first thing in the morning—is a copy of this same most-circulated book. Nearly every home has at least one copy. Millions of copies are given as birthday gifts and graduation gifts and Christmas gifts. It is a book that everybody buys and concerning which almost everybody is ready to engage in debate at the drop of a hat. Yet how many read it? How many know what it really contains?

It is *worth* knowing. Not all of it, of course. There are long chapters of genealogy which are no more edifying than pages of the telephone directory. There are First and Second Chronicles, reciting the tedious mistakes and sins of kings who were no better than the kings of England and not half so important in their influence on our lives. But when you have eliminated such passages and everything else that for popular reading is tiresome or useless, what have you left? These four great treasures:

1. A bird's-eye view of the develop-

ment of civilization, a sort of Outline of History, as Mr. Wells would say. The story begins with the origin of the earth, just as Wells does, and for the first eleven chapters it deals with the human race as a unit. Coming down to the time when races were grouped and nations arose, it traces the development of a particular people, the Hebrews—their beginnings as nomadic shepherds, their conquest and settlement of a home, and their emergence into national life; their rise to splendor under kings David and Solomon, their overthrow and captivity, and the reëstablishment of their national cult or worship, though with very limited authority in the matter of government, a century later.

The recital comes down to where it is in definite touch with the civilizations of Greece and Rome, the latter being the dominant power throughout the whole period of the New Testament. Considered simply as a historical outline, this is a venture to challenge respect; certainly no one can claim to know history who has not read and understood it.

2. Some of the greatest literature of all ages. Here, to mention only a few, are the greatest of all poems, one of the greatest dramas, one of the finest love stories and a collection of proverbs which in varying phraseology have entered into the common-sense philosophy of nearly every modern nation.

3. The best of all textbooks on human nature. William Lyon Phelps is a college professor as well as an interesting writer and remarkable human being. When he speaks of education it is fair to assume that he knows what he is talking about. He says: "I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women, but I believe a knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible. For in the Bible we have profound thought beautifully expressed; we have the nature of boys and girls, of men and women, more accurately charted than in the work of any modern novelist or playwright. You can learn more about human nature by reading the Bible than by living in New York."

4. Finally, we have the story of the most successful life ever lived on this planet, a life that changed the course of human thought and that still is able, after more than nineteen hundred years, to transform individuals, communities and nations.

Surely it is worth while to know the high spots, at least, of a book that contains all this. Let us start at the beginning with the title page.

The first line reads, "The Holy Bible." The word biblia, though assumed to be a Latin singular, comes from a Greek plural meaning books or papyri, which conveys the idea that we have here not a single book but a collection of several books.

The second line, "Containing the Old and New Testaments," means obviously that there are two main divisions and that the distinguishing feature is a difference in age, one group of books being more recent than the other.

The third line says, "Translated out of the original tongues," indicating that the Bible was originally published not in English but in more than one other language.

"And with the former translations diligently compared and revised"—showing that this translation, which was made under the authority of King James I, 1604 to 1611, is the successor to several earlier translations.

Turning over the pages, we discover that the text is divided into numbered chapters and verses, which seems to us rather an unusual way to present a book until we learn that these divisions were not made by the original writers but come indirectly from the Masora, the great Hebrew volume of textual criticism. The present divisions of the New Testament were made in 1551 by Robert Stephanus, a pious printer who believed that more people would read the books if he made them easier to read.

The divisions of Stephanus are far from perfect and, indeed, the story goes that he made them while riding his horse between Paris and Lyons, and that occasionally the horse slipped. There are some infelicities which would seem to lend color to this tale, but Stephanus did a remarkable job on the whole, and his general scheme will probably never be discarded.

A single glance is enough to indicate that the Old Testament is much larger than the New—and here is an easy way to remember how many books there are in each. The key number is 3, which multiplied by itself gives 9. The Old Testament has 39 books. Again multiply by 9 and you have 27, the number of the books in the New Testament. Once you get that into your mind it is like "thirty days has September": you can't forget it even if you try.

Cæsar, you remember, divided all Gaul into three parts. Similarly, scholars divide the Old Testament into three divisions—the historical books, beginning with Genesis and ending with Esther; the poetical books, beginning with Job and ending with the Song of Songs; and the remainder, which consists of sermons, or, as they are more commonly called, books of prophecy.

Of the historical books the first five have a certain unity which has long caused them to be regarded as one. They are called the Pentateuch, meaning the five-in-one book, and there is a tradition that Moses wrote them all. Whether he did or not we can leave to the scholars to dispute, but there is no doubt that he is the dominating figure in all five books. And what a figure! These are the five:

*Genesis*—The **beginnings.**

*Exodus*—The **going** out.

*Leviticus*—The **book** for the priests.

*Numbers*—A sort of amplified census report.

*Deuteronomy*—A Latin name meaning "second law," or review and digest of the laws.

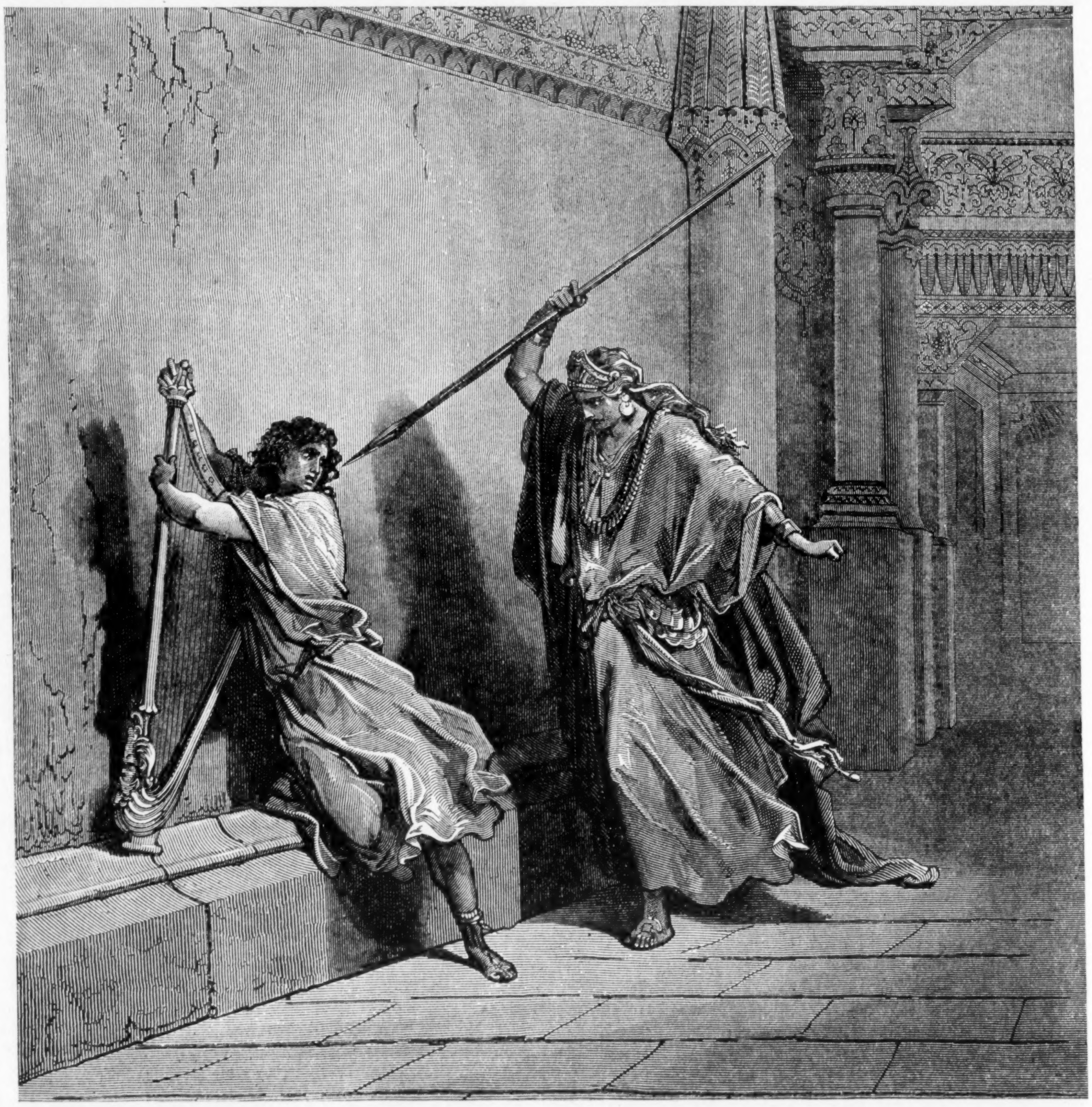
There are some wonderful things in Leviticus for the student of history. For example, many of the laws of health and sanitation on which we moderns pride ourselves are distinctly set forth here. We think of the disinfection of a house where there has been contagious disease as a comparatively recent development in medical science, but Moses prescribed that the blankets of the sick man should be burned and the house thoroughly purified. Numbers, also, has some high lights, but speaking generally these two books are less interesting than the other three and may well be omitted if one is reading to get the best in the easiest way.

Start in, then, with the first chapter of Genesis and you are gripped at once. Here is no preface, no argument, only a great declaration:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and earth. And the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light."

Viewed only as a piece of good writing, that

(*Continued on page 34*)



*Saul, in jealousy, attacks the young David*

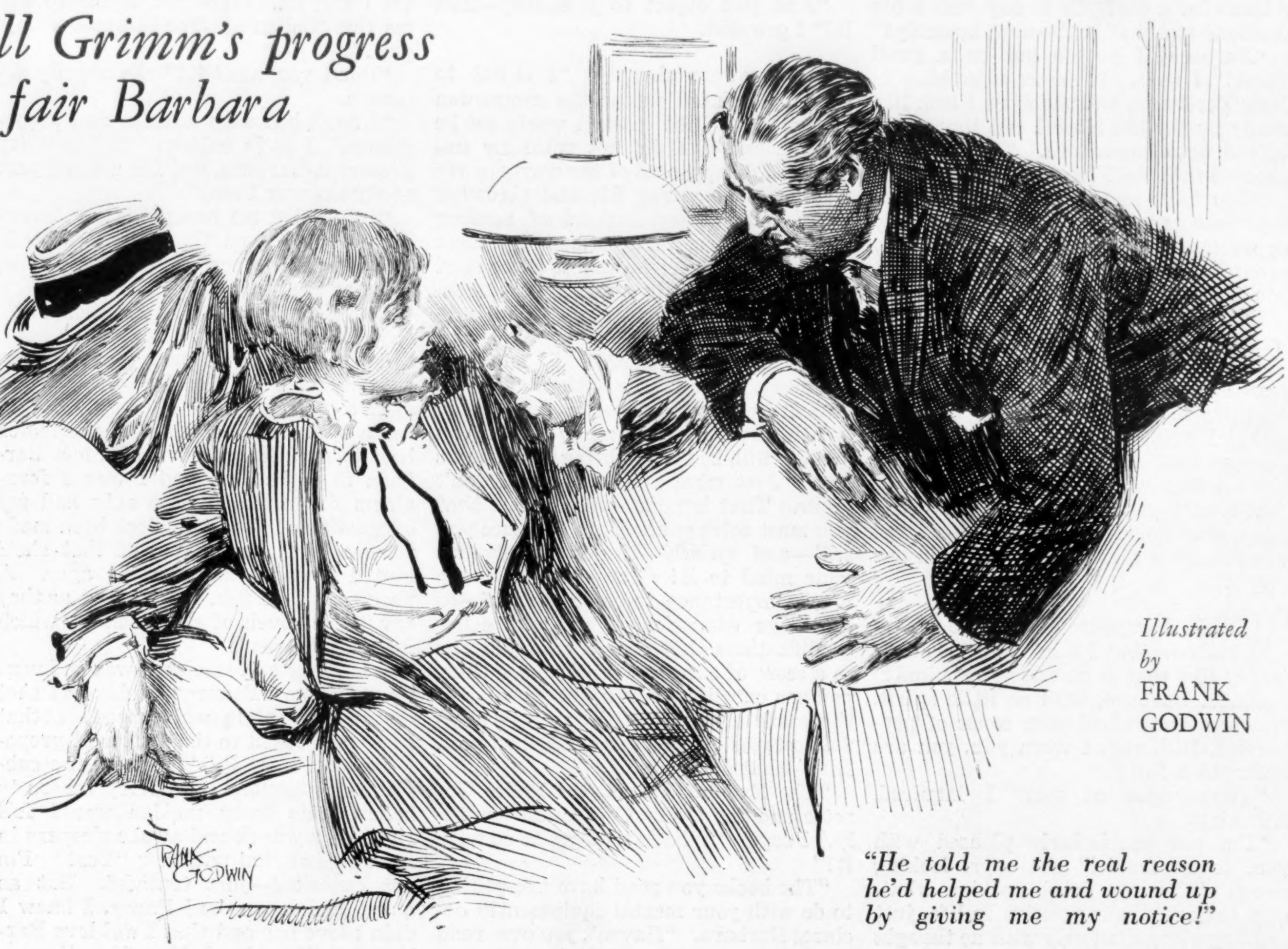
## *Can you answer these questions WITHOUT your Bible?*

1. What is an easy way to remember how many books there are in the Old Testament? In the New Testament? *Answered in this article.*
2. Who commanded the sun to stand still? Why? *Joshua* 10:12-13.
3. Who was the first murderer in the Bible? Whom did he murder? Why? *Genesis* 4:8-9; *I John* 3:12.
4. Who built the Ark? *Genesis* 6:5-22.
5. What is the origin and meaning of the rainbow? *Genesis* 9:8-17.
6. Who was the beautiful woman for whom Jacob served fourteen years? *Genesis* 29:20-30.
7. Who was the strongest man in the Bible? The wisest? The longest-lived? *Judges* 14:4-6; *I Kings* 3:11-14; *Genesis* 5:27.
8. What is the meaning of the word "shibboleth"? *Judges* 12:4-6.
9. Who was Goliath? Who killed him? *I Samuel* 17:4-11; *I Samuel* 17:49.
10. What was Jephthah's vow? *Judges* 11:30-36.

# Gyps that pass in the night

## *More about Bill Grimm's progress and the fair Barbara*

### *By* H. C. WITWER



*Illustrated by* FRANK GODWIN

*"He told me the real reason he'd helped me and wound up by giving me my notice!"*

*New York, N. Y.—"Bust-'Em-Bill" Grimm scored his eighth consecutive victory by stopping Rough House Gallagher in the first round of a scheduled fifteen-round bout here last night. After Gallagher had hit the canvas four times in two minutes, the referee stepped in and ended the slaughter. Grimm, the leading heavyweight contender, ran from his corner at the bell and tore into Gallagher with maniacal fury. The fight was said to be the settlement of an old grudge.*

APPLESAUCE! I'd no more grudge against Rough House Gallagher than I got against you. I wouldn't fool you; I never saw this lad before in my life till I touched gloves with him that night, and I never seen him since. You can't believe all you read in the papers, as Nero coldly remarked when charged with setting fire to Rome. Sit down and give your arches a rest and I'll tell you what made me tear into Mr. Rough House Gallagher with "maniacal fury" and ruin him in less than a round.

My full title, which I'm allowed to wear with a tuxedo, is William Reginald Grimm, and I was created at Fairfax Falls, N. Y., where I bounded around at the tiller of the only taxi in the town till I shoved off for Gotham. With the praiseworthy idea of finding out just what racket I was best fitted for in life, I tossed my vehicle in the ash can and entered the prize ring. My credentials was that I was young, healthy, in excess of six feet in length and tipped the beam at around a hundred and ninety, when right.

Well, good people, I won my first professional fracas by knocking out Jim Tierney in two rounds. This strange coincidence sold me the crazy idea that I was unbeatable, and I trained for my next petting party by having my shoes shined, with the result that Knockout Keeley slapped me for a loop with exactly one punch. Not so good! I didn't believe him, and a short while afterward we discussed the thing again, and this time I worked on Keeley like a osteopath, knocking him dead in the fifth frame of the roughest assault and battery since Abel tried to show Cain where to head in!

Speaking of terrapin, my sensational comeback in that gory win over the boy which had rocked me to sleep before saturated me with new determination and ambition. I'd proved that first upset at Keeley's hands hadn't made me punch-shy and that I'd gotten over the toughest obstacle a boxer has to get over; viz., the chilling memory of a previous knockout slipped him by the scrapper he's again facing in a ring. So having marked Keeley "Paid!" I begin broadcasting challenges at the heavyweight champ, satisfied that a battle with him would bring me the title, a chance at a million bucks and fame. I figured eventually, why not now? But the heavyweight rajah was strutting his stuff in the movies and, his fighting spirit being on location, he turned two deaf ears to my pleadings. He didn't wish no part of me, even though in desperation I hauled off and offered to fight him for nothing—just the chance at his crown. This caused my manager and trainer, Butch Ford, to think I'd gone out of my mind by a large majority. Butch claims anybody which indulges in fisteycuffs for anything but money is somewhat silly.

"Besides that," this master mind reproves me, "you're gettin' fearful selfish, Big Boy! You ain't showin' *me* no consideration what the so ever with that idiotical yen to box the champ for nothin'. I got to scheme and worry gettin' you work and hand-pickin' you palookas to tip over, whilst all *you* got to do is put on a nice clean pair of trunks and go in there and take your cuffin'. Pretty soft for you!"

Don't you worship that?

WHILE raving in helpless fury at the heavyweight champ's refusal to trade smacks with me, I agreed with Butch and Barbara Baxter that this should be no bar to me piling up a flock of dimes. Barbara was the young panic I was triple cuckoo about and she was likewise a agent of the U. S. Revenue Department to boot. Though this pretty lady liked pugilism and pneumonia with equal infatuation, she pointed out that if I kept on for a time boxing—the gag I seemed most fluent at—I'd soon click off enough sugar to leave the ring flat on its spine and get into something "more respectable," as she put it.

Well, gentle reader, love is another thing like pyorrhea which attacks four out of five. I wanted to make good with Barbara and I thought her advice first class, so I took on all and sundry which would climb through the ropes with me, barring no color, weight or distance. Likewise I begin to see quite a little of the Land of the Spree. In boisterous mêlées at New Orleans, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Buffalo and Jersey City I kayoed Tommy Kane in two rounds, Young Rogers in one, Kid Mears in ten, Battling Price—a colored socker—in six, outpointed Speedy Burns in fifteen and won a foul from Frankie Young in five rounds. I'll state that none of these babies was cake eaters either, by no means!

The net results of this highly successful campaign as a leather pusher was the nickname "Bust-'Em-Bill," a bankroll of around twenty thousand florins and a broken nose. I took my unfortunate smeller to a costly beauty doctor and had it trued up, against the advice of Butch Ford. Butch sourly reminded me that I was a box fighter and not no show girl and it made no difference how I looked. My charming manager added that the new beak would tend to make me overcareful in the ring, which would cause the fans to give me the razzberry, or else some smart egg would make my nose a target and bust it again for me. I wowed the gang when I showed up at my training quarters after that with a old-fashioned football noseguard on.

Feeling that I was commencing to get somewheres in the world, I begin stepping high, wide and handsome. I bought a nifty auto, made a part payment on a speedy motor boat and a four-carat diamond ring and parked myself in the swellest drum on Park Avenue.

HONEST to Boston, the only thing I bought ready-made was postage stamps! I was putting on dog heavy, living on the fat of a very corpulent land and spending serious money like a Big Mutton Chop Man from England. A few months before that, where I'd get my coffee and cakes was a daily mystery. As the French cleverly puts it, oo-la-la!

Left Hook O'Brien, whose name in private life was Izzy Rabinowitz, and who owned four apartment houses, beseeched me to save my nickels while it was rolling in. O'Brien was my stable mate and one of the most regular guys and poisonous lightweights which ever rubbed a shoe in rosin. Butch Ford wanted to put me on a allowance and bank the rest for me. I told 'em both to tend their own fruit stands and I begin to mull over the idea of hiring a secretary to answer any mail I got or write me some if I didn't get any. The money had simply went to my head, where, of course, there was the most room.

AT FIRST Barbara Baxter laughed and then she begin to frown. She didn't see no percentage in me buying a motor boat when it would soon be winter and I'd have to lay it up. She thought my four-carat diamond ring was too big by three carats and smacked of yokelry. My twelve suits of Fifth Avenue clothes, eight pairs of shoes and seven hats was something else which didn't thrill her, and one day when we were rolling along Riverside Drive in my sport model Elegant Eight, which set me back seven grand, we had matters out.

"Bill," says Barbara, toying with the cigar lighter in the dash, "was it necessary to hire such an expensive car?"

"What do you mean *hire?*" I exclaims, a trifle indignant, "I *own* this boiler, body and soul!"

I called her attention to the outside of the door, where a boxing glove and "Bust-'Em-Bill Grimm" was engraved in silver letters.

"Oh, I see!" she murmurs, with a odd smile.

"Four-wheel brakes, balloon tires, every gadget in the accessory line known to man or beast!" I says. "Why, it was a *steal* for seven thousand bucks! It's a mean job—hey, Barbara?"

"It *is* a darling, Bill!" she admits, patting the genuine leather trimmings beside her, "but—do you really think it was sensible to spend seven thousand dollars for a car? Or to buy such a *big* diamond and that boat—now, honestly?"

"Barbara, I *got* to put on a swell front!" I says. "I *mean* something in New York now, and the more I look like ready money the more I can jimmy out of the fight promoters. That's why I checked into the Fitz-Charlton and—"

"You have moved to the *Fitz-Charlton?*" she gasps, turning around to fully appreciate the beauties of my manly countenance. "Why, Bill, it must cost you a fortune to live there!"

How did *I* know her expression was irritation and not admiration? I can't read women's faces no more than I can read Siamese!

"Fifty berries a day, not counting tips!" I grins proudly. "And what a pasting that trap is giving my bank roll! I only got six hundred left out of that twenty grand I saved. Well—easy come, easy go, as the field hand cracked when he blew three years' wages in one night!"

"WELL, I suppose it is none of my business, but I think your spending money like that is positively criminal!" exclaims Barbara, with no little spirit. "Success has ruined your sense of proportion, Bill, and, I warn you, you are riding to a fall!"

"You're sore at me?" I inquired, frowning.

"I'm not particularly pleased with you, to be frank!" she says, looking away. "You are doing nothing whatever to better your position in life, just drifting along aimlessly with no thought of the future. It—"

"And the only reason I took you on this ride was to ask you to marry me!" I butted in, a bit peeved myself, and, stepping on the gas, I made promising broad jumpers out of a couple of wildly cursing pedestrians. Barbara blushed—but not at the oaths.

"The girl who married you *now*, Bill, would be a reckless gambler indeed!" she says, like *she* didn't figure in the thing at all.

"And *you* object to gambling—that it?" I growled.

SHE answers sharply: "I object to being pointed out as the companion of 'Bust-'Em-Bill!' And I would not be your friend if I did not voice my unqualified disapproval of the way you are wasting your young life and throwing away your money, instead of settling down to serious endeavors. What most upsets me is your failure to get out of the sordid, beastly prize-fight atmosphere, when you had saved enough to escape it!"

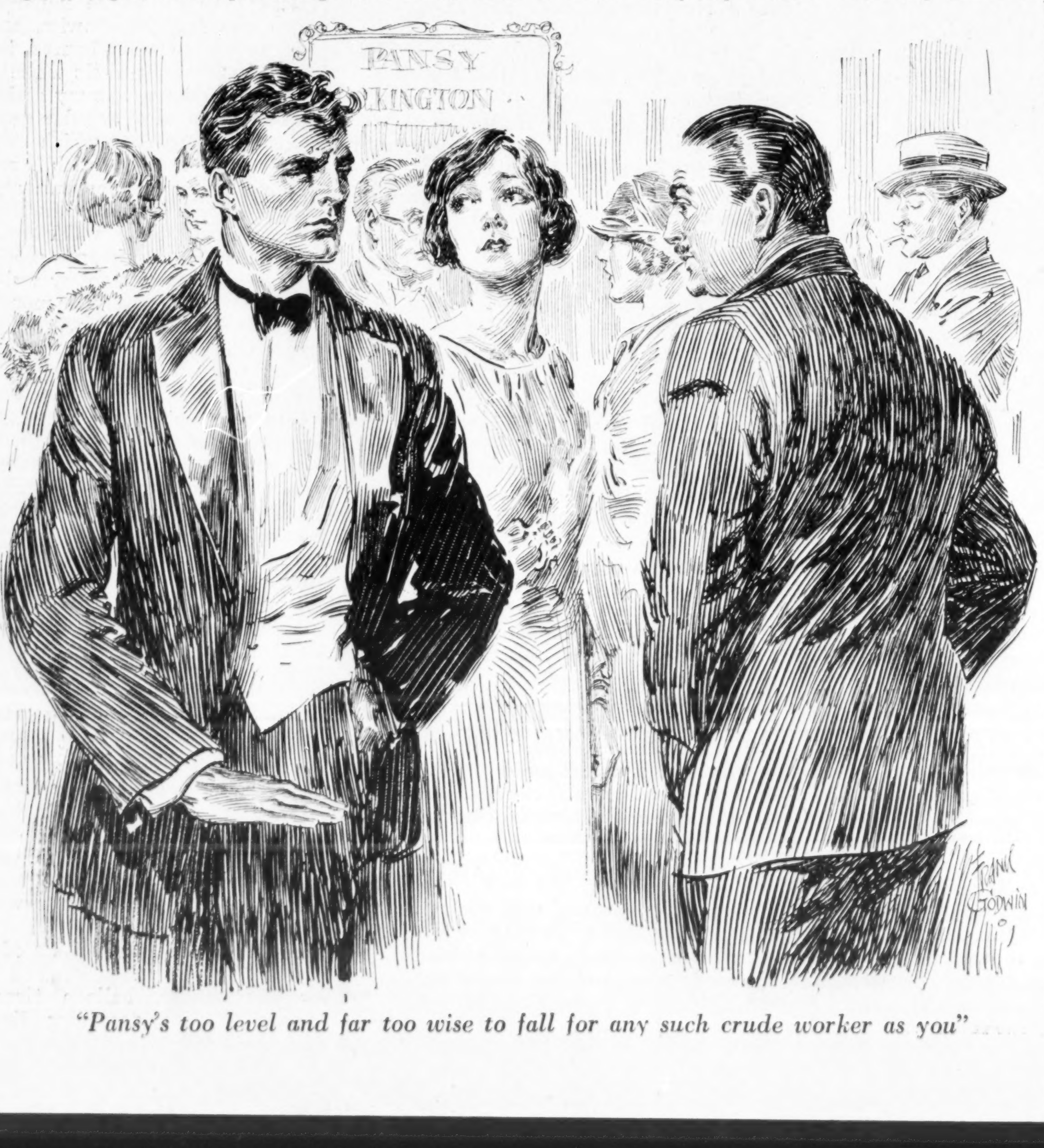
"Escape into *what?*" I snapped, bumping over a traffic button. "Where do *I* fit in with the schooling *I've* had?"

"Oh, there must be *many* things you can do, Bill, besides fighting!" she busts out. "Just what your forte is, I don't know. That is your own problem that you must solve yourself, as I'm sure you will—and quickly—if you simply set your mind to it! You attach far too much importance to your lack of—of a college education. You have other qualifications that should take you far in a score of careers. At the same time, you can enroll at some night school, and there are always interesting and helpful lectures at Columbia, for instance. Bill—what do you read?"

"The Evening Planet, the Police Gazette and the Crazy Confession Monthly," I says. "What's that got to do with it?"

"The books you read have everything to do with your mental equipment!" declares Barbara. "Haven't you ever read Shakespeare, Dickens, Kipling, Balzac or—or *any* of the classics?"

"Don't be silly!" I says. "I been scrambling for the old calories and proteins since I threw away my rattle! Where would *I* get time to be a bookworm?"



*"Pansy's too level and far too wise to fall for any such crude worker as you"*

"Well, you have time *now!*" she returns. "If I give you a list of books to get, will you read them?"

"I'll take the matter up with the Des Moines office," I grins, trying to laugh the thing off. "Are you trying to slip me this 'Culture-in-Ten-Minutes-a-Day' gag?"

"Don't you *want* it?" she angrily demands.

"I don't box with adverbs and prepositions," I says calmly. "I know my groceries, Barbara, and I'm getting past nicely the way I am!"

"Bill, drive me home!" is her immediate comment on that. And the only witty retort I could think of was, "You're the doctor!"

Creeping swordfish! Another swell day shot to pieces!

After I dropped Barbara outside her apartment, with a cold silence the answer to my pleasant "Good-by!" I went for a spin on the Hudson in my motor boat to mull things over. I'd left Barbara fit to be tied, and I was a four-alarm fire myself! Not only had my suggestion of honest wedlock been made the mock of, but on top of that she'd hinted I was a sap for the ages. A pretty kettle of fish, my masters, as they say in the novels of gay cavaliers which I finally *did* read!

Well, lads and lassies, I was so burnt up at Barbara Baxter that day as I shot up the river in my nobby speed boat that I give a thought to the matter of propositioning Pansy Pilkington on the subject of matrimony. I'd every reason to believe this tasty maiden would fall right on my neck and awake sleepers in far-off Shanghai with her "Yes!" I'm not conceited—just truthful. But as quick as I memorized Pansy, I knew I didn't love her and that I *did* love Barbara in spite of her hobby of bawling me out! Pansy Pilkington, ex-waitress at the Commercial House in Fairfax Falls, a boss looker and a old friend, was then cavorting about in a musical comedy produced by Jack Fairfax, my enemy of years' standing. Pansy had one ambition in life, and that was to land in the Follies. I wonder if she's reading these lines?

About a hour's swift run up the Hudson I shut off the motor, finding the towering Palisades above me and the soft lapping of the water against my boat in the silence great aids to important pondering. I did quite a piece of thinking, drifting along with the tide—my favorite habit. Looking back over what Barbara'd said that day and at other times, I was satisfied her panning of me was justified, but how to correct my lavish faults was a soda of a different flavor! For the life of me, I couldn't see then where jack was of any use except for spending on the harmless tomfoolery which makes existence easier to withstand. Why should I be annoyed scrimping and saving when I could now drag down five thousand milreis and up for a single fight?

In consultation with myself along these lines, I realized I was a professional scrapper simply because I was built for the racket and the pickings was huge and more or less easy. I felt absolutely no other call to the ring! As I trailed my fingers in the water overside, I tried to console myself with the thoughts that I always tried to win every bout with the first punch, never deliberately cutting a man up to please the customers, like a lot of 'em do. That failed to stop the inside whisperings which said, "Quit kidding yourself, Bill! You don't belong in the prize-fight game —get out of it before it's too late!"

Well, I was still young enough to dream at other times besides when I was asleep, and Barbara's talks with me was steadily adding to the craving to turn in my gloves and take a stab at some other business. But my scanty education, it seemed to me, narrowed the field brutally! I spoke English like I picked up the language in Turkey, and I thought geometry was another new dance. The chance that the heavyweight champ would forget about the movies and give me a shot at his title was too tempting to toss away yet, but why should I go on smacking down these catchers in the meanwhile? That last question was answered by my ruined bank roll. I knew I had to hop in a ring again and hop quick, because a couple or three payments on my jewelry and motor boat was due!

When I got back to the Fitz-Charlton that afternoon I took my pen in hand and dashed off a note to Miss Barbara Baxter. No matter what faults that exorbitant inn had, their writing paper wasn't one of them. That grand stationery, with a engraved coat of arms at the top, was much too elegant to ruin with ink, no fooling! This is what I wrote, with the kind assistance of "The Ready Letter Writer," which I bought for two bits in the lobby. Where I didn't like the samples in the book, I used my own words:

*My Dear Miss Baxter:*

Barbara, I am taking the liberty of writing to you to tell you I have thought over your proposition of recent date regarding the undersigned's reading. Give me that list of bed-time stories by Frank Shakespeare and the etc. and will be pleased to read same; object, education. Meanwhile, how about going to a show with your humble servant?

Respectfully and with every
felicitation for yourself and
associates, yours truly,
BILL GRIMM, ESQ.

P. S.—Please answer, as I love to get mail.

I sent that registered and special delivery, and it done the work! Two days later I was getting a load of Plutarch's Lives in Barbara's apartment, while she dolled up for the theatre. I was imbibing the low-down on a gill named Cleomenes, who's motto was "Kiss 'em and check out," when Barbara appeared in the doorway looking like she just stepped from a magazine cover. Torrid Rover! What a disturbance she *was!*

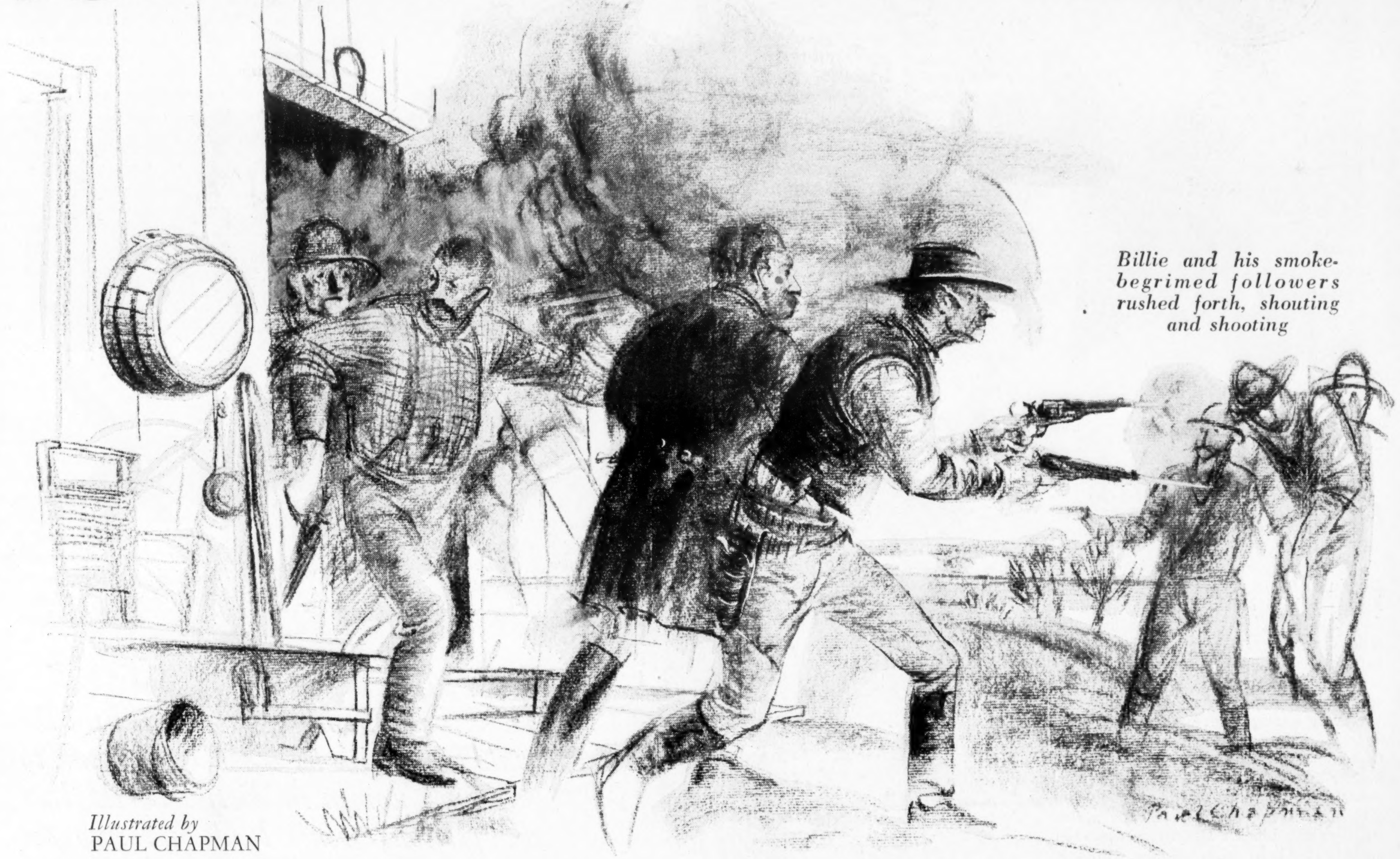
"How about seeing 'Yes, Yes, Yvette'?" she says.

That was Jack Fairfax's frolic which Pansy Pilkington was trouping in! I was something more than surprised at Barbara wanting to view *this* one, when she hated Fairfax like arsenic and we'd had many a fuss over my friendship for Pansy.

We had seats in the third row orchestra, and it looked like Fairfax had a winner in the show. The music was a set-up for the radio, the ungarbed chorus was (*Continued on page 48*)

# Billie the Kid

By
OWEN P. WHITE



Billie and his smoke-begrimed followers rushed forth, shouting and shooting

Illustrated by
PAUL CHAPMAN

*The further adventures of the lad, born in a New York slum, who became the best bad man the old Southwest ever produced*

THE gratuitous killing of Messrs. Brady and Hindman, which was nothing less than a direct defiance by Billie the Kid of all authority, naturally aroused the ire of the Murphy-Dolan faction to a point where expression could only be found through the medium of bad language and bullets. Also, many men who had formerly been neutral now voiced the opinion that the Kid had gone a little too far with the frolic, that he had become a public nuisance and that he and his gang should be dealt with, and at once.

But the Kid didn't agree. On the contrary, so little did the idea appeal to the young man that, calling his berserkers around him—and included in the list at that time were such choice personages as Charlie Bowdre, Henry Brown, J. G. Skurlock, John Middleton and Tom O'Phalliard—he laid before them a plan of utter and complete lawlessness, and upon this platform was unanimously elected to leadership.

With this honor officially bestowed upon him, Billie the Kid (who loved notoriety and who was doubtless deriving a great deal of enjoyment from the uncomfortable predicament in which he was placing the opposition), instead of fleeing to the mountains in ethical outlaw fashion and establishing headquarters in some secluded spot where he would be hard to locate, remained calmly in Lincoln, lived in the best house in town and daily, accompanied by his men armed with six-shooters and rifles, openly paraded the streets. When not thus publicly engaged the gang would ride through the country, commit such depredations as came conveniently to hand and deal out as much misery as possible to all who had sympathized with the murderers of Tunstall.

While the Kid was away on one of these marauding expeditions a new sheriff, George W. Pippin, who had been sworn in to fill the vacancy created by the sudden demise of Brady, took advantage of his absence, organized a posse, placed it under the command of a deputy named Turner and dispatched it in pursuit of the lad.

Following the trail of the gang for several days, this posse finally located Billie at the Chisum headquarters ranch, near Roswell, and surrounding the place settled down to the task of starving the boys out. This kind of bloodless battle, however, was not suited to the fiery temperament of Billie the Kid, and so, after having endured seventy-two hours of idleness, he led his men out under cover of darkness and took the road back to the bright lights of Lincoln.

The next morning, when Turner found that his whole flock of jailbirds had flown, he blew hastily for boots and saddles and hit the trail in hot and useless pursuit. Useless because when he reached Lincoln, after a hard ride, the first bad news that greeted his ears was that the Kid was ahead of him and was once again comfortably lodged in the eleven-room McSween residence, where he was provisioned and equipped to stand off an army.

Immediately a council of war was held. Sheriff Pippin took personal command, added a large force of deputies to Turner's original posse, and, turning the Murphy-Dolan store into a rival fortress, ordered the battle to begin. Both sides went to it immediately, and for three days a long-range fight, which stirred up the entire county but resulted in very little real damage, was indulged in.

### Four Armies; Four Days' War

BEFORE sunrise on the morning of the fourth day, however, Turner and nine men managed to crawl up under the walls of the McSween castle, where they would be safe from the fire of those within, and from this vantage point the intrepid deputy hailed the Kid and suggested that he come forth and allow himself to be arrested. This invitation the Kid very promptly and profanely refused by asserting that he and his men held warrants for Turner and his crowd in the shape of red-hot six-shooter bullets which they were itching to serve.

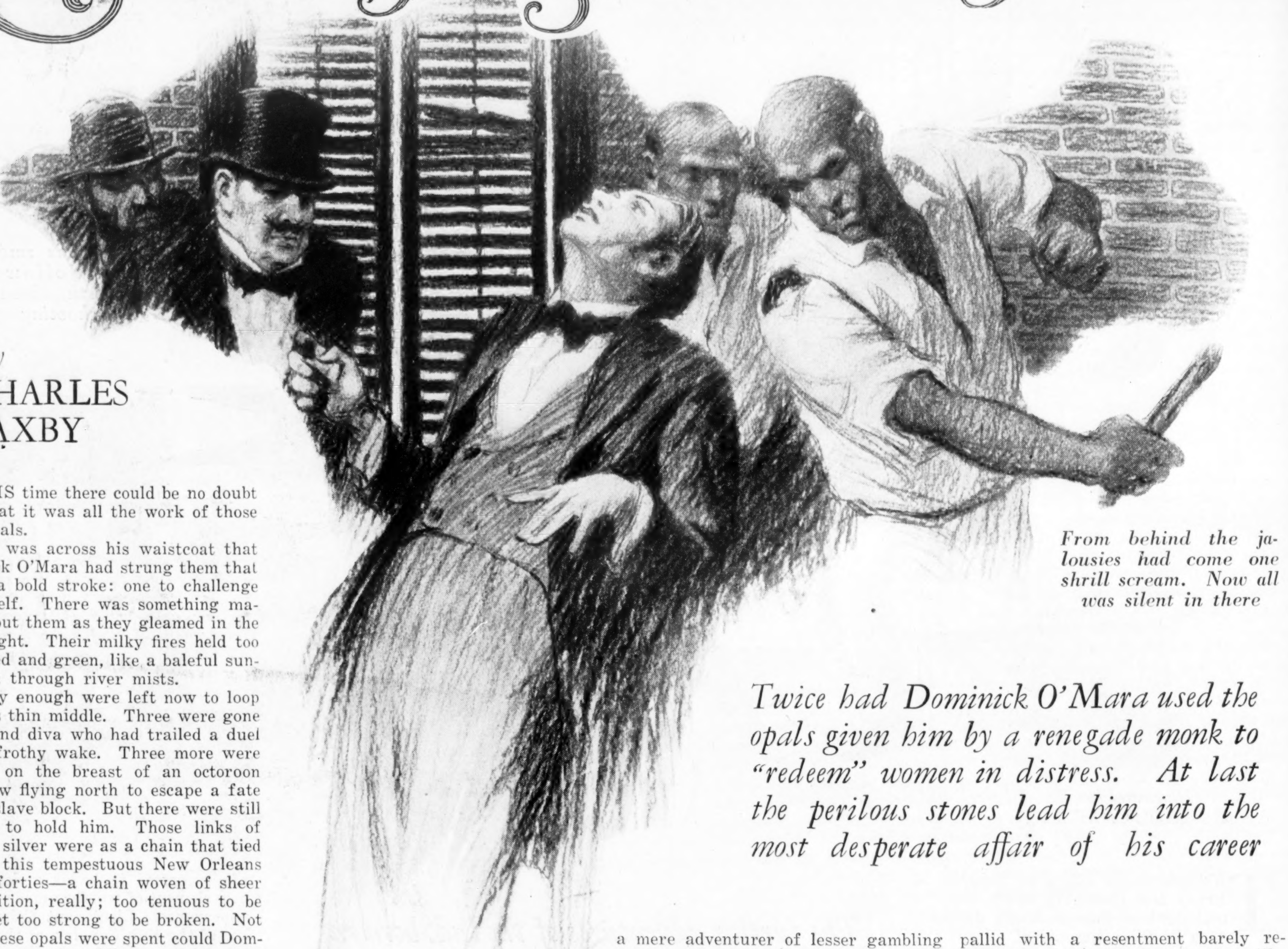
Just at this juncture, when the whole affair seemed to be at a deadlock, a new element of warfare made a sudden appearance. Lieutenant Colonel Dudley, of the 10th Cavalry, at the head of a few troopers and a couple of cannon, dashed into town, set up his artillery midway between the warring factions, and announced that he would turn his fire upon the first of the belligerents to renew hostilities.

Hardly had this ultimatum fallen from the lips of the doughty colonel than another entirely unlooked-for detachment of fighting men appeared upon the scene. Señor Martin Chaves, a deputy under the late Sheriff Brady, at the head of thirty-five Mexicans, whom he had sworn in to protect Billie the Kid and the McSween property, galloped down from the hills, declared his warlike intentions and at once joined in a wordy conflict with the colonel. The argument was long and vociferous, but even when it had been carefully explained to Señor Chaves that his commission had automatically expired with the death of his chief he was obdurate.

This byplay between the soldiers and the Mexicans seems to have had little effect upon the situation. All day long, regardless of the presence of the army, the actual belligerents kept up desultory shooting, and just after dark Turner and his men, who had spent an uncomfortable twelve hours under the protection of its walls, managed to set fire to the door and windows of the McSween residence.

At last, after the smoke and heat had become unbearable, and after he had used the butt of his rifle to silence one of his men who suggested surrender, the Kid ordered a retreat and told the gang to make a dash (Continued on page 44)

# The Flying Mercury



*From behind the jalousies had come one shrill scream. Now all was silent in there*

By
CHARLES
SAXBY

*Twice had Dominick O'Mara used the opals given him by a renegade monk to "redeem" women in distress. At last the perilous stones lead him into the most desperate affair of his career*

THIS time there could be no doubt that it was all the work of those opals.

It was across his waistcoat that Dominick O'Mara had strung them that night—a bold stroke: one to challenge fate itself. There was something malefic about them as they gleamed in the candlelight. Their milky fires held too much red and green, like a baleful sunset seen through river mists.

Barely enough were left now to loop over his thin middle. Three were gone to a blond diva who had trailed a duel in her frothy wake. Three more were resting on the breast of an octoroon girl, now flying north to escape a fate on the slave block. But there were still enough to hold him. Those links of ancient silver were as a chain that tied him to this tempestuous New Orleans of the forties—a chain woven of sheer superstition, really; too tenuous to be seen, yet too strong to be broken. Not until these opals were spent could Dominick cross the Mississippi to the broader lands of the West. And he might not spend them on himself.

Perhaps they had once been a rosary, for at the end was a place from which a cross seemed to have been torn. The monk from whom he had them said as much. "The chain of my damnation," he had croaked; "*Domine, exaudi . . . clamor meus. . . .*" Then bony hands, horridly hot, pressing the gems upon Dominick. "Take you them . . . and redeem. . . ."

A strange task for an Irish lad of barely twenty-six, more interested in providing necessities for redemption! He looked at his presentment in the mirror, all in high-collared blue, white nankeen trousers strapped under lacquered boots, with a black silk stock about his young throat and hair like a pale flame.

Dominick O'Mara, standing in that littered Southern room behind its green slatted jalousies, had come a long way from the tumble-down "Castle O'Mara" in County Clare, and a wild dance his feet had made of it to a tune piped by his own hot will. Paris and Rome, seeing mostly green cloth of gaming tables. Sunshine of Naples, where beggars bred like colored flies under King Bomba's festering rule. A dash of Heidelberg, all fencing foils, drinking and guttural German metaphysics. Then some tawdry "high life" in Venice that ended in a forced dash for American freedom. Now he was halted in this city of the swamps.

Well, the opals could not last forever. Meanwhile there were enough left for strange luck. So he looped them across the hollow curve of his waist and went out to whatever the night might hold for him.

The streets were dark, odorous of orange bloom and slimy gutters. On the levee oil torches flared over the traffic, still pouring from great frail river packets. A wealth-mad city, this, grinding the wheels of its commerce through a black muck of slave flesh. A haughty city too, conscious of destiny and intent on its own affairs. Royal Street was gay under its lacy balconies. The St. Louis Hotel glittered bravely with this newfangled gaslight, and impulse came to him. "I'll go in there," he told himself. "And may the devil never find it out until I'm well gone again."

GREAT names were gathered there that night, each backed by vast plantations, huge warehouses and swarming Negroes. Pontalbas, Gayarres, Carondelets, strolling under the white and gold columns, come to see this new radiance dripping from crystal chandeliers. Cold-eyed men strutted in dignity of very curved clothes. In the center the women were as a bright bouquet in spread blossoms of crinoline.

It was no place for such as Dominick, a mere adventurer of lesser gambling houses. Cast glances told him that, as men bristled like watchdogs about their ladies. Fragments of comment, insolently loud, came to his ears.

"That's the fellow who clipped young Aguirre's hair with a bullet."

"I have heah that he helped a niggah to get no'th."

"What the devil does he in this place?"

It pleased his mood to be lonely and conspicuous. He felt outcast, a trifle tragic, and he knew himself to be handsome as he leaned against a pillar, his eyes dark with disillusionment.

They need not fear for their women. He knew them too well. The memory of past kisses was as ashes on his lips. Women . . . toys of a day, pursued by relentless time. A little while, and who would care to kiss them? Imperial Dido herself was now but a sigh upon the desert's emptiness. Women . . . one of them was looking at him. She had copper hair, many jewels, and her eyes were hungry. He grew more aloof, deliberately not glancing at her. A smile curved her lips as she noted that. A tiny smile, yet holding much behind it!

A hush had fallen, and many were turned his way. He caught Creole twitterings of what they thought was English. "The chère baronne. She mek always such a drollness, yes. . . ." "But, to sen' thad Rolan'—to *heem!*" . . . "The baroness does as she pleases, madam—and sometimes too much so."

A man was approaching, one hardly older than himself, and rather like a black and white ramrod in his formal clothes. His lantern-jawed face was pallid with a resentment barely repressed. It was Roland Aguirre, the same fellow whose hair—Dominick had trouble in keeping his glance from straying to the other's dark locks. Their mutual courtesy was as the crossing of keen blades.

"Monsieur."

Aguirre's bow was like the doubling of a rusty jackknife. One could almost see lean rats of pride scuttling behind his rigid Creole front.

A LITTLE murmur went up all around, and all eyes were upon them. This public meeting was drama.

"Monsieur O'Mara, I beg to say that Madame la Baronne d'Eulenberg mek you the honah to desiah that you be present'."

The copper woman with the avid gaze! Dominick knew that before ever he bent to her hand. A fine, upstanding woman, cool with assured authority, yet glowing too, her shoulders rising whitely from a foam of deep sea-green and silver!

"They tell me that monsieur is acquainted with my so dear Venice?"

That, and her glance, set them as two apart in a strange place. Then she took back all that she had given.

"My husband—and the Señor Yznaga."

They stood back of her in odd assortment, Yznaga an olive-colored flame, all Latin grace and underlying steel. The Baron Eulenberg—*Von* and *zu*—was a gross Teuton, with eyes that might have been muddy ice over the soul of a wild boar. Under their calculated insult Dominick's dislike flared instantly. To point it, he bent gallantly to the lady.

"I knew madame could not be of this *triste* place."

There; this sweltering, hidebound city knew what he thought of it now. And this woman was important enough to wave its conventions aside with her fan. He remembered rumors concerning a European loan to finance the city's dream of empire over this new Texan state to the westward. Von und zu Eulenberg was the bankers' envoy. Every unpleasant curve of him spoke money, and his wife could do as she pleased. That night her caprice was to sigh of Venice to a handsome rapscallion. "Ah, for a breath of that sweet Lido. . . ."

"Or a *sorbetto*, madame, at one of Peliti's tables on the Piazzetta."

So they spoke of things far and dear.

"And," she murmured, "my beautiful Brenta! It was there, monsieur, that I was born."

HE UNDERSTOOD her now. She was one of those Titian-haired Italians of the Irredenta, married, probably perforce, to a brutally conquering Austrian. He paused an instant to hate the baron some more.

"It was monsieur's jewels," she was saying, "that so intrigued me. It is bold to wear them. Do you not know the fate they bring?"

The opals again. Dominick let his face grow mystic as his long fingers played with the chain—gaudy things, each almost as large as a pecan, and still with too much menacing green in their glitter.

"I wear them because I must," he said. "It's a story that's hanging to these opals, ma'am."

"A story!" Fluttered fans, a sigh from the women seated all about!

"A story, and about jewels! But, then, that is charming—no?"

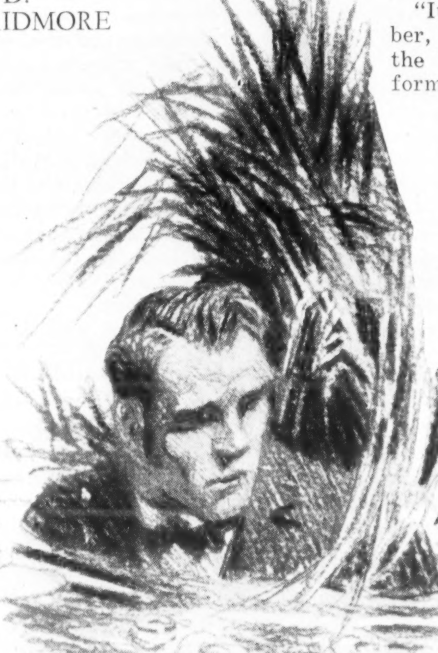
The baron's muddy eyes shot "Mountebank!" as plainly as if he had said it. But the lady glowed command.

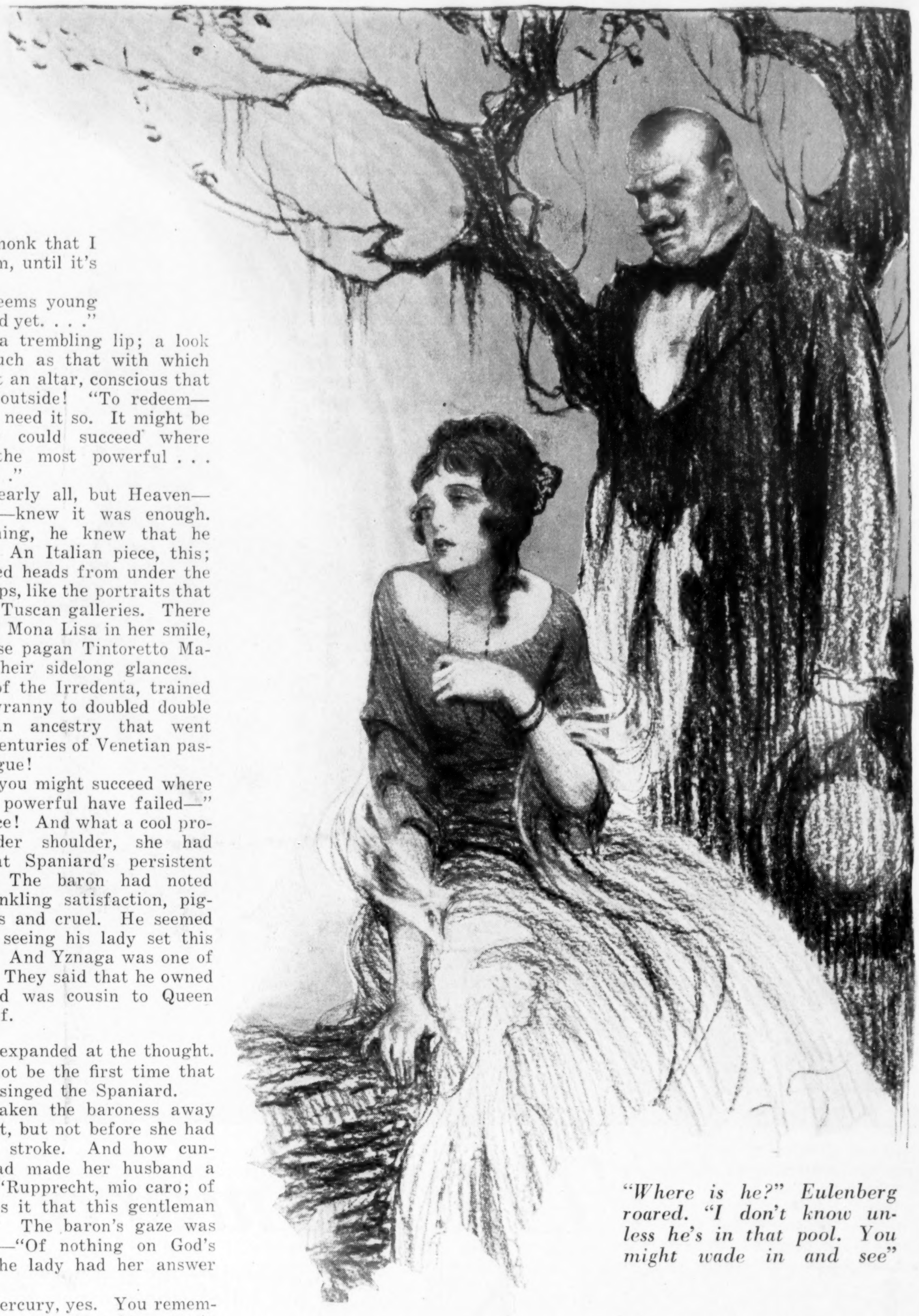
"We must hear it, monsieur."

"'Twas from a monk I had them," Dominick began, and at the end, "'A rosary of souls,' says he, 'Women's souls . . . all damned. Take you and redeem. . . .'"

"Such a task as that would seem to require a—monk."

*Illustrated by*
T. D. SKIDMORE





*"Where is he?" Eulenberg roared. "I don't know unless he's in that pool. You might wade in and see"*

"'Tis as a monk that I must be, ma'am, until it's done."

"Monsieur seems young—for that. And yet. . . ."

A softness, a trembling lip; a look all holiness, such as that with which women kneel at an altar, conscious that a lover waits outside! "To redeem—and we all, all need it so. It might be that monsieur could succeed where others, even the most powerful . . . have failed. . . ."

That was nearly all, but Heaven—and Dominick—knew it was enough. Above everything, he knew that he knew women. An Italian piece, this; one of those red heads from under the eaves of the Alps, like the portraits that glow in musty Tuscan galleries. There was a touch of Mona Lisa in her smile, a trace of those pagan Tintoretto Madonnas with their sidelong glances.

An Italian of the Irredenta, trained by Austrian tyranny to doubled double meanings! An ancestry that went back through centuries of Venetian passion and intrigue!

"—Perhaps you might succeed where even the most powerful have failed—"

A subtle piece! And what a cool profile, and colder shoulder, she had turned to that Spaniard's persistent whisperings! The baron had noted that with twinkling satisfaction, piggish, humorous and cruel. He seemed not averse to seeing his lady set this Yznaga aside. And Yznaga was one of the powerful. They said that he owned half Cuba and was cousin to Queen Christina's self.

DOMINICK expanded at the thought. It would not be the first time that the Irish had singed the Spaniard.

They had taken the baroness away soon after that, but not before she had made another stroke. And how cunningly she had made her husband a party to it! "Rupprecht, mio caro; of whom, then, is it that this gentleman reminds me?" The baron's gaze was easy to read—"Of nothing on God's earth"—but the lady had her answer ready.

"It is the Mercury, yes. You remember, Rupprecht, that dear Mercury in the Vaticano. He has the race; the form too, and that look of beyond this world . . . the springing grace . . . indeed, it is Il Mercurio Volante."

A patting of feminine palms, a murmur like a breeze among leaves! "Thad dear baronne." . . . "Of such a quickness, yes. . . ." "It is indeed thad Flying Mercury."

It was then that the baron moved. Madame's carriage, at once! It lurched away, splashing mud from its stately commotion. Yet even then there had been a snatched moment—a fragment of paper fluttering to the ground, instantly covered by Dominick's foot.

The Flying Mercury . . . he lingered on the steps, half in moonlight, one arm upraised against a pillar in imitation of that soaring, triumphant pose. The Flying Mercury . . . and a note cast beneath his foot, waiting to be picked up unseen. A warm piece! One could always catch them by playing the amateur monk. Never a woman yet who could look at a black robe without wanting to hang upon it the scarlet of desire for herself.

The Flying Mercury. . . .

It was Aguirre who broke his fancies, coming down the steps as black and gray and solemn as the moon shadows all about.

"Monsieur Ommara."

Dominick turned a cold eye, wondering what this might be.

"I wish to tell you that these opal . . ."

The opals! They could both see them glittering above the fluffy blond head of an opera singer, whose two pale little hands clutched upward after them. Absurd little hands, yet strong enough almost to tear a pit of blood between these two young men!

"The story," Aguirre went on, "that monsieur tol' to-night . . . had I known it. . . ."

Another memory; morning fog drifting under moss-draped oaks. Aguirre standing with useless, discharged pistol, waiting the mercy which his pride would never ask! That pride was creaking now in the effort of this amende. But Dominick was supplied by the evening's triumph.

"Sir, maybe 'tis better as it is. I, at least, know you now for a brave man."

Aguirre bowed, and the night seemed to gather added importance from his solemnities.

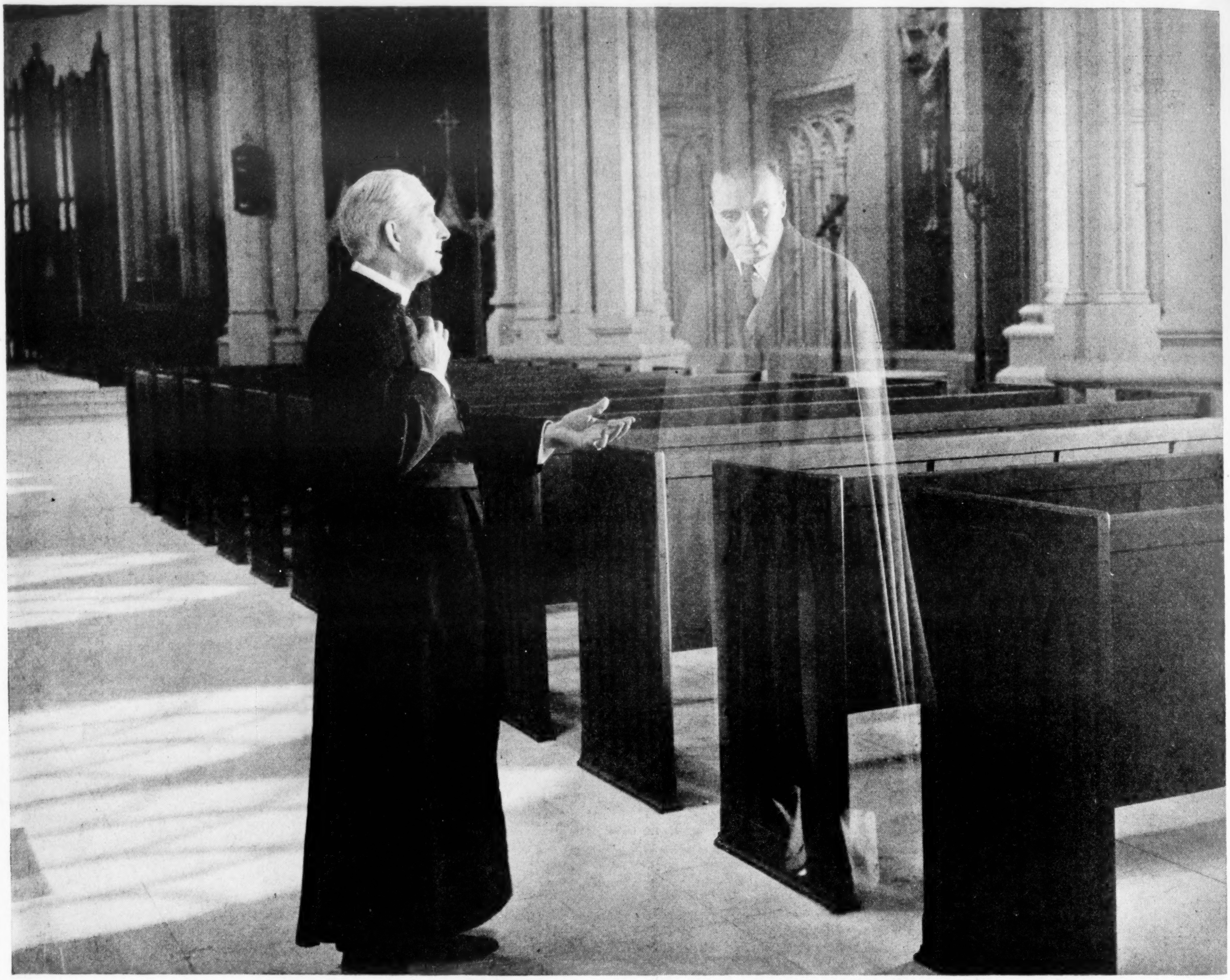
"I would say—since it was I who was force' to mek you present'—that Baron Eulenberg is dangerous."

The hair on Dominick's bared head began to bristle like a cockatoo's crest.

"And would you be implying that the lady—"

"Monsieur!" Aguirre's tone held a noble pain. "Madame is of course beyon' suspeesh! But even these mos' innocent may sometime be place' in strange circumstance . . . monsieur without doubt will understan'. But that baron—"

"And do you (*Continued on page 40*)



*Wyndham Standing (ghost) and Alec Francis in "Earthbound." A good example of double exposure*

# The camera lies

KEEP your seat, audience—the goat does not drown, the horse is not killed, the actor is not burned in the flame, the lightning isn't electric. There's no danger—but the movie photographers know how to make you think there is. Here's how they do it.

*By* SUMNER SMITH

"I COULDN'T believe my eyes," said the indignant representative of an influential woman's club. "I saw that poor goat with my own eyes being smothered in the quicksands—it was a terrible sight and I know that the camera does not lie."

Doesn't it just! The light that lies in the camera's eyes saves the motion-picture industry several million dollars a year.

The goat that was apparently being sucked down into the maw of the quicksand was only struggling because he could not eat all of the props fast enough. The motion-picture company explained that, while it did not usually divulge the secrets of the screen lest the tenets of realism in pictures might suffer, the truth of the matter was that the illusion of the goat in the quicksand was all a clever manipulation of the director. A large box, with several false bottoms, was filled with bran and water, which, by means of careful camera judgment, looked like a good, healthy quicksand. The goat was merely struggling to get his share of the bran and water before the shot was over. He was trying to maintain his equilibrium while the false bottoms were being taken out one by one. When his head went under the camera stopped. And there you are.

It takes ingenuity to produce these optical illusions, however. And the camera man must estimate distance and lighting effects carefully. In a melodramatic picture that is going the rounds this autumn the movie fans are delightfully thrilled at a dramatic leap of a horse and rider over a startling chasm. The man, springing from the saddle in mid-air, grasps an overhanging branch above him and swings himself to safety, while the unfortunate horse goes plunging to his death on the rocks below.

But no lives were risked in that scene. It was all done by substitution. Small painted models of a horse and rider were attached to invisible wires across a miniature chasm. Photographs were taken in much the same manner as with cartoon comedies, when at least 10,000 drawings are necessary to make one reel. First a photograph is taken of the horse and rider leaving the bank. Successive photographs are taken as human hands move the horse forward and adjust the rider's position to show him straining toward his goal at the other side of the chasm. When the dummies have reached the proper point a wire lifts the rider as the dummy horse falls and the hands of the hero apparently clasp the overhanging bough.

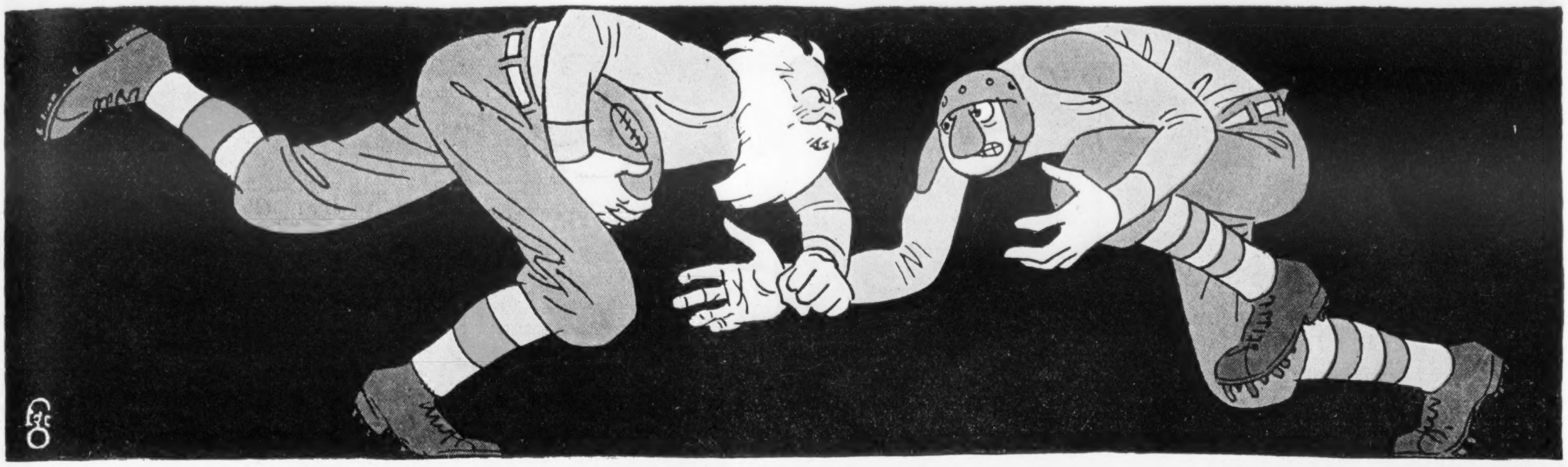
The illusion is complete when a close-up of the real actor chinning himself to safety is shown, and the audience is happy at the thought of having witnessed a dare-devil leap.

Albert E. Smith of the Vitagraph Company developed trick photography beyond the commonplaceness of stop camera and double exposures, and his "Princess Nicotine" will long remain a standard of excellence along this line. Nothing like it has been done in recent years, with the possible exception of "The Lost World," which specializes in prehistoric monsters, achieved through the use of flexible miniatures and double exposures. It takes a long time, for one thing, to do trick photography of any magnitude—"The Lost World" was over eight years in the making.

It was Albert Smith who developed the camera trick dubbed "bathtub" movies during the Spanish-American War. News reels then were unknown. Pictures were largely in the experimental stage and facilities were extremely limited. Photographers, as a matter of fact, were not permitted on board the fleet off the coast of Cuba. There was a great demand for war stuff, however, and Vitagraph met this demand by making pictures in a tin tank set up in a Brooklyn back yard. The tank was backed by a painted scene.

In the water with which it was filled floated blocks of wood covered with pictures of

(*Continued on page 32*)



# Were the old-timers best?

## *If you want to start a hot argument throw that question into the grand stand*

*By* GRANTLAND RICE

SOME time ago I dropped in on a certain well-known football coach while he was directing a large squad. In the course of the conversation the gossip of the afternoon turned upon the comparative greatness of old football stars and those of the modern régime.

"There is no argument," this coach remarks. "See that squad over there?"—pointing to a group of forty or fifty young huskies. "They haven't been able to make my third or fourth teams. Yet there are four or five in that group who would have been regulars here twelve or fifteen or twenty years ago.

"There are a hundred great football players to-day where there used to be one. They are better coached, better trained, faster and quicker; and constant hard competition has made them play better football. Yet on almost every All-Time All-Star team you see only the names of the old-timers—Heston, Heffelfinger, Hinkey, Hare, Eckersall, Thorpe, Shevlin, Coy, etc.

"Those men of yesterday were undoubtedly great football players. But they won't measure up with the stars of to-day. For there are ten or twenty times as many good players to pick from.

"The *real* All-Time All-America football team should be picked from players who have starred in the last three or four years—certainly in the last ten."

That is one side of the argument, and it sounds logical enough—up to a certain point. Does the present generation have a numerical advantage of twenty to one—or fifty to one? Has the greatness of the old star been overestimated?

Take Willie Heston, a stocky, broad-shouldered, huge-limbed halfback, who weighed 185 pounds. He was a quicker starter than Archie Hahn, then the 100-yard sprint champion; and he could beat Hahn at 40 yards. Hahn ran the 100 in 9 4/5. Is there any 185-pound back to-day who could beat Frank Hussey or Jackson Scholz at 40 yards? Miller of Harvard and Locke of Nebraska might make it close, but neither is a Heston.

He was also remarkably active. Consider this example: Michigan was playing Chicago upon a field slippery with a light snow. In spite of these underfoot conditions Heston found a line opening, crashed through, and was past all tacklers—except one—before they could move. Only Walter Eckersall at quarter barred his road.

"Heston," says Eckersall, "came at me with the speed and smash of a runaway train. I saw that he had no idea of dodging me—that he had made up his mind to run over me. He came on headlong, and I went to meet him, diving for his knees. As I went for the tackle he jumped clean over me, snow or no snow, landing on his feet well beyond like a cat. He must have jumped five feet in the air, because I wasn't on the ground."

### Will Time Ever Tell?

HOW many line-breaking 185-pound backs are there to-day with enough agility to jump clean over a tackler in the open field?

I have talked with a number of men who faced Heston, and each said he had more driving power in his legs than any man they had ever seen. "And when you tackled him," one former star remarked, "he almost tore your arms from your shoulders. He was the hardest man to pull down I have ever seen. He wasn't as shifty or as fast, possibly, as Grange or Mahan in a broken field, but he was almost as shifty and twice as hard to pull down."

Then there is Walter Eckersall, who is still placed on most of the All-Time combinations at quarterback. Eckersall was a ten-second sprinter and an unusually fast man in a football suit. He was a fine field general, a star broken-field runner, a good punter and a brilliant drop-kicker, and, in addition, he was a sure tackler in the open.

Four of the best modern quarterbacks we have seen are Pfann of Cornell, McMillin of Centre, Richeson of Yale and Stuhldreher of Notre Dame. Pfann is one of the greatest quarters that ever played, a star in every way. But it is doubtful if even Pfann carried greater all-around ability than Eckersall had.

Two old-timers who hold their places in the Hall of Fame against all comers are Heffelfinger of Yale and Hare of Pennsylvania. No one has yet challenged their right to belong. Is it true that better guards are playing football to-day? No old-timer who ever played against either could be made to believe it.

Heffelfinger was a young giant with terrific power in his arms and legs. He was as active as a big cat and abnormally strong. He came back to New Haven when he was nearly fifty, put on a football uniform for a few days, and, so far as actual man power was concerned, there was no lineman who could hold him. When he was playing football his tremendous leg power would drive him forward and his tremendous arm strength would help to make openings or to close them.

Truxton Hare was a big guard who was not only defensively strong but who, in addition, was a fine ball carrier on the "guards back" play, and a fine punter.

Only the old-timers remember Heffelfinger and Hare well, but they still rank the old Yale and Pennsylvania stars above any guards they have ever seen.

Both were on Walter Camp's All-America teams for three or four years. It is, of course, possible that certain of the best modern guards might hold their own with these giants of the past, but none of them has outclassed his rivals by a sufficient margin to prove it.

There have been such stars as Benbrook of Michigan and Pennock of Harvard—both undoubtedly far above the average—but to rate them above Heffelfinger and Hare is another matter. Yet the argument might be started. Who could prove they were a much better pair than Farwick and Ellinger of the Army last year? Lenz, the Navy guard, weighs over 200, is one of the strongest men that ever played football and, in addition, has been a tackle, end and back. And he has done his share of the kicking.

The greatest argument might be built around backfield comparisons. In the first All-Time All-America team that Walter Camp picked the backfield, as I recall it, consisted of Eckersall at quarter, Heston and Thorpe at halfback positions and Coy at full.

The greatness of Eckersall, Heston, Thorpe and Coy is well established. But how far would they be above a backfield that had Pfann at quarter, Gipp and Grange at halves, and Mahan at full? Would any All-Time backfield be more effective than Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden were? Not much, at any rate.

Stevens of Yale was about as fine a ground gainer as football ever knew. Tad Jones ranks him on a par with the greatest backfield stars he has ever seen. Stevens had only one year at Yale, yet up to the Harvard game, where the field was ankle-deep in water and almost knee-deep in mud, he cut into shreds every defense that he met.

Suppose one had a modern backfield that consisted of McMillin of Centre, Stevens of Yale, Koppisch of Columbia and Nevers of Stanford. Here is a backfield well capable of holding its own with any that ever played.

Yet in the naming of All-Time teams the only fairly modern entry suggested has been Eddie Mahan of Harvard. Among the veteran critics there has been no football player in ten years rated above Schulz at center; Hare and Heffelfinger, Hinkey, Shevlin and Snow; Eckersall, Heston, Thorpe and Coy. The modern star who came nearest to breaking through was Brick Muller of California, one of the greatest of ends.

How long will the ancient kings hold their places in the firmament of fame?

## *This Saturday's Important Games*

### East

**Yale-Harvard, Cambridge**
**Holy Cross-Boston Univ., Worcester**
**Lehigh-Lafayette, Bethlehem**

### Mid-West

**Michigan-Minnesota, Ann Arbor**
**Ohio State-Illinois, Columbus**
**Notre Dame-Northwestern, South Bend**
**Kansas-Missouri, Lawrence**
**Chicago-Wisconsin, Chicago**
**Drake-Iowa State, Des Moines**
**Case-Reserve, Cleveland**
**Indiana-Purdue, Bloomington**

### Far West

**California-Stanford, Palo Alto**
**S. Cal. Univ.-Iowa, Los Angeles**
**Gonzaga-Wash. Agri., Spokane**
**Oklahoma-Washington, Norman**

### South

**Tulane-Louisiana State, New Orleans**
**Wash. & Lee-N. C. State, Lexington**

# They get paid

*A drawing a day! What a hard life! Clare Briggs has only to tap his memory and he has material for a million cartoons entitled "Days of Real Sport" and "When a Feller Needs a Friend"*

© Paul Thompson

Kadel & Herbert

*From the comfortable side of the fence, at least, the toreador's life seems all to the merry. The hours are short and the work keeps him out in the o. a. And—comely señoritas applaud as he struts his stuff in modish make-up*

Fotograms

*A town crier was really a newsboy. He went about town crying out the headlines. Days when there was no local scandal the old bell had a rest. At other times, however, it must have tolled a jazzy tune. But who would call it work?*

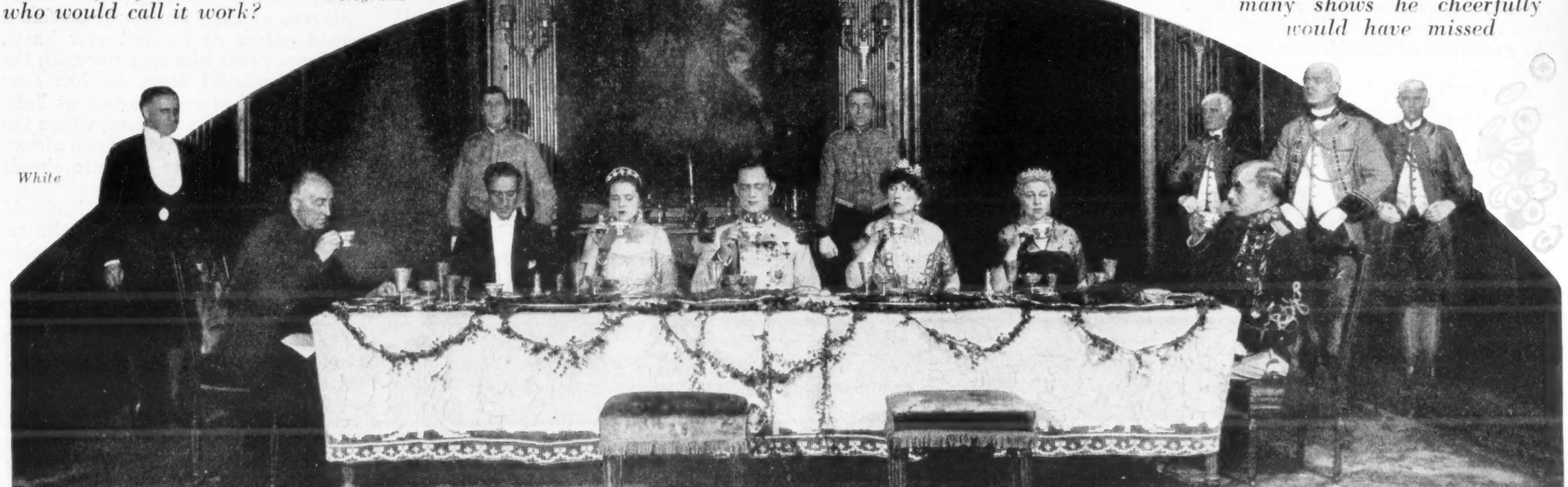
Fotograms

*"Her Nose Knows." Mrs. Blanche Cavitt has such a highly trained sense of smell that she recognizes the base of any perfume by its fragrance. Recently her sense of smell was insured for $50,000*

Pictorial Press

*Seeing all the new shows free and getting paid for going isn't all roses. Alexander Woollcott, noted dramatic critic and veteran of 2,000 first nights, admits that there were too many shows he cheerfully would have missed*

*Who wouldn't trade places with these actors (below) to have a chance to eat a royal feast? This scene from "The Swan" must have been rather pleasant for the members of the cast*



White

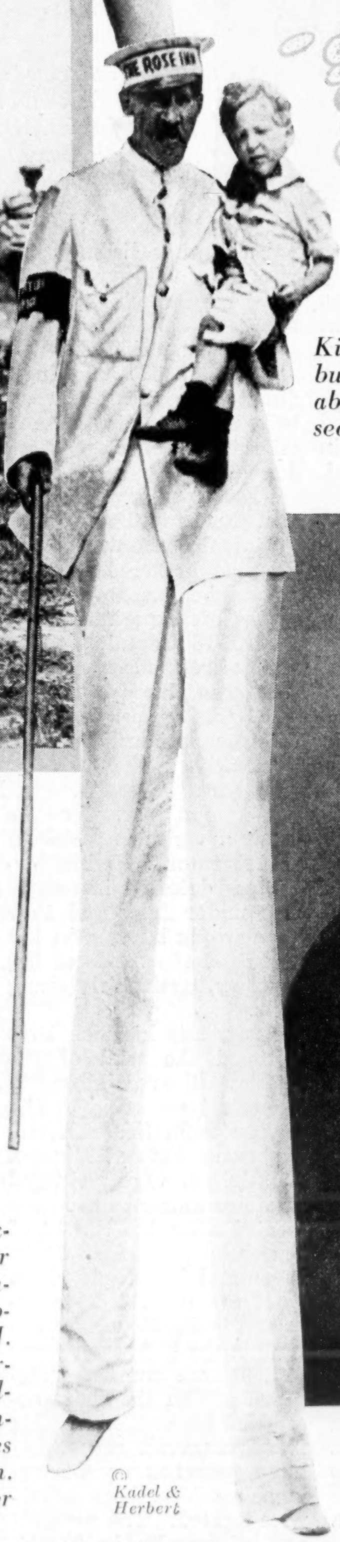
# *for doing this*

Fotograms

*One of the "hardest" jobs we can imagine is to pose for a magazine cover artist. It's such a nuisance to see your face on all the newsstands here and abroad! Betty Keough, of New York, has red hair and brown eyes and she has probably adorned more magazine covers than any other girl of her height and weight*

*Imagine being paid to knock the "pill" around! Who says "Jim" Barnes doesn't enjoy his work? After five unsuccessful attempts he finally managed to win the British Open Golf Championship*

*Most after-dinner speakers are glad to orate for nothing more substantial than polite applause, but Albert J. Cattell is paid generously by the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce to make speeches boosting their town. And he gets his dinner too!*



© Kadel & Herbert

*Kids walk this way for fun, but when a grown-up goes about with his nose on the second-story level he demands remuneration*

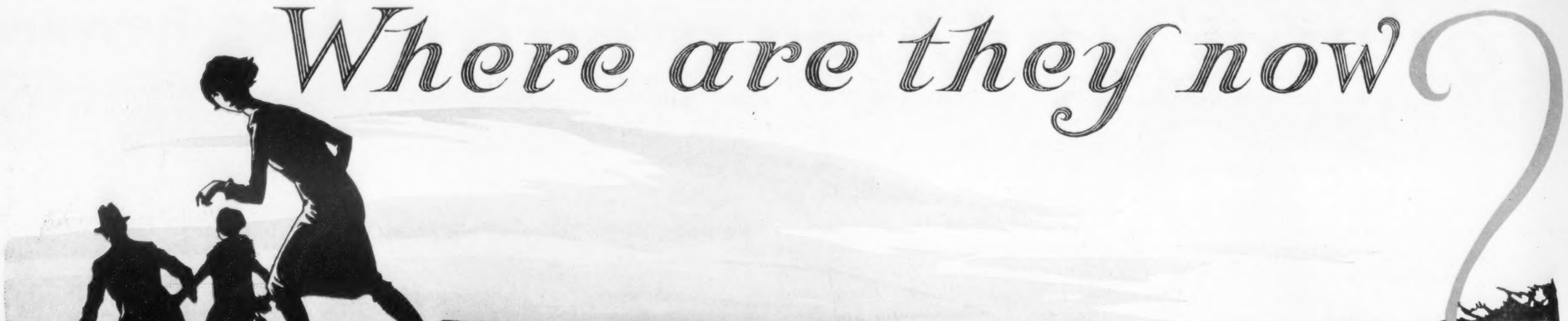
U. & U.

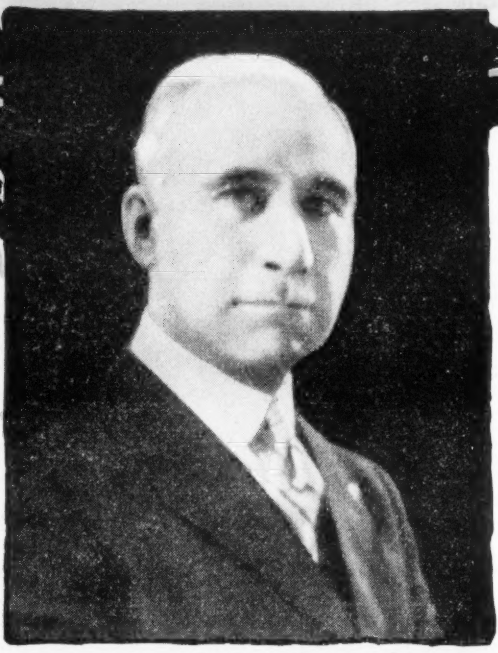
*A cop's liable to be called in to do most anything. But skating in the park has it all over bandit-chasing, so this officer isn't complaining*

First National

*The only trouble with these pleasant and highly paid for moments is that they're at the mercy of a hard-boiled director or stage manager. Imagine being interrupted while kissing Constance Talmadge*

# Where are they now?





*The strange tale of the great throng who every year suddenly vanish from sight, told by a man who has restored thousands to their homes*

By JOHN K. WINKLER

EACH year in this country about one hundred thousand free-born men and women, girls and boys—especially girls and boys—rise to a point of personal privilege and leave home, neglecting to inform parents, husbands, wives, sweethearts or the hired man where they are going.

Girls dance away, a whirlwind of moths, to become Cinderellas of the celluloid, to find outlets for their restlessness, to be with a man they have suddenly become "just crazy" about; boys leave home to search for adventure; women take the veil of anonymity to quench a thirst for "expression;" men, to free themselves of boresome domestic and business ties.

The hundred thousand, temporarily or permanently out on leg bail, constitute the missing persons problem. The strangest drama in American life, perhaps, is witnessed in this constant stream of men, women and children seeking safety or freedom in unknown environment.

But one city in the country pretends to chart, accurately, our swelling army of missing persons. This city reports its special police bureau has handled 103,837 cases in the seven inclusive years of 1918-1924.

On the basis of population, served by this particular missing persons bureau, it is estimated that about 100,000 individuals disappear from their homes each year.

In the United States people run away from home, but they don't stay away. Statisticians of the bureau referred to assert that about 40,000 of the missing persons are accounted for within a few days, 30,000 within a few weeks, 25,000 within a few months, 3,000 within a few years.

Thus but 2,000 remain mysteries along the road of oblivion.

Despite the hair-trigger suspicions of frantic parents and gaudily embroidered press headlines, foul play in the case of missing persons is so rare as to be almost negligible. Kidnapping of infants and abduction of young girls are almost unknown. A recent checkup of criminal phases in disappearances shows but 66 arrests in 20,000 cases.

In the city of New York, in 1924, 1,907 girls under twenty-one left home. All save three had been accounted for by September 1, 1925.

Contrary to general belief, also, loss of memory or aphasia is seldom responsible for a vanishing.

The country's leading police expert on the subject told me he has known not more than half a dozen genuine cases of loss of memory in as many years. There have been many, many cases of *pretended* aphasia however.

A season or two ago the wife of a Chicago broker, returning to the city with her two children after a vacation in Michigan, found her apartment empty, her husband gone. There were no clues. She rushed to the head of a private detective bureau. Three days and nights of investigation produced nothing. The broker's affairs were in splendid shape, his life was well ordered, his home surroundings were good.

Finally the detective got a hunch.

"Tom," he instructed a bright young operative, "our man was a companionable sort of bird. Find out where he lunched and with whom he talked. Maybe he dropped a hint to a waiter or a friend."

Tom was back in three hours, a grin aproning his countenance.

"Boss," he reported, "McMissing is registered under an assumed name at a hotel on the lake. He went away with a soubrette—one of those sudden infatuations. Met her through a man he lunched with almost daily in a Loop restaurant. While Mrs. McMissing was away they played foursomes, McMissing, the soubrette, her girl chum and the other man.

"The chum and her beau got a phone message last night. They say our man is worried silly over the only foolish thing he ever did in his life."

### The Soubrette's Name Was Aphasia

TWO hours later the detective walked into the resort hotel room and introduced himself to a man who sat alone, head in hands. A brief interval of futile denial, then the missing man broke down, verified the whole story and moaned:

"I regretted this mad act from the first. The girl has gone away. God, old man, what can I do? I can't face my wife."

His grief was so genuine that even the hard-boiled detective was touched. He asked, "Do you really want me to pull you out of this mess?"

"*Do I?*" The broker's answer was a supplication.

*An interview with*
CAPT. JOHN H. AYERS,
*Chief of Missing Persons Bureau*

"Well, then, listen to me. You didn't run away of your own volition. You have been rambling around under an attack of aphasia."

"But what shall I tell my wife?"

"You haven't anything to tell. You didn't even recall your name until I talked to you. You have not the slightest recollection of what you have been doing."

That evening a touching reconciliation was staged at the broker's home. To this day the wife is none the wiser. But the broker is—and the detective swears he has never been tempted to repeat his experiment.

In 1918 Captain John H. Ayers, a college-bred officer of versatile experience, was placed in charge of the first real missing persons bureau on the Western Hemisphere. It is in New York City.

"Johnny" Ayers went at his job in a big, human way. Now he heads a veritable sociological laboratory. He has forty-five detective-investigators under him, and they have swung buoys over the rocks for thousands of the unhappy, particularly young girls.

Ayers and his men have followed the trail of the missing all over the earth. Appeals have come to the bureau from South America, every part of Europe, the Orient. Lost, strayed or stolen humans have been located after the thread of search has stretched across ocean and desert and plain.

Of the 103,837 cases reported to the New York bureau in the last seven years 101,391 are marked "disposed of" on the chart assembled for Collier's. This means that all save 2,446 have returned or written home or have been otherwise located. The percentage of results is 97.644. The 2,446 are those who still dwell in the realm of mystery, mostly adult men and women. Approximately 65 per cent of the missing persons are male, 35 per cent female.

After seven years of painstaking statistical compilation, Ayers and his men are able to give percentage estimates of the motives that impel girls and women, men and boys to leave home:

Why girls leave home: love entanglement, 25 per cent; lure of stage or movies, 25 per cent; dissatisfaction over home conditions, 40 per cent; miscellaneous, love of adventure, etc., 10 per cent.

Why women leave home: domestic difficulties, 25 per cent; adventure and travel, 30 per cent; desire for economic improvement, 35 per cent; miscellaneous, "nerves," etc., 10 per cent.

Why boys leave home: ill-adjusted home conditions, too much coddling or too strict discipline, 50 per cent; romance, adventure, search for jobs of their own, 50 per cent.

Why men leave home: financial troubles, 25 per cent; domestic difficulties, 25 per cent; boredom, depression, love affairs, 40 per cent; miscellaneous, 10 per cent.

*Pauline Stielzel (left) has not been seen since June this year. She lived at Laurel Hill, Long Island, in the neighborhood of Newtown Creek*

*Sadie Weiss, 82 South 10th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y., four blocks from the East River. She swam entirely out of her people's ken on July 16th last*

The "peak age" for disappearances is fifteen; the peak period, late spring and early summer.

G. K. Chesterton once said the safest place to hide a pebble is on the sand. Hundreds of missing persons believe the safest place to hide is a great city. Hence they flee to Chicago, San Francisco, New Orleans, Boston, New York, change their names and feel at last free of time and responsibility. There have been actual cases where men have left their homes, moved to another part of the same city and lived, undetected, for years.

### Too Much Loving

NOWADAYS, though, it is more difficult to submerge, for Johnny Ayers and scientific searchers like him have come close to reducing the impossible to the obvious. It is astonishing how many silent symbols are left behind by even the most intelligent of those who take to the open road.

Reading matter, advertising pamphlets, pieced-together letters, chance conversations with clerks and ticket agents in stores supply clues.

"The toughest cases," said Johnny Ayers, "are the men who won't come back and girls who have gone through the mill of experience and become hardened.

"You know, I have actually rubbed against men who left home because of too much kindness—men with beautiful dwellings, handsome wives, lovely children! But they tired of being mothered and petted, of knowing just exactly what was going to happen next. We have just closed a confidential case of that sort. It wasn't a case of desertion exactly, for the man left his family well provided for."

Every report of a lost girl is an emergency case to Captain Ayers and his Nimrods of the asphalt. The criminal element in these cases is higher in percentage than in others, but not sufficiently high to justify the cry of distraught parents of kidnapping and abduction.

Sometimes it is years before the fate of girls is definitely known. One day recently, on a visit to Captain Ayers' office, a suicide slip was laid on his desk. A Polish girl, an unwed mother, had killed herself in a town in New Jersey, after five years. Another "closed case."

But there are brighter tales to tell of disappearing girls. Take the case of Becky, a daughter of Detroit. Becky was a nectarine. Loved to curl up in a settee and read rose-covered novels. Loved to dance. Especially loved to make her feet fly to the latest jazz tune. A late dance one night; a man; overwhelmed parents who ordered her from the house. She was sixteen.

Five years later—and this is very recently—the parents repented. They asked the aid of the New York police. A confidential alarm, one not given to the press, was sent out. She was an instructor in a cheap dance hall.

Her hall bedroom was immaculate when one of Johnny Ayers' right bowers tapped on the door. Becky was sleeping like a child. But her talk was anything but childlike when she confronted Ayers and expressed the crude social philosophy she had acquired since the night she staggered, blind with tears, from her parents' home. The repetition is not nice, but this is what Becky said:

"Tell them to go plumb to h—. I am not going back home. I've learned things in five years, and I am only happy when I make men pay for what one man did to me. I'm a gold digger from Diggerville, and I don't give a damn who knows it."

"Yes, Becky, men aren't much good. But listen, girl, you are hurting only yourself when you try to get revenge this way. Now, I have an idea."

### Mollycoddled Into the Navy

BECKY'S eyes lighted when the captain disclosed his idea. It included three months in the country under the care of a welfare organization he is in touch with, a real flesh-and-blood organization. Becky went to the country. She watched growing things. She read and she played. She became a girl again. When she got back she took a position Ayers arranged for her. She was raised from $18 to $24 a week. Her faith in men has been restored, partially. But she is never going back to the parents who turned her out with the animals of the street five years ago.

Then there was Sophie, brighter than all the lights of Edison, but a real tough girl. She eloped with a fiery Italian lad. No ceremony. No prosecution. Grand juries still shy from such indictments. Captain Ayers convinced her that for her own good she ought to settle down and make something of herself.

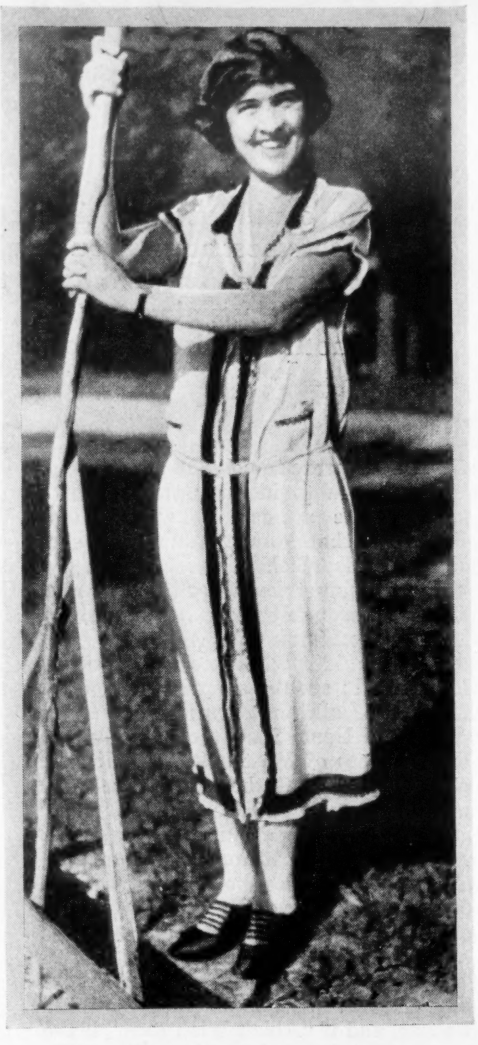
Sophie did. A job materialized. Then a better one. Finally a husband. Now she often drives her car down to headquarters and drops in for a chat with the men of the bureau that held her fate in their hands a few years ago. Sometimes she brings one of her two babies.

"I know so many boys and girls, men and women who have been made by their own or someone else's disappearance," said Captain Ayers. "Why, during the war we chased the eighteen-year-old son of a physician—a slender, skinny kid—twice across the ocean on transports. He'd enlisted in the navy. His mother was a nervous wreck. She was sure Elmer would die.

"Elmer ducked and dodged. He didn't want to go back home. He had been mothered too much. Finally we got a tip through a steamship company that he had shipped for New Orleans and Mexican ports. This was after the armistice. Bill Roddy, one of the best detectives in the department, was in New Orleans on another assignment. He just missed the kid at a New Orleans boarding house, but we nabbed Elmer when he returned from Vera Cruz. He wore an assumed name and the stripes of assistant purser.

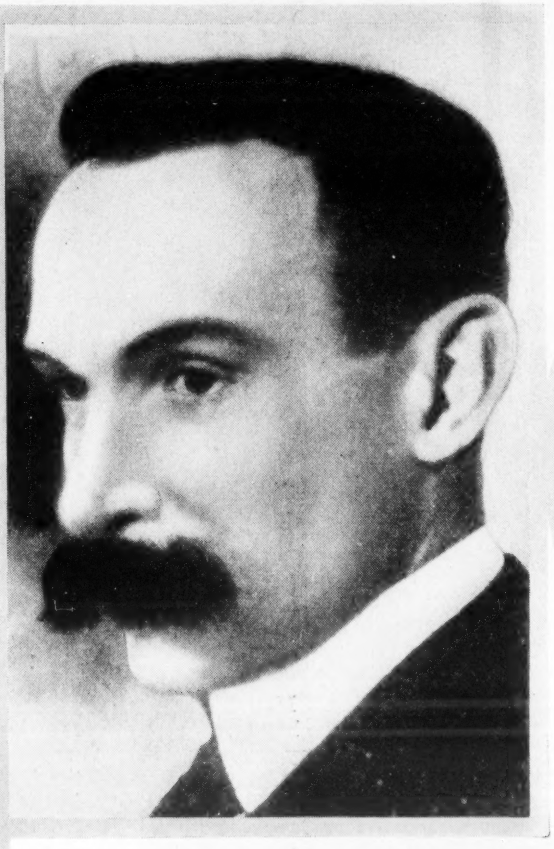
"He was twenty pounds heavier and a regular guy. When his mother saw his improvement she consented to have him prepared for a naval career," concluded Captain Ayers.

## $1000 Reward



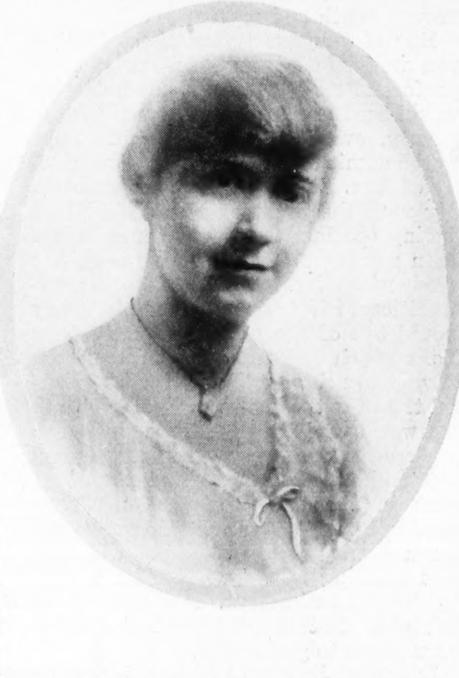
*Mrs. Mary Herwig Ferdinand seemed to be enjoying life when she disappeared from 367 Whiton Street, Jersey City, in December, 1924. Her physical and nervous condition, however, was poor. Her beautiful dark brown hair may, of course, have since suffered bobbing*

## $50,000 Reward



*Ambrose J. Small was last seen in the office of his theatre, the Grand Opera House, Toronto, December 2, 1919. The $50,000 is now withdrawn, as well as an offer of $1,500 for information leading to discovery of the body, but a reward will be paid at the discretion of the authorities*

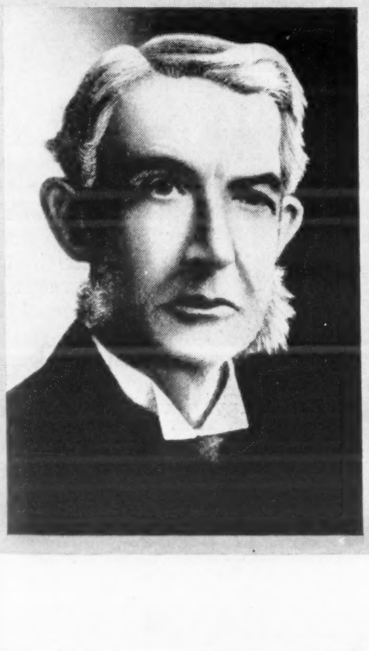
## $100 Reward



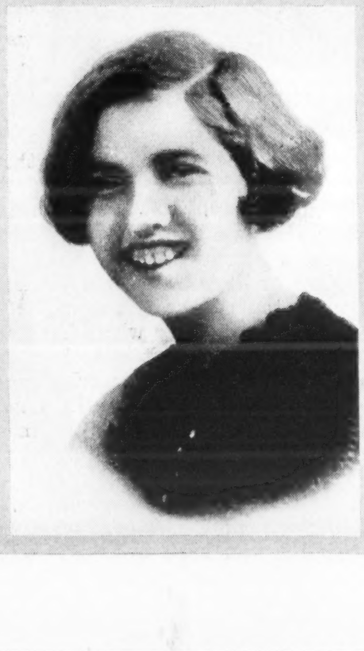
*If you've seen her at the piano in a moving-picture house, or applying for domestic service, tell Michael J. Long, chief of police, Newark, N. J. She is Helen Reichert, 16 years old, stout for her age, and a bobbed blonde. She disappeared on July 15, 1924*

## $500 Reward Each

*Henry L. Norton, 84, disappeared from Brentwood, Long Island, November 8, 1921. He wore gold-rimmed spectacles. "Alive or dead" the reward poster reads*



*Miss Elizabeth Betty Muro, 16-year-old high-school girl, disappeared mysteriously from her home, 192 Harrison Ave., Jersey City, April 6, 1924*



# The story of Mrs. FISKE

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

If you could look into the secret heart of America's foremost actress you would see why she can send her audiences out into the night under a spell that lasts always. And, as you will see, it has nothing whatever to do with the theatre.

This young lady (60), as Mrs. Malaprop in "The Rivals," has been on a nearly nonstop flight for a year

White

IF YOU were to poll the playgoers of America to identify the country's favorite actress, I have no idea (now that Maude Adams has shut the stage door behind her for good and all) what name would lead all the rest. I am reasonably certain that Mrs. Fiske's would not.

This would surprise no one less than herself. It should surprise no one at all. After all, one does not expect the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay to outsell those of Master Guest. Nor the stories by Willa Cather to reach as wide and ravenous a public as that public which annually devours the output of Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey.

Surely one does not expect a Mrs. Fiske to command the most numerous audience in a land and time that flocks above all else to "Abie's Irish Rose." Yet if the tales of the Messrs. Wright and Grey are as fine as those by Willa Cather, and if "Abie's Irish Rose" is the great American play, then "Yes, We Have No Bananas" is the fairest flowering of American music and I am the lost dauphin.

Yet if you were to ask the question only of the mental grown-ups in the great American audience and more particularly if you were to ask it of that inner world made up of producers, playwrights and players, I think Mrs. Fiske's name *would* lead all the rest. The people of the theatre itself will tell you that none in our time has been so great as she, none made so high a flight toward truth and moving beauty.

But if you questioned them further you would find that the plays and the performances on which this admiration was based were the work of fifteen, twenty, even thirty years ago. They would admit that, whereas the fine quality of Mrs. Fiske's acting had lost nothing with the flight of years, her plays during the last decade had more often than not been trivial, even trashy, her productions indifferent, her career unambitious, her position negligible. They would tell of the new ferment in New York which had made its theatre more alive, more challenging and more eventful than the theatre in any other city in the world, and they would be obliged to confess that, except as a forerunner and a stimulant, Mrs. Fiske had played no part in the new dispensation. They would picture her as one who had toiled tremendously in her time, but who now was coasting idly down the long, easy hill toward retirement. And they would be right. In this third and last chapter I am going to guess why.

It cannot be traced to weariness. It takes a bit of doing even to get the word fatigue and her name into the same sentence. Except for a few weeks of vacation on the Pacific coast last summer, she has toured continuously with "The Rivals" since early in November, 1924, and this in an age when your modern player has the vapors if the management asks him to exert himself, even to the extent of touring as far from Broadway as Philadelphia. Mrs. Fiske is sixty years old, and she has more vitality, more creative energy, more of the fire of life than Jackie Coogan. She has the inexhaustibility of Sarah Bernhardt, who, like Julius Cæsar, had what Bernard Shaw calls the capacity to kill a dozen secretaries under you as the life-and-death courier of old killed horses. "Youth," said Mrs. Fiske not long ago, "is vastly overrated." No, weariness has no part in the story.

The explanation lies, I think, in the fact that little of her mind and none of her heart is in the theatre at all. I really do not know why she goes on playing. From necessity, maybe. From force of habit, more likely. Perhaps (in the same spirit that the healthy youth of the land are seductively invited to "Join the Marines and See the World") Mrs. Fiske goes a-touring every season as an excuse for that vagrancy which is the breath of her nostrils, as it is with every true tramp and trouper the world around.

But this I do know, that the theatre does not greatly interest her and that it never did. Its richest conceivable rewards would not satisfy the cravings of her nature. If, among the swarm of young playwrights who have ever sat wistful on her doorstep, she were to find another Shakespeare, and if in his masterpiece she could give a performance that the world would hail as a greater thing than the finest playing even Duse ever did, and if that performance were to draw such audiences as the American theatre had never known before, Mrs. Fiske would still not be satisfied. Never in this world. Never—and now we are getting warmer—in the next world.

She is in the theatre because she was born in it and, since she had a matchless talent for its work, the theatre made her welcome. But to her, I suspect, the theatre at its loftiest and truest is but a toy—a fine stimulation for the leisure of the world perhaps, a fit preoccupation for the nursery days of humanity, but at best a pastime and no nourishment for the hungry spirit of a grown-up. Increasingly since the barnstorming days of Minnie Maddern, something deep within her has bidden her be up and doing some of the real work of a troubled world. And I think that if you could look into her secret heart to find who of her time she would have liked most to be the name you would see would not be Eleonora Duse or Ellen Terry. No, nor any writer or poet or painter. It would be Evangeline Booth—her dear friend and heroine, Commander Booth of the Salvation Army.

## Life is More Than Art

I AM telling no tales. I am telling only what Mrs. Fiske herself intimated as long ago as that memorable day in 1905 when Harvard University so far forgot its august traditions as to invite an actress out to address its students. Wherefore, one afternoon Mrs. Fiske journeyed out from Boston to Cambridge and, in Sanders Theatre, before the Harvard Ethical Society, made a speech which was reprinted throughout the land.

Sitting in the front row at her lecture, by the way, and beaming upon her with the admiration which the years have only intensified, sat a rosy young sophomore who, within a year or two, was to write the play called "Salvation Nell" wherewith Mrs. Fiske wrung hearts innumerable.

In her speech that afternoon, with her very opening words, Mrs. Fiske gave the clue to all that has since shaped the hours of her life.

"There can be little doubt," she said, "that the idea comes at times to the worker in any field of art—and perhaps the more earnest the worker the more persistent this idea—that possibly, after all, one might better be giving life and thought and action to something other than any of the arts."

And as much as ten years ago, when something was said about the dim future when Mrs. Fiske would retire from the stage, I heard her murmur in the deafening whisper of mock secrecy:

"I have already retired from the stage, but nobody knows it."

And that is true. If, in the decade preceding the present revival of "The Rivals," her plays have been, for the most part, trumpery things and her companies incomparably inferior to the amazing casts which used to be the rule in the old days when the Fiskes presided over the destinies of the Manhattan Theatre, it is because Mrs. Fiske has left to others the tasks of management and direction which no one in America can do so well as she. She *has* retired from the stage.

To be sure, as one who naturally would hoe out her row she is on hand each night to give her own performance. In thirty years she has not had an understudy nor asked that an audience be dismissed because she did not feel equal to meeting it.

But beyond that all her waking thoughts and half her sleeping ones have been given to the work which is really near her heart—the slow, uphill, humane work in behalf of the birds of the air and the beasts of the field.

### She is the Actor's Actress

IT IS an old, old love of hers—this brotherhood with the dogs and the horses and the foxes and all living things that cannot speak for themselves. The infamies of the bull rings in Spain and Mexico, the desertion of the thirsty cattle on the ranges, the cruelties to old and faithful pack horses everywhere, the unspeakable meanness of the trappers to the trapped—these have always stirred her more than any "sad tales of the death of kings" could stir her in the theatre. But of late she has worked systematically with the sundry branches of the American Humane Association, serving on committees, organizing benefits, spreading subtle propaganda all along the route of her tours, with secretaries falling over one another in her dressing-room and offices going full blast in New York and Washington.

If a young actor has been seen rescuing a forlorn kitten from under the wheels of some truck he has, I suspect, a far better chance of playing in her company than if he had merely been hailed in New York and London as the most promising young Roscius since Henry Irving. If a horse is checked wickedly and Mrs. Fiske sees it the startled driver is in for such a blazing flight of oratory as the students of the dramatic schools would do well to play hooky to hear. If the teams plodding their weary way up the interminable hills in Peru suddenly find water troughs waiting for them where none had been before it is partly because Mrs. Fiske has toiled to supply them.

I remember her sending for me one morning in the autumn of 1924. I knew that even then Chauncey Olcott and Jimmy Powers and Tom Wise were rehearsing with her for the impending revival of Sheridan's comedy and supposed that something had arisen in connection with it that I could do for her. I might have known better. My job was to track to his lair a certain distinguished French journalist who was then passing through New York. Through him Mrs. Fiske wished to send a message to the new president of France.

I was mildly surprised at this, for naturally I had not noticed that, a few days before, the newspapers carried an obscure cable dispatch referring to a bull fight in the old Roman amphitheatre at Arles in the lazy valley of the Rhone. The managing editors had buried it nine fathoms deep among the least interesting news in that day's grist, but you could not hide a thing like that from Mrs. Fiske. I was told to say that the French journalist could name his own hour and spot for an appointment with her, and I shuddered to think of the emotions in the respective bosoms of the Messrs. Olcott, Powers and Wise if a rehearsal were postponed on this account and they were ever to find out why.

Another time I was summoned to help in the organization of a benefit for her humane work. It was held at the Music Box one Sunday night in March, and all the great folk of the American theatre were there. If they were not on the interminable program, they were serving as ushers. For, with Fannie Brice as captain, some of the first stars of the land distributed the programs that night, while Ed Wynn took tickets at the door and Frank Tinney convulsed the sidewalks by his antics as carriage starter. And if there was no room for Mrs. Fiske's fellow players in any of these capacities they bought seats and came as spectators.

It warmed her heart to think of this great outpouring of good will toward a cause so dear to her, but of course they were all on hand because *she* was dear to *them,* because she is, after all, the actor's actress and at her feet her profession sits devoted.

Since last March her work outside the theatre has been concentrated on the evils of the trappers, and in a hasty letter written in October she reported that the work was still going on—twenty-six hours out of every twenty-four.

"And this," she added revealingly, "despite the annoying interruption necessitated by my having to give eight performances a week."

They do tell one story at her expense that has always tickled me. The protagonist of the tale is Mrs. Fiske, the antagonist none other than Mary Maddern, oldest of the three Maddern sisters who sailed down the Mississippi during the Civil War. Of these, Mrs. Fiske's mother, Lizzie Maddern, died before ever her daughter came to fame. Emma Maddern, the best and most beautiful actress of the three, was the mother of Emily Stevens, that dazzling actress who played so brilliantly in "Fata Morgana."

### A Cattish Tale

BUT Mary Maddern lingered long in the theatre, always finding a place in Mrs. Fiske's company and growing somewhat moody at her niece's exclusive absorption in four-footed sorrows.

Wherefore she grew a trifle bitter one freezing night when a cab called at the theatre for them all, the horse skating nervously over the icy streets, the driver huddled against the cutting wind. Miss Maddern had been packed away inside, Miss Stevens had followed and Mrs. Fiske was getting in herself when she noticed how cruelly the horse was checked. Down she got to the sidewalk again, off his seat the pained driver was hauled, and there followed such a lecture as he probably remembers to this day. But meanwhile the wind was whipping into the stalled cab, and inside Miss Maddern could be heard muttering to herself vindictively.

"The next time I see a sick cat," she said, "I am going to kick it to death."

### Her Art is an Afterglow

HOWEVER, Mrs. Fiske has great wisdom and, deeply as she feels about the cause she serves, she is much too civilized and too adroit a propagandist ever to bore anyone with it. With the passing of Mary Maddern, by the way, the honored old name vanished from the playbills, save for one remote cousin, Merle Maddern, who has been doing some creditable work in recent seasons.

Then the little boy whom Mrs. Fiske adopted four or five years ago, and who is being brought up under her enthusiastic care, has legally acquired, and may yet live to glorify, the name of Danville Maddern.

But even if you look back over the record to the years when, season after season, Mrs. Fiske was giving herself to the most ambitious and exhausting rôles, you will see that even then some part of her was more interested in something other than the mere perfection of her art or the accumulated and accumulating prestige of its expression. She has always been an embattled spirit, her banners ever flung from the outer ramparts.

I am sure there are those who could wish that so richly gifted an actress had given herself utterly to the theatre. But the same crusading heart which makes Mrs. Fiske the champion of all the little brothers and sisters of St. Francis has given her performances greatness. It is part and parcel of the radiant spirit which has sent so many playgoers out into the night-mantled streets with a glow at their own hearts of which the warmth and the tingle never quite leave them in this life.

*In "Salvation Nell" Mrs. Fiske wrung hearts innumerable, but, in her view, no doubt, Evangeline Booth plays the better part*

*Byron*

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## *Hate Pays No Dividends*

OF ALL the follies of the sons of men, hatred is the most futile and the most costly. Consider the story of Wilson and Lodge, the last chapter of which, now available, was written as the veteran Massachusetts senator faced death.

These two men, each highly gifted, each public-spirited in his own fashion, hated each other relentlessly. Wilson could see no good in Lodge and Lodge lived to thwart Wilson. Both went to their graves broken and disappointed. Both were frustrated in their most cherished hopes. Worse still, together they denied their country and the world advantages which would have been easily attainable with even a moderate degree of good will and coöperation between them.

Their great duel was fought over the League of Nations. At the outset both men favored the policy of which the League was the fruit. As time wore on, Wilson became the official protagonist of the League and Lodge was its principal enemy.

Beneath this opposition in world affairs was personal dislike and bitterness. Once the two men were friends, and although members of different parties they had much in common. Each was a scholar in politics. They were products of the same American tradition. Woodrow Wilson wrote articles for the publication edited by Henry Cabot Lodge. But jealousy and hatred came between. Once during later years both were invited to speak at a church celebration in Washington. Wilson refused to appear on the same platform with Lodge. That gesture was never forgiven.

So grew the dreadful tangle of the fight between the President and the Senate. The White House would not accept the reservations offered on Capitol Hill. America would not coöperate with Europe. World issues could not be settled. Currents of history were forced into new channels. All of this came about because two personally estimable gentlemen loathed and despised each other.

Hatred, intolerance, scorn, the age-old cry, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" made bitter the lives of these outstanding men and vitiated their public work. How much richer the world would have been if they could have worked together.

For the great as for common men hatred carries the seed of destruction, and without charity nothing avails.

## *United States of Europe?*

NEED we fear the United States of Europe?

The great powers, Russia and Japan excepted, bound themselves together at Locarno by new treaties. All the world applauded the promise of peace. Then came second thoughts.

With the European powers jealous, separate and hostile to one another the United States is the most powerful single government in the world. Europe united and the story is different. Each country has one and the same grievance against America. It arises out of the war debts.

We have been dealing separately with the debtor countries. We have kept completely separate the sums we proposed to collect from our associates from funds they hoped to get from their debtors.

It might be to Europe's advantage to present a solid front on this issue. All the European powers are convinced that by paying America according to the letter of the bond they will impoverish, if not bankrupt, themselves. All think that, regardless of legal technicalities, they paid in blood while we expended dollars and that morally the issue is more than square.

But the United States of Europe is not here yet. The powers have merely agreed not to resort to war. They have not come together in any economic bargain. With interests so diverse, it is hardly conceivable that they will, at least not in the visible future.

But, and this is vital, it will do us no harm to consider the debt question and all our other unsettled issues as though the United States of Europe were near at hand.

If we are as fair to France and Italy as we expect them to be to Germany, we can calmly accept a united Europe. If we are not, we have more to fear from ourselves than from any foreign enemy.

## *David, Nimble and Canny*

THE mercurial Welshman who proved himself to be the iron leader in the time of Great Britain's direst need has lost none of his nimbleness during his long exile from office.

Who but David Lloyd George would have dared to defend prohibition in London? He said:

"It is no use indulging in slap-dash condemnation of America. Not only have Americans carried prohibition but no political party in America now dare propose abolition of prohibition.

"When I went to America I never met a man who would vote for the reestablishment of the saloon. They are the most prosperous people under the sun, not because they have the gold but because they have not the drink."

Lloyd George then reminded Great Britain that in spite of unemployment and an adverse trade balance the English people spent £316,000,000 for alcoholic drinks last year. This is roughly a billion and a half dollars.

American prosperity may not be due to prohibition but money earned and not spent for drink is worth more to any nation than that expended for pleasurable befuddlement.

## *The Jungle, 1925 Style*

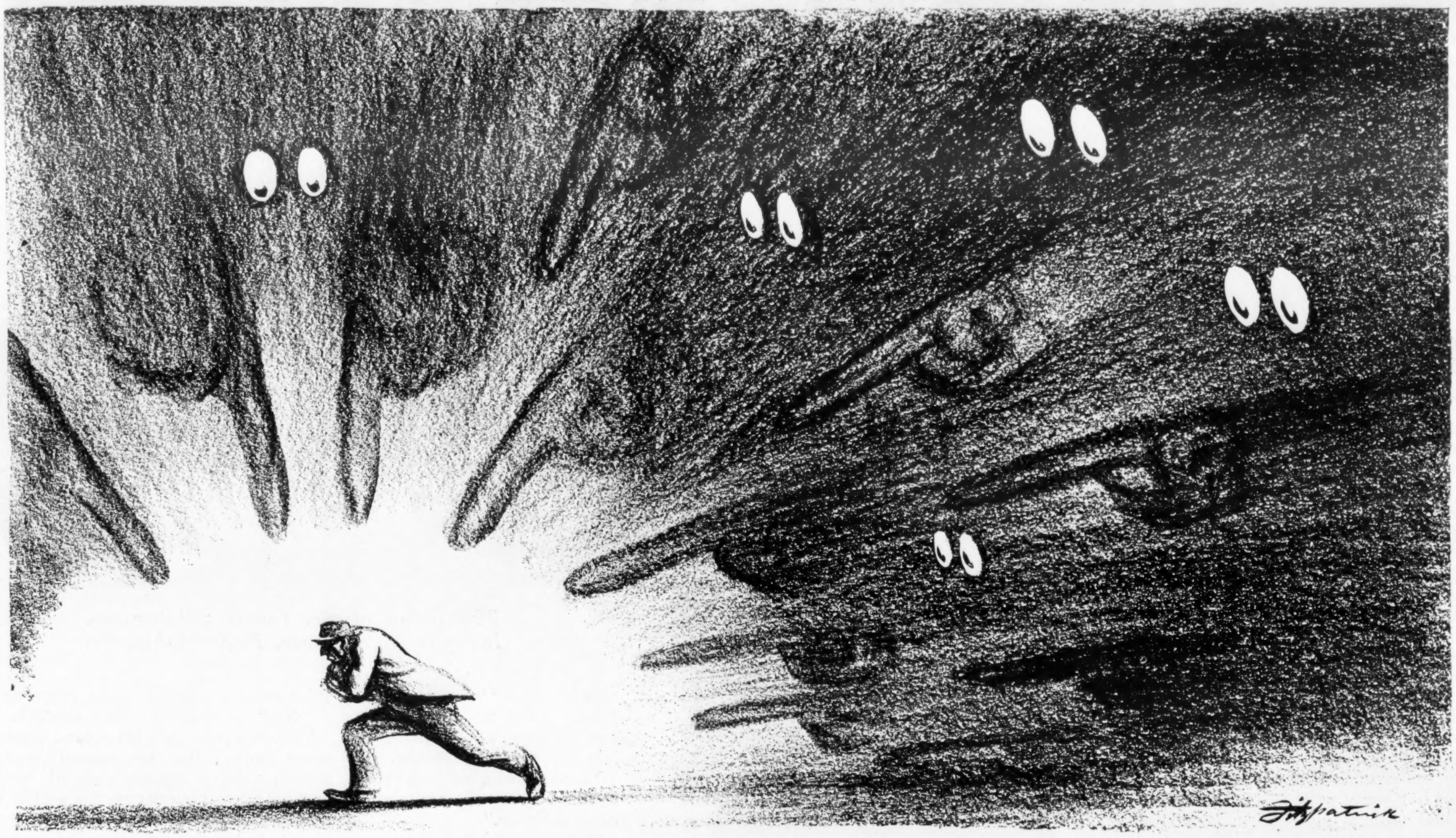
DO YOU remember the hullaballoo about "The Jungle," Upton Sinclair's drama of the stock yards? The robust Theodore Roosevelt, moved by an aroused public conscience, sponsored a law establishing federal inspection of the meat packing business.

The Chicago packers were denounced as a wicked monopoly.

Much has changed during these few years. The trust is no longer an ogre.

Strangest of all, however, is the conclusion of a group of Russian investigators sent to this country by the soviet government. Having inspected the Chicago Stock Yards the Bolshevist emissaries remarked that Russia needs something like it.

Here are the lion and the lamb, or the capitalist and the communist, dozing peacefully together. The explanation is simple. Whatever else the packers did, at least they learned how to feed a great nation.



Conscience

# *I'm Proud to be Called a Babbitt*

*By* BENJAMIN F. JONES

*President, Lions International*

SOME years ago Sinclair Lewis baptized a character Babbitt, and the name has been used as a derisive synonym for "Booster." In the sense that Babbitt means booster, I'm proud to be a Babbitt.

And so are hundreds of thousands of other Americans and Canadians who have the good fortune to be members of the different commercial and service clubs that are supposed to be the citadels of Babbittry throughout this continent. There are the Rotarians; the Kiwanians; my own organization, the Lions; and other bodies not so widely known or extensively organized. There are gentlemen who have more to do with literature than business who rarely refer to members of these organizations without picturing them as romping idiots banded together for the sole purpose of making fools of themselves. Because Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs are broad enough and sane enough to indulge a wholesome spirit of fun and frolic at their meetings, it is assumed that they plaster all their operations with comedy.

Take the budget of activity of any of these business men's clubs for any year of its existence and you'll find that no club exists that does not justify its founding and maintenance. The basic organization of the clubs, limiting membership to two followers of any trade, business or profession in each community, prevents the possibility of a combine in any line to the economic detriment of the community. And the representation of all the business and professional men in a single club assures an instant and beneficial concentration of community interest in any worthy activity that may be proposed.

Where do those seeking funds for organized charity first turn when a community drive is projected? To the business men of Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions. Where do the organizers of national "drives" go first for their localized contacts? To the same business men.

We don't complain about that. We consider it a compliment. It means that we members of these civic service clubs are known to be a sure reliance in case of need. And we are.

Our clubs discover and engender the idealism of the individual and coin it into action for the general welfare. Much as the word is misused we know that no man, however unlettered, is without an ideal. These service clubs, formed by the more prosperous members of a community, put into practice the ideal that prosperity should be shared—teach, in effect, the doctrine that we are our brothers' keepers, and translate that doctrine into deeds.

In a word, these clubs operate as focal points for the civic interest and duty of their members.

And, quite naturally, they develop the boosting spirit. Why not? What do we mean by boosting? When armies march to war they march away to the blare of bands, if there isn't much harmonious existence at the front. That's boosting. When college charges college on the gridiron it is done to the ringing cheers of organized rooters. That's boosting. So the morale of civic pride is stimulated and community prosperity served by the energetic optimism that goes by the name of boosting.

If Kiwanis, Rotary and Lions did nothing but boost they would serve a useful purpose. But back of the effulgence of community patriotism there is the solid achievement of community betterment, of cordial charity that has no relation to cold-faced philanthropy, of the promotion of good will and ethical practice in business dealings that is morality well applied.

If that is Babbittry—make the most of it.

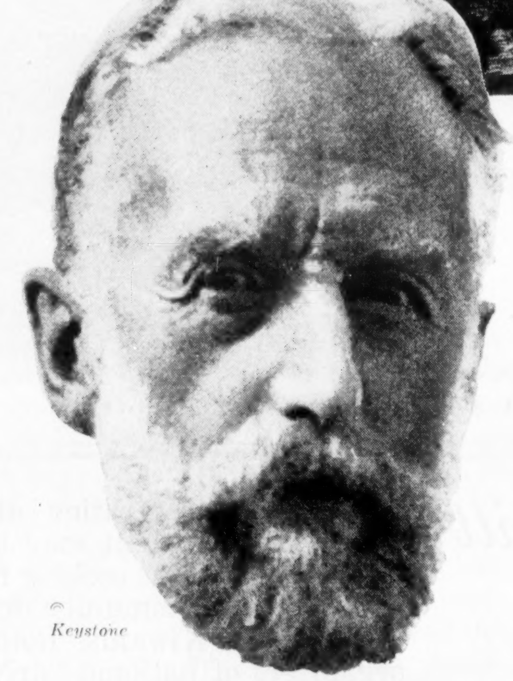
# Go fast, young man, go fast

### *An interview with* CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

### *By* JOHN B. KENNEDY

*Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who sold papers, ran a store and became a great publisher, here gives sound advice to young men*

*The home of the Curtis publications, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.*



Keystone

MORE than sixty years ago there occurred up a side street in Portland, Maine, one of the million minor dramas that begin and end swiftly and unnoticed in a world concerned with more important and personal things.

A frail boy, carrying newspapers he was eagerly trying to sell, heard hoots and received thumps. The hooter and thumper was another boy, not frail, but also carrying newspapers, who resented the intrusion of outside enterprise in his particular bailiwick.

By all the rules of success stories the juvenile David should have turned and, with or without instrumental aid, destroyed the juvenile Goliath. He didn't. He took a drubbing—courageously, but completely.

Nobody knows what happened to the aggressive champion of monopoly. The frail boy was Cyrus H. K. Curtis.

And from a side street in Portland the other day he stepped into a motor car which whirled him to the harbor where there rode at anchor an impressive yacht, waiting to convey him to his seaside manor at Camden.

Between the points of that first combat and this latter-day power and wealth lies the swift-moving record of one of the most successful careers in American business.

Mr. Curtis told me something of this career as we sat in his family circle amid the rich surroundings of his shore home.

Starting with a capital of three cents, he had bought newspapers from another boy who couldn't sell them, disposed of them at a profit of six cents, reinvested in another stock of papers, and obtained his first lesson in merchandising. Later, while yet unacquainted with razors, he had started a paper, The Young America, which died when fire destroyed his one-room plant. Into the department-store business he went with vague dreams of becoming the merchant prince of Portland. Out of the department-store business he came with keen hopes of becoming a great publisher.

## Reach the Heights—Honestly

HE IS. His first paper was the People's Ledger in Boston, printed for a while on credit from a Scottish Samaritan who lived to find nourishment in the bread he had cast upon waters in which young Curtis was sinking. Later, in Philadelphia, he published the Tribune and Farmer, then the Ladies' Home Journal, and afterward the Saturday Evening Post and the Country Gentleman. Now with the last three and the Philadelphia Public Ledger and New York Evening Post he has justified the spirit of the frail lad who took a licking in a Portland street because he was determined to go into business and stay in.

"When I started in business," said this fresh-faced man, whose mild voice and slender frame are the heritage of an unrobust youth, "I had no more idea than the man in the moon where I was going. But I knew I was going somewhere.

"Young men nowadays seem to want their careers made to order, when we can see from the lives of all successful men that the only careers worth having are those we carve for ourselves.

"Up to the time I was twenty-six or twenty-seven, married, with a child, I was still unplaced in life with no definite idea of what I would become. But I had the definite idea that I'd be one of the owners of whatever business I went into—principal owner if possible.

"What young men need most to-day is ambition. If a lad goes into a sawmill for his first job he should do so with the idea that one day he will own that sawmill. If he's content from the outset to be a worker in the ranks, that's what he'll remain unless blind luck picks him up and puts him elsewhere.

"Personally, I don't believe in luck. I never had any—except, perhaps, some bad luck. I notice that men who believe in the luck of others are always complaining about their own bad luck.

"In my selection of men I have always placed ability as the first requisite. When George Horace Lorimer was made editor of the Saturday Evening Post and Edward Bok was put in charge of the Ladies' Home Journal it was the sheer ability of the men that attracted me. This impression of ability in a man is principally derived from watching him move fast and accurately, do things right and quickly. A plodder may be reliable, but he's rarely noticeable.

"Character goes hand in hand with men of ability who get the big jobs. They might get jobs, but they don't keep them unless they have character.

"And for character development a young man should have religion."

He believes that every young man should have some artistic hobby—music, reading, drawing or painting—some form of recreational activity for the mind.

"Negligence is just as bad as dishonesty in business, and I've observed that negligence results from egotism rather than from incompetence. Take the case of the younger Gordon Bennett. In the New York Herald he inherited a property that gave him a personal income of more than $1,000,000 a year.

"When he took the Herald from his father it was the greatest newspaper, and the most profitable, in the United States, if not the world. He neglected it; ran it as an absentee landlord. Alert competitors quickly realized that the Herald was slipping, for not even the older Bennett, a wizard in enterprise, could have run an American paper from Europe, as his son tried to do. So the Herald lost prestige, circulation and profit. And now the name Bennett is among the ghosts of American journalism and American fortunes.

"In Europe the men of business know how to taper off their activity and when to quit, to give the younger men their places. But here our ideas of business are different, and the zest of the struggle for success is too keen for a man, however old, to let go completely until he must.

"Many years ago, before I became a publisher in my own right, I went from Boston to Philadelphia just to look at the Public Ledger Building there—then the wonder of all newspaper plants.

"Later, when I had time to devote to other things besides the Curtis periodicals, I turned to newspaper publishing and acquired the Ledger. There's something new going on every day when you publish a newspaper."

That last sentence is a clue to the real Curtis—the man who has moved fast through a long life; who instantly plunged into new activity the moment an old one proved successful or had to be discarded. I asked whether or not he intended to acquire more newspapers.

"No," he replied. "Got enough.

"When a man gets his second thoughts some years after his second teeth he should take a square look at himself and measure his energy, his ability and his ambition; mark the target he wants to hit and make up his mind to hit it early enough to be able to enjoy the fruits of victory in a leisurely way after the fast work of the most active part of life.

"And he should never forget that perhaps the greatest single factor in the fight for success is thrift. The young chap who cannot save cannot hope to succeed. Write that down as an axiom. A bank account is a living asset, not only a basis of credit but a foundation for business character.

## Balanced Activity Makes Full Life

"ALL the men who have made good with me have been men who saved. I could never interest myself in a man who didn't."

Mr. Curtis does not believe the increasing invasion of business by women affects the prospects for young men. He employs 4,500 young women in one plant alone, many of them in responsible executive positions, but the key jobs are held by men, and for these jobs married men have the preference.

"A young man should get married early," he advises. "The married man, as a rule, is better balanced. He has something to work for besides himself. In my own case marriage marked the beginning of my real business career."

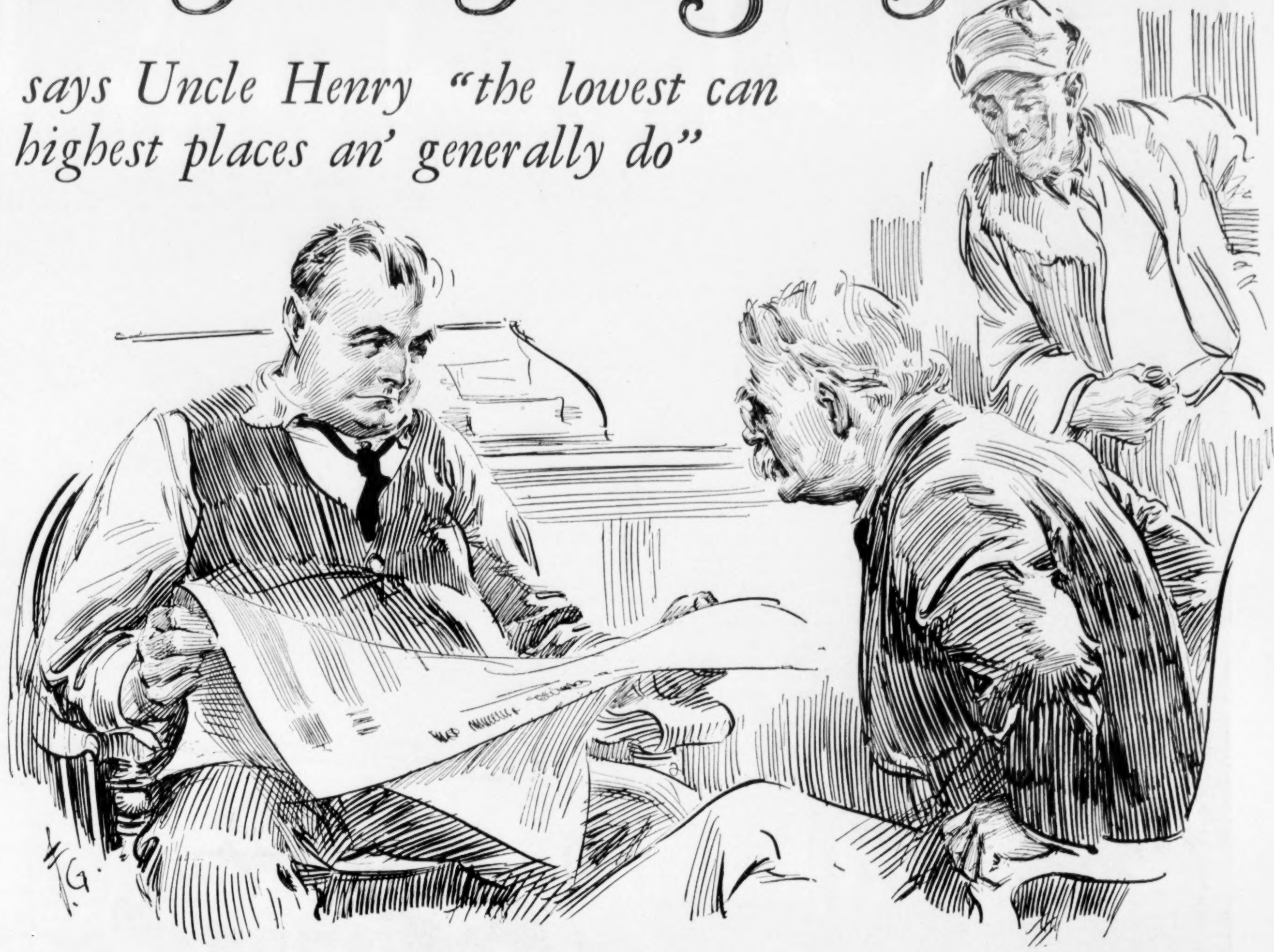
And as a final word he points out to the young man of America that the life of balanced activity is the full life, the most efficient life.

"A young man should take his place in the social and religious life of whatever community he lives in. He should be active but not too active in politics unless he wants to make politics a career—and it isn't a very satisfying one. He should avoid extravagance as he would the plague, for the most fatal move of all for the young is the vain desire to keep up with richer or more foolish neighbors.

"And finally, I believe that the real secret of success is that success is not a secret. It comes to the man who knows how to move fast and straight and to keep on moving forward regardless of doubt and disappointments."

# The secret of keeping unfit

## *In officeholding, says Uncle Henry "the lowest can ascend to the highest places an' generally do"*



*"What! You never saw a soldier? They should make you Secretary of War"*

"PUBLIC life has gone all to pot in this country," complained Mr. Stubbs. "Politics don't offer a man any career no more."

"You must be crazy," remonstrated Uncle Henry. "Opportunity may be a trifle timid about knockin' at some doors, but in politics she leaps right through the window, grabs the man by the throat an' has him out of the house an' on the road to fame before he can call the neighbors or yell for an injunction. When it comes to officeholdin', 'Lonzo, the lowest can ascend to the highest places, an', in fact, it's the lowest that generally do.

"In givin' large returns on small investments, I don't know of anything that equals politics. Most of the trades an' professions call for a lot of study an' hard work, but all a candidate has to learn is never to answer except on advice of counsel. Who ever heard of a public man sufferin' from brain fag or breakin' down? That is, except before a grand jury. A political career's certainly the life unless you get restless an' kick the cover off.

"Take the Presidency, for instance. You don't have to do anything to attain the proudest office in the gift of the American people. As a matter of fact, it's the man who *hasn't* done anything that always stands the best show for the nomination. Enterin' the White House is like joinin' a club—the fewer people that know you the better your chances are.

"An' look at the Vice Presidency! It's the world's shortest cut to a career with the possible exception of these three weeks' mail-order courses that make you a chiropractor. All a man's got to do is to wait until the last day of the convention, an' then start ringin' a dinner bell along about six o'clock, after which he only needs to announce his name in a loud, clear voice, an' begin readin' his speech of acceptance to the janitor an' such delegates as happen to get caught in the chairs.

### Never Mind the Fit

"IN THE case of a Democratic convention it isn't even necessary to give the name. In my time I've known men to be nominated who were merely passin' the buildin', an' looked in the door jes' to see what all the trouble was. Naturally enough, that gives 'em a much broader selection than the Republicans, who simply *have* to get the full names of candidates on account of the Negro delegates.

"What's quicker than the rise of a mayor? A Roman candle isn't any more sudden. The day before the leaders get together in some back room he's so unknown that his own wife won't let him in until she looks at his identification tag, but the next mornin' you discover that he's runnin' in response to an overwhelmin' popular demand, an' for years has been the hope an' prayer of every citizen interested in good government.

"Jes' compare politics with the army. It takes years an' years for a second lieutenant to get to be a general, but a politician gets the rank overnight. The Postmaster General an' the Attorney General carry their titles with 'em into private life, along with everything else that doesn't happen to be nailed down.

"Of course a Cabinet position isn't as easy as the ordinary run of political offices. The task is simple once you get the knack of it. What you've got to do is to avoid the *direct approach.* Stand with your back to the Cabinet, look in show windows, chew a toothpick—anything so as to convince people that it's the last thing you've got in mind or are fitted for.

"When a man sets out to be a plumber he doesn't have to make a secret of his intentions. He can buy himself a kit of tools at the outset an' learn how to drop 'em on hardwood floors as he passes through the parlor on his way to the bathroom. Same way with a miner. He takes his pick an' starts in diggin' coal until it's time to strike. Nor does a painter attempt to fool anybody about his aim in life, goin' to sleep on his scaffold careless of who sees him. But the last thing you want to do in connection with a Cabinet place is to fit yourself for it.

### And Never Go to Sea

"TAKE Judge Curtis Wilbur, for example. No, on second thought, you needn't take him for an example. From childhood, so they tell me, it was Curt's dream an' desire to be a Secretary of the Navy. Now a foolish fellow, not understandin' the technique of Cabinet appointments, would have commenced to prepare himself by goin' to sea, an' that's what Curt nearly did, for he sailed through the Naval Academy. But he stopped in time.

"He went in for the law, got to be a judge, an' carried his cunnin' to a point where he wouldn't ride on ferryboats, avoided pickles on account of the brine, an' even left the room when anybody started singin' the barcarolle. An' you see what happened? Why, it was inevitable that President Coolidge should turn to Curt when he was lookin' for a man to make Secretary of the Navy. He met almost every test for the place.

"An' consider the case of Doc Work, now holdin' down the chair which Albert Fall was kind enough to leave behind. When Hubert, as a youth, decided that he wanted to be Secretary of the Interior he didn't make the mistake of travelin' through the West, familiarizin' himself with irrigation, timber lands, coal an' oil, grazin' ranges an' the moods of mountain sheep. Not on your life! He took up medicine, cultivated a bedside manner an' refused surgical cases so's people wouldn't associate him with the Interior Department. An' look how it worked out.

" 'Who's that man I see goin' by the house every day with a black satchel?' asked the President one mornin'. 'Looks like he ought to make a good Secretary of the Interior.'

" 'Oh, *him!*' answered one of the confidential clerks. 'Why, that's Good Old Doctor Work. Thirty years' experience an' never used the knife.'

" 'Too bad!' The President shook his head disappointedly. 'I thought he was a piano tuner. Oh, well, I reckon a doctor's jes' as good. Make out the appointment.'

"Do you know why the farmers are so bitter, all the time revoltin' against the two old parties? No, *not* mortgages. They're furious because most of 'em went into farmin' with the idea that it was the one way to get to be Secretary of Agriculture.

"You've been in the grocery business all your life, haven't you? An' as I remember it, you wouldn't join the Knights Templars because you didn't want to carry a sword? Ever see a soldier? Ever fire a gun? No? That's splendid! Simply splendid. I don't want to arouse any false hopes, old friend, but when it comes time to name another Secretary of War, I don't see how they can overlook you. Or maybe they'll make you the Secretary of Labor. You belong to a lot of societies, don't you?

"Ah, well, there's a fling I reckon I'll take back. James John Davis deserved the post if any man ever did. In view of the number of fraternal organizations in the United States, it didn't seem possible to get up a new one, much less think of a name for it, an' yet that's what Davis did. Considerin' the success he made of the Moose, it's a wonder to me they didn't make him Secretary of State.

### We're More Than Lucky

"HOWEVER, I suppose that wasn't possible on account of his unfortunate birth. He was born in Wales, you know, an' if there's one tradition we revere, it's that our Secretary of State must have no connection with any foreign alliance. Some wonder a lot how Frank Kellogg got the place, but it's no secret to me. He comes from Minnesota, which is about as plumb middle between the two oceans as you can get.

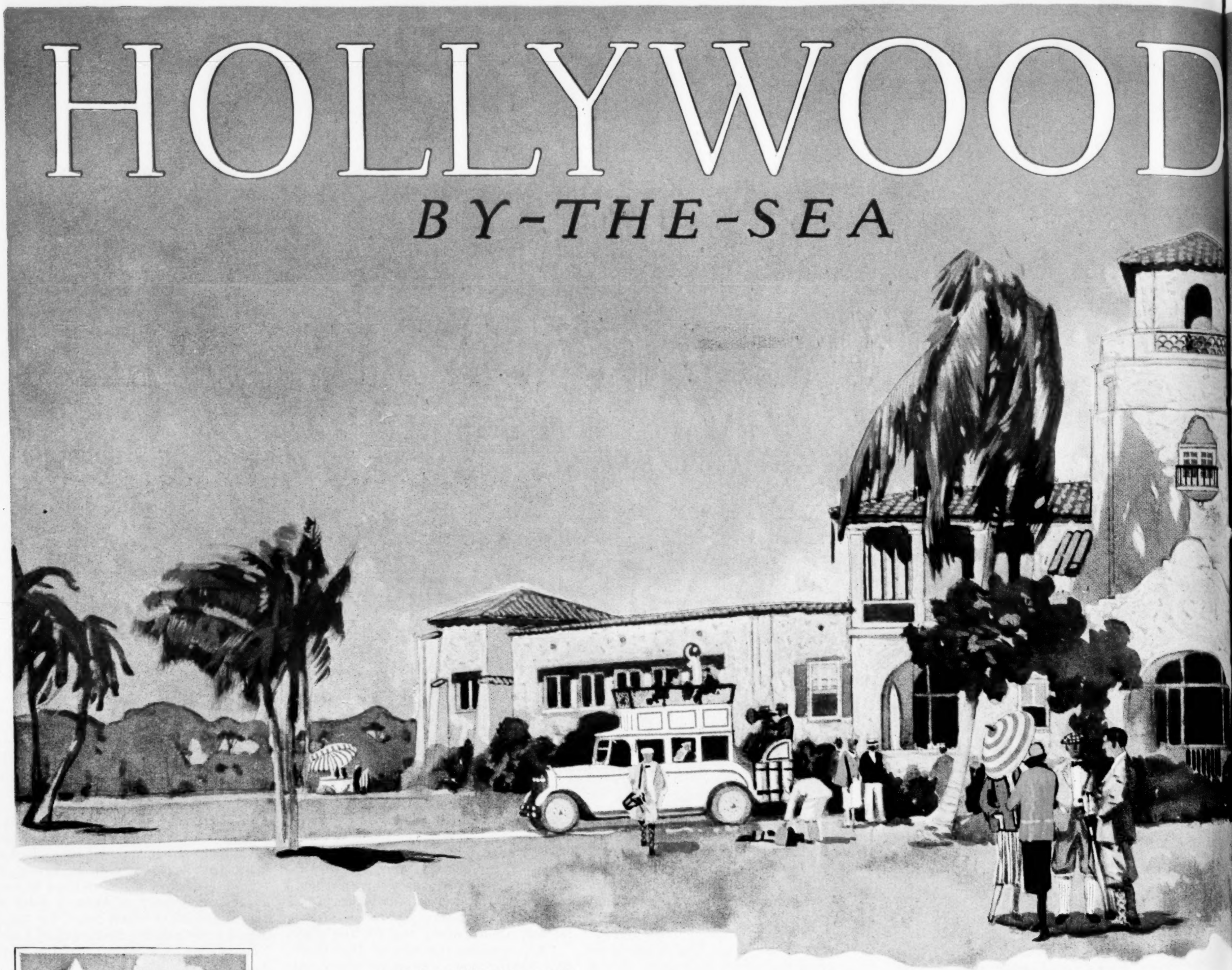
"No question that America is in the care of a special Providence. If we weren't, 'Lonzo, we'd spend most of our time telephonin' for a trouble car to come an' haul us out of the ditch."

"It's terrible havin' civilians at the head of our army an' navy," grumbled Mr. Stubbs.

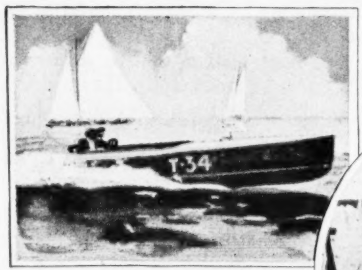
"There's only one thing that could be worse," sighed Uncle Henry. "That's havin' 'em in charge of a general or an admiral."

# HOLLYWOOD

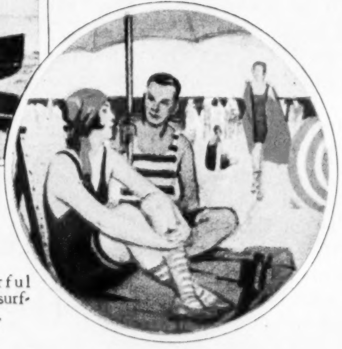
## BY-THE-SEA



Hollywood Golf and Country Club



Motor boating and other water sports await you.



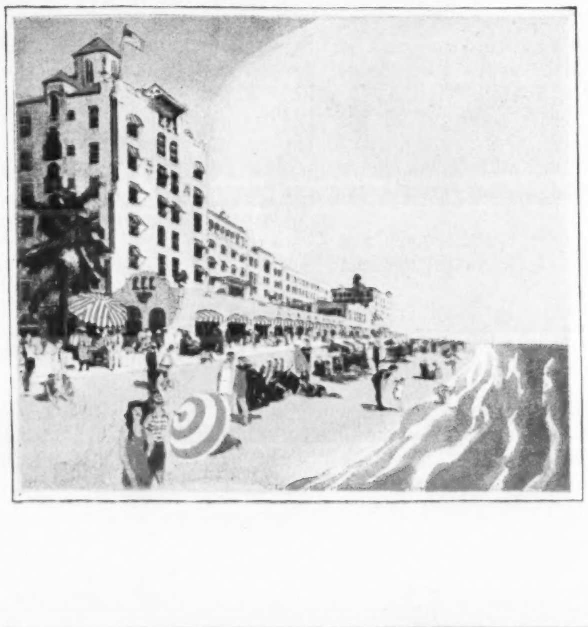
A wonderful beach for surf-bathing.

# *Here You Can Play and*

IN HOLLYWOOD, Florida's year-'round city, people are making their living—and living while they make it! It is a playground and a workground—one or both, as you please.

In this thriving, growing, sea-side city, situated directly on the broad Atlantic, about twenty miles north of Miami, Florida, is a fascinating opportunity for every form of sport, recreation and pleasure—amid surroundings of tropical beauty and splendor—sunny days and starry nights—and delightful breezes from the Gulf Stream, all the year 'round.

The Golf and Country Club attracts visitors and guests from near as well as distant places. Its eighteen-hole golf course is a joy, even to professional sportsmen. The facilities and appointments of the club are complete. One of its remarkable features



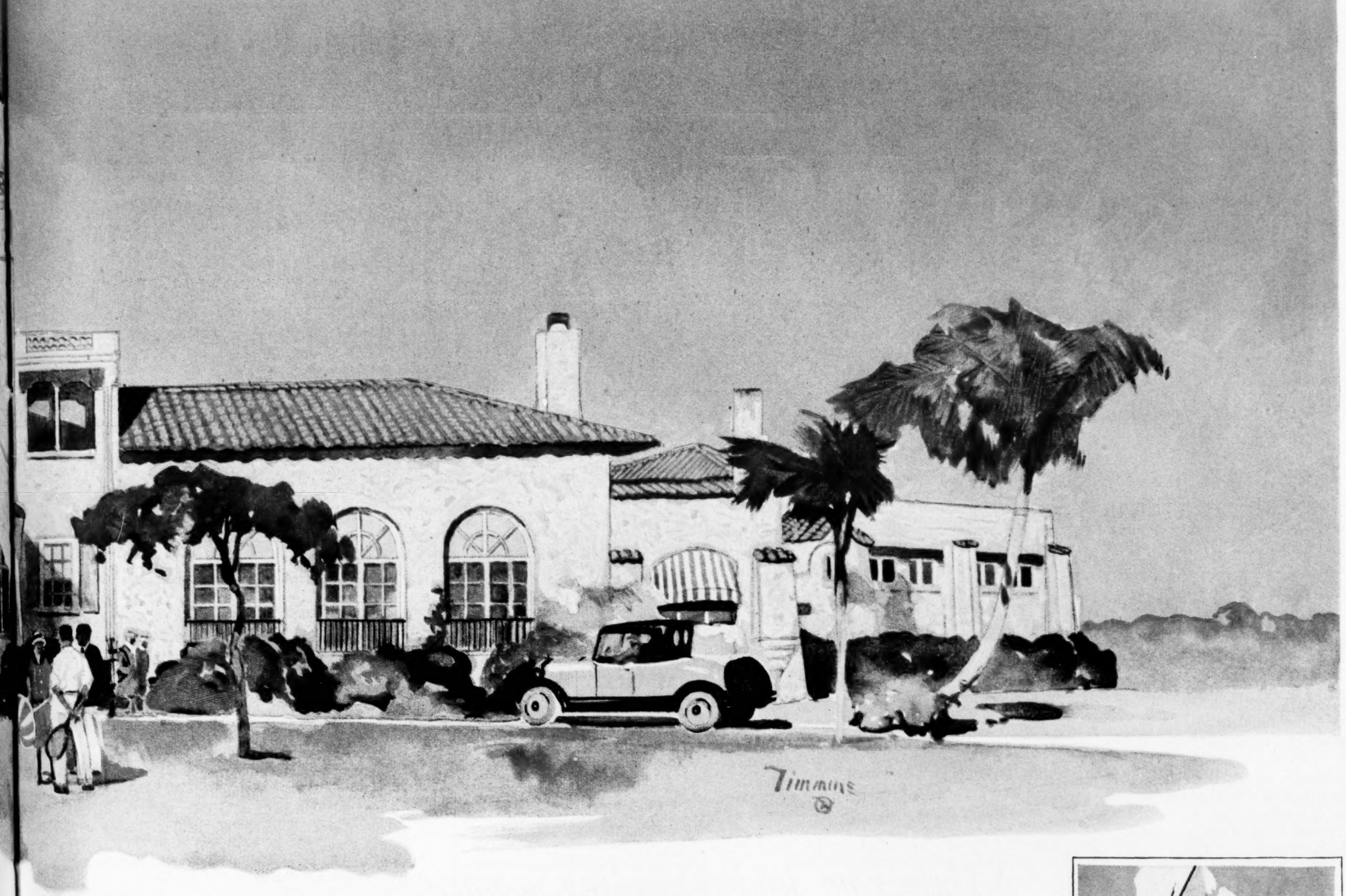
New $3,000,000 Hollywood Hotel on the beach.

HOLLYWOOD RESORT

J. W. YOUNG, *Presid*

*On the Ocean . . . On the Florida East*

# in FLORIDA



## d oy Life the Year 'Round

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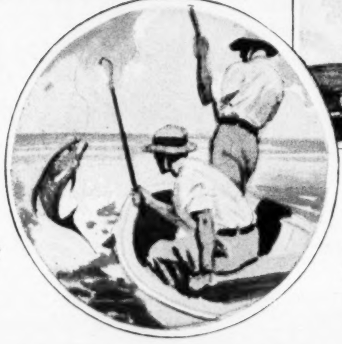
ough which colored lights dance upward through the night.

ncing, golf, boating, cruising, fishing, music, surf-bathing,
nderful roads! Choose!

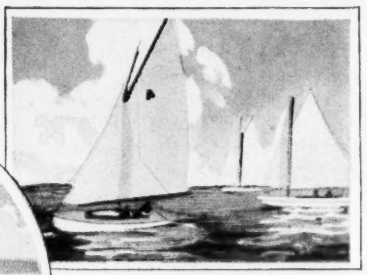
llywood is truly a city of dreams linked with deeds—a city of
endid achievements—and other big projects like the deep-
er harbor, already under way. Comfortable homes, busy
ets, splendid hotels—including the new $3,000,000 Holly-
od Hotel on the beach. The Hollywood Hotel is of concrete,
proof construction. Most of its rooms overlook the sea.
ty convenience. High-speed elevators. Excellent cuisine.
ervations now being made. Visit Hollywood By-the-Sea,
en you are in Florida.

RT INDUSTRIAL BOARD
NG, *Presid*od in Florida

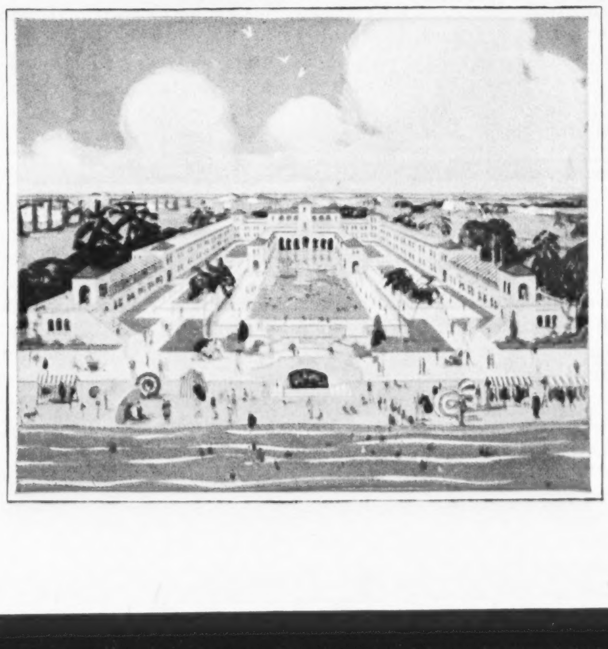
st C Railroad · · · On the Dixie Highway



Tarpon and other game fish abound here.



The thrill of sailing on the ocean can be yours.



New Hollywood Bathing Casino on the beach.

# THE SHORT SHORT STORY

T.D. SKIDMORE

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

## The Well-guessed Woman

*By*
RUPERT HUGHES

*There's no understanding women, as you know, but there's no harm guessing, and what you don't guess right won't harm you. Next week: Sophie Kerr*

"WOMEN are a mystery!" sighed Leland Warren, a passionate young fellow as ever was.

"Mystery nothin'!" roared Calvin Calvert, as hard-headed a man as ever boasted of being self-made—and took more than his share of the blame.

"You can watch their thoughts swimming round inside their little heads like in an aquarium."

Warren and Calvert were staring through their up-ended feet at the Fifth Avenue parade. Such a jumble of types that characters became caricatures.

Suddenly both men started. Miss Elaine Tebelman was gliding by with a something heavenly of serene meek loveliness playing about her, as if she carried along an invisible string quartet.

At the sight of her both men rose at once. Warren, being the younger, reached the door of the clubhouse first. Calvert turned back and went to the barber shop. He was one of those men who when in doubt or at leisure always have another haircut.

Warren's long strides rapidly overtook the three-inch steps of Elaine's little feet. When he hailed her she turned to him with such a startled faun look that there was almost a whining in her timid:

"O-o-oh, it's you-oo-oo, Wa-ah-ahren-n-n!"

"Glorious day, eh? But you're the most glorious thing about it."

"Why-y, Wa-ah-ren, thank-k-k you!"

"You're too beautiful to be jostled about in this crowd, Elaine. Let me call a taxi."

"That's aw-aw-awfly swee-ee-eet of you. I am a bit ti-i-ired."

He hailed a taxi, as one might call a chariot from heaven to carry a weary angel home. He lifted her in as if she were a combination of whipped cream and dynamite.

They rode in the park, which was at its very parkiest. But he told her that her beauty made nature look cheap.

"Oh, Elaine, Elaine!" he sighed, "I adore you. I am unworthy to touch so much as the slip of your little tipper—the tip of your little slipper—but I envy the very ground they walk on. I love you with a more than human love because you are more than human. You are divine."

A cynic might have felt that this idolater was really an exigent egotist, and like many another worshiper poured forth his prayers less as pleas than as demands, less for homage than for the privilege of hearing his own voice. A cynic might have said that the idol of such an idolater was in for a hard life. But Elaine listened to him as if she leaned on a moon-washed balcony with a rose still warm from her bosom about to fall on the mandolin of a serenader below.

Encouraged by the dreamy surrender in her eyes, the serenader grew, as it were, bold enough to climb and throw a foot over the balcony.

"I love you. My highest ambition is to give my life to your service. Let me worship at your feet. Marry me, and I will bless you on my knees."

"No!"

"What?"

"No!"

"Why not?"

"I'll not be a slave to any man!"

"A slave? You a slave? I'm to be the slave!"

"Please take me home."

THOUGH the club dining-room was copied from a palace in Europe, with some embellishments, Warren felt all the luxury of Robinson Crusoe alone on a spit of sand and rock. He dined alone and disconsolate on the bitter herbs of despair, mitigated with a green turtle soup, a plover, a sherbet and a bottle of something illegal, therefore unmentionable.

Then Calvert came rolling in, glowing, roaring:

"You can be the first to congratulate me on my conquest of Miss Tebelman. Sweetest girl in world! Happiest man in world! What's in that bottle? It will do!"

He sank down uninvited and quaffed Warren's expensive contraband. It was wasted on the man, for he was already drunk with pride.

"'Little girl,' I said, 'you need a strong man to protect you from the dangers of the world. I'm rough and gruff and masterful, but I'll shield you. I believe in the old-fashioned woman. Her place is the home. A woman's crowning glory is a low voice or something. One head of the household and that's me. No nonsense about omitting the Obey in my ceremony. Simple man, me, no church wedding, no presents, no fuss and feathers. No honeymoon tours!'

"Well, she just wilted into my arms. And once there she said, 'Of course, you are the lord of the manor, but don't you think a church wedding would be nicer? It seems a shame to be married secretly to so big a man. And presents—such nice things that would save you so much of your hard-earned money. And you've worked so hard you deserve a little vacation trip, don't you think?'

"Well, seeing she was so meek and all, on second thought I decided that I would have a church wedding and presents and a little voyage to Europe. So you're invited to the wedding—but not to the honeymoon!"

Remembering Elaine's refusal to be any man's slave, Warren sighed, "Well, women are certainly a mystery!"

"Mystery your grandmother!" roared Calvert. "Mysterious as a horse—break the neck of a timid man, but give 'em a strong wrist and a tight rein, and they go just where you guide 'em."

# Know his Trick?

*—for never letting sore throat spoil his fun?*

NO stay-at-home days for this fellow on account of sore throat.

Because he and his mother have learned how to keep sore throat away—during the coldest days of winter, as well as during those raw flu-days of early fall.

Just a simple precaution does the trick. And that's the systematic use of Listerine, the safe antiseptic, as a daily mouth-wash and gargle.

So often it will ward off a bad case of sore throat and the more serious ills that may follow.

Sore throat is a nuisance—and, usually, it is the danger signal of other troubles that start with throat infections.

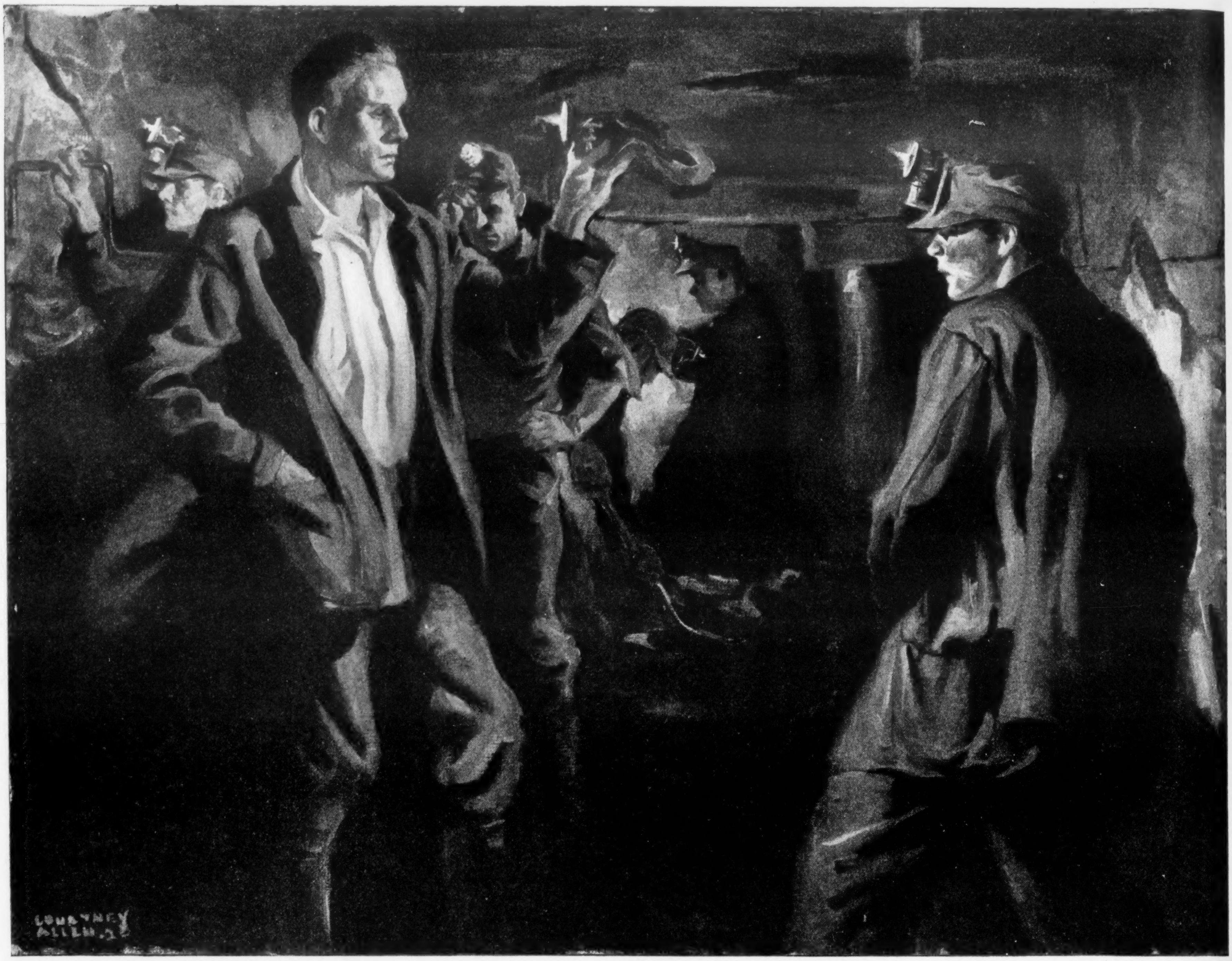
Listerine, the safe antiseptic, will put you and your family on the safe side. So do not be without it. It has dozens of other uses—all described on the circular that comes wrapped around each bottle—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

**LISTERINE** *—the safe antiseptic*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS



*"Have a good look," Selden invited calmly. Confused, Christine was silent*

# The Deep Seam

## By JACK BETHEA

### *The Story Thus Far:*

AFTER three years of an unhappy marriage, Christine Bennett returns to Ivanhoe, the West Virginia mining town where her father, Angus McIvor, works. Girard Selden, the harsh and domineering young superintendent of the mine, had been instrumental in having Clem Bennett, Christine's husband, blacklisted in several states so that it had become impossible for him to get a job. Clem deserted Christine. Before her marriage she had sensed that Selden was in love with her though he had never declared himself. He and her father had strongly disapproved of her marriage.

Selden now takes the attitude that he has saved her from a disagreeable fate. Christine's one idea is to humble Selden and make him ridiculous in the eyes of the camp. To this end she asks Selden to help her in making herself independent. He gives her a job as his secretary.

She soon becomes expert and Selden tells her that he can teach her nothing more but that he has other plans for her. Christine realizes that he is interested in her and feels that her chance is at hand. Her plans are completely upset, however, by a disastrous accident in the camp. Though the company officially exonerates Selden of all blame, Selden holds himself responsible and is completely broken. He resigns. Christine goes to see him before he leaves Ivanhoe and is filled with compassion for him. Her attitude changes and her main desire is to help him, but there seems no way. He feels that he should have been killed in the accident and is sure that he will some day lose his life in a mine.

Two years later Christine Bennett discovers that Selden is working as a contractor in Marengo, a small mining town in Alabama. She is now an efficient, well-poised business woman. She goes to Mallory Kent of the company which owns the camps at Ivanhoe and Marengo and asks for coöperation in bringing Selden back to the life where he belongs. The company has lost track of him but is still interested in him. Kent promises aid and takes Christine next day to Marengo, where she is installed in a cottage ostensibly as the wife of a miner about to arrive. She is under the protection of the superintendent, a surly soul who knows she is in the employ of the company and from whom she learns that Selden needs a powder man.

Clem Bennett, who has been working crooked games in the mining country for several years, happens to come to Marengo with three other men. He discovers that both Selden and Christine are there, though neither of them knows it. He swears that he is going to get Selden.

GIRARD SELDEN raised his miner's light in the murk of Twenty-one Left and surveyed the slight figure before him with silent disapprobation. He was silent so long that Christine stirred uneasily and spoke with a slight quaver.

It was the most dramatic moment of her life. For the first time since that last night at the lodge she was face to face with the man who, in spite of herself, had dominated her thoughts for two years.

But it was not that which sent a shiver down her spine; she was breaking the unwritten law of all miners, who have decreed that no woman shall go underground on pain of dire happenings. Not only was she defying mining custom, but this was the crucial moment in the plan that had come to her bit by bit during the quiet hours on the knoll. . . .

Her interview with Minto Newell, the foreman, had not been difficult. That afternoon she had dressed herself carefully in the miner's clothes she had brought with her. Over her short hair, shingled against such a moment, she had pulled the miner's cap low over her eyes. A smear of the dust-saturated sleeve across her face and she stood a slight figure, a trap boy perhaps or an auxiliary engineer; too slight to handle a shovel or a pick, but nevertheless unmistakably of the mine and with the mark of it strong upon her.

SHE knew the first test she must pass would be at the time-keeper's wicket, where she must obtain her check number. But here she bided her time. She waited until the clerk inside was harassed with constant demands for checks from the powder men going down and the fire bosses and the brattice crew. Then she edged in between two men.

No one paid the slightest heed to her. She had counted on that. Too many times had she watched the crew come up at Ivanhoe to expect curiosity. She could keep silent a year, and in all that year no miner would address her unless she spoke first. Miners are clannish folk. They cling to their buddies and let others strictly alone.

Choosing a moment when the clerk inside was busy with sheets, Christine thrust her mouth close to the opening in the wicket and, muffling her tones, said, "Powder man for Mr. Selden. New one. Gimme a number."

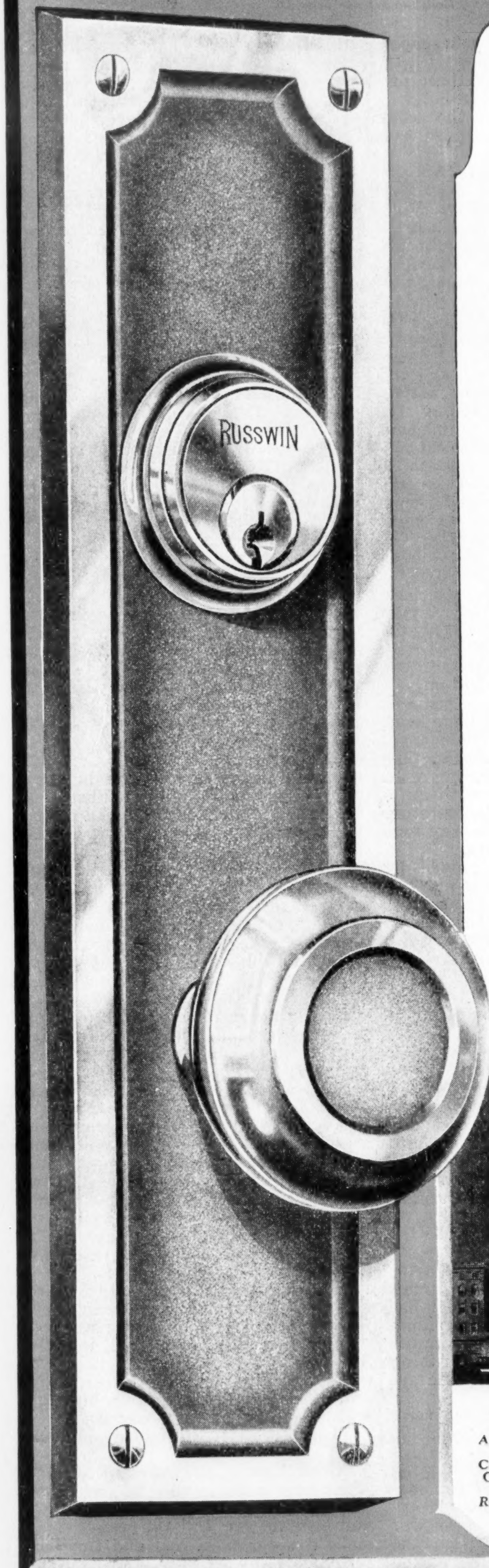
The clerk inside did not even look up. "Gimme your order," he snapped, reaching behind him to the rack for a brass check.

Christine was ready for that too. That moment alone in Yearwood's office had made it possible. She thrust a slip of paper under the wicket. It was an order to put on Jim Driscoll as a powder man at six dollars a day. It had been a blank form and stamped with Yearwood's signature. Christine had filled it out for the identity she would take in the mine.

The clerk wrote rapidly on the sheet before him. "Here y'are," he said, tossing over the disk. "Number 482. Next."

Christine clutched the metal check with alacrity. It was her passport into the mine, and as she pushed through the narrow

(*Continued on page 38*)



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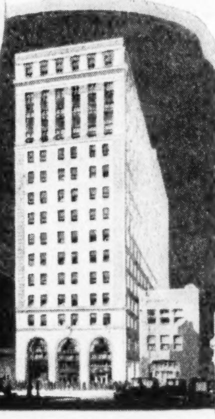

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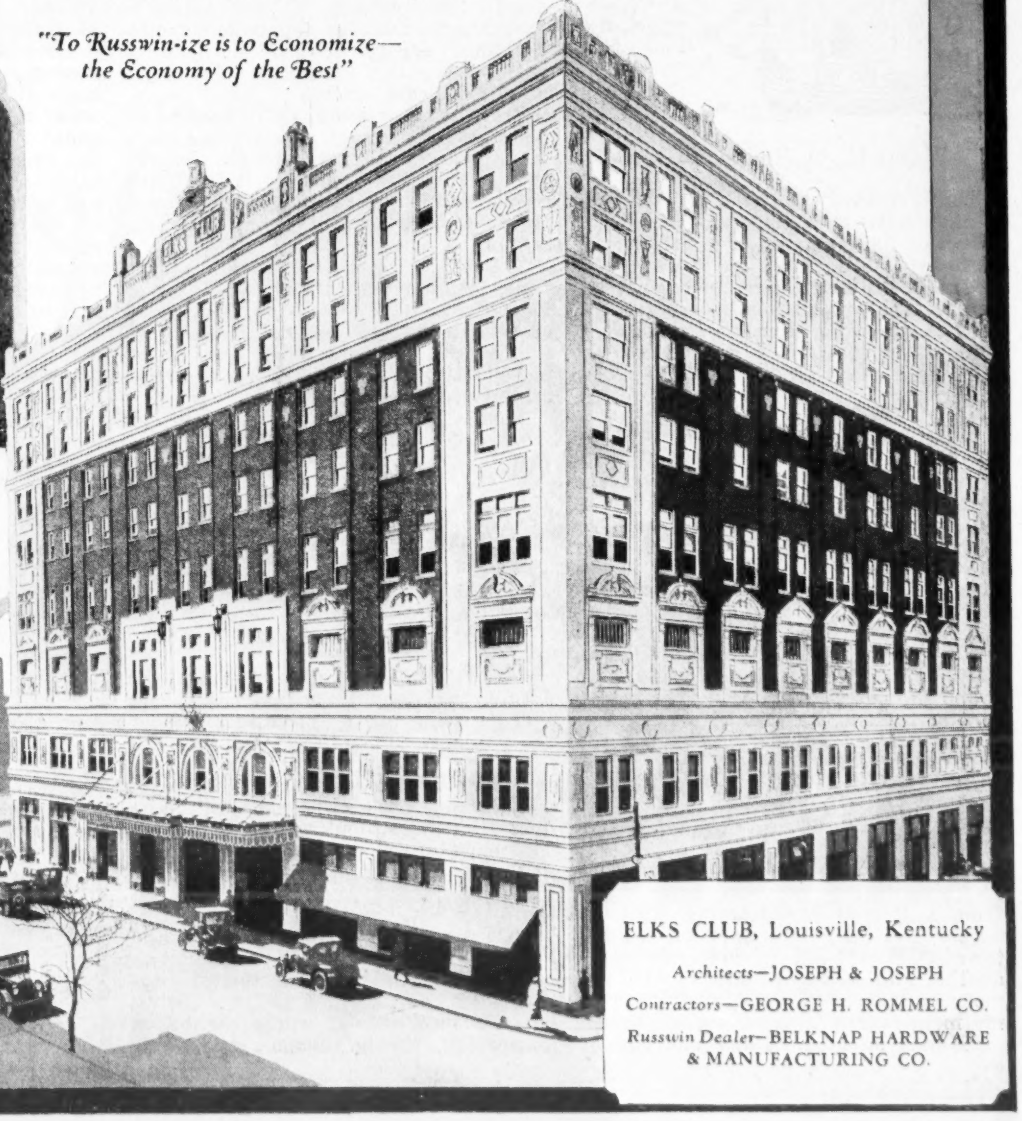

ELKS CLUB, Louisville, Kentucky
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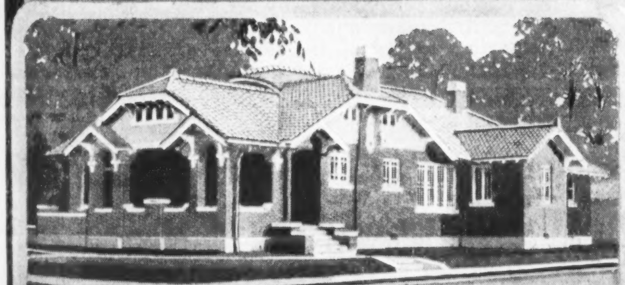
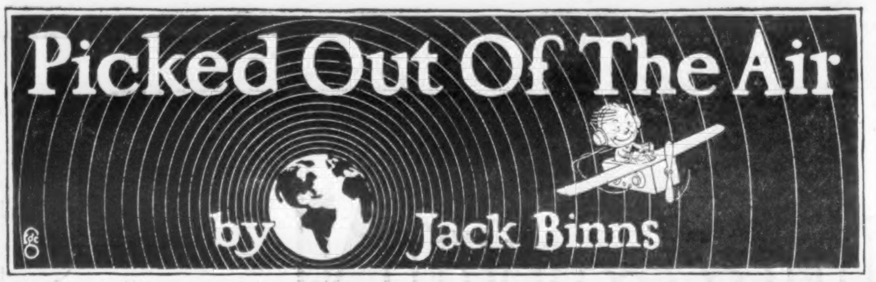


*Residence of* J. M. DREYFUS, Pine Bluff, Arkansas
*Architect*—FRED H. KRAESZIG
*Contractor*—S. L. MINERET
*Russwin Dealer*—FOX BROTHERS HARDWARE CO.



# Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

### A National Voice

WHENEVER there is an important national event in the making at Washington you will know that the deep, reasonant voice which introduces it through the RCA chain of stations is that of Norman Brokenshire.

Ever since the time when voting on the popularity of announcers was inaugurated Brokenshire has been among the first ten.

Starting at WJZ in New York, he later went to WRC in Washington.

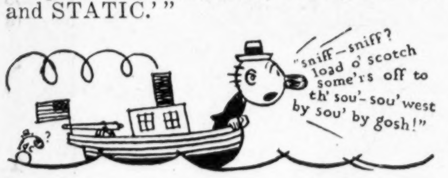
There he has broadcast such important events as the inauguration of President Coolidge, the memorial service to Woodrow Wilson and the funeral of William Jennings Bryan. Probably no radio fan in the United States has missed hearing him.

NORMAN BROKENSHIRE
*Popular WRC Announcer*

### That's All There Is

"HERE is a man who is putting 'the Truth in Advertising' we hear so much about," writes Ira J. Sonnenblick of Brooklyn. "This is the sign I saw in the window of a radio dealer in Allentown, Pa.:

"'This radio set, in your home, $89 complete with batteries, tubes, service and STATIC.'"



### Wanted! A Rednose Crew

IT IS reported the cruisers of the dry navy have been equipped with radio direction finders to aid in locating booze ships on Rum Row.

This looks to me like unnecessary expense. The powers that be ought to sign up a couple of old soaks on each cruiser. The way those birds can locate the stuff is a marvel.

### This Story is All Wet

JACK WITTIG of Pittsburgh being an ardent baseball fan followed the fortunes of the Pirates by radio whenever they were away from home. One day something was the matter with the radio, and this was traced to the ground connection. Jack continues the story as follows:

"As a last resort water was poured on the ground wire. A yell followed, 'Hey, cut that out.' Investigating, we found the gas man changing the meter, having broken the ground wire. One of the men stood under the hole in the floor and received the contents of the water pitcher."

### Recipe for an Omelet

"ONE morning last week my wife asked me to copy the radio menu from a Detroit broadcasting station," writes McKinley H. Sauer of Middletown, Ohio. "I did my best. It seems another station was cutting in with the morning exercises. Anyway, here is my menu:

"Hands on hips. Place one cup of flour on shoulders. Raise knee, depress toes and wash thoroughly in one cup of milk. In four counts raise and lower left foot and mash two hard-boiled eggs through a sieve; repeat six to ten times. Inhale one-half teaspoonful of salt, one level teaspoonful of baking powder and one cup of flour; then, breathing naturally, exhale and sift.

"Attention! Jump to a squatting position, bend white of egg backward and forward in cadence of quick time. Twist sideward, right or left, as far as possible; bring fists together forcibly and beat egg slowly and briskly. Arms forward overhead. Raise cooked eggs from the flour and in four counts make a stiff drop dough which is stretched at the waist, thigh flexed. Lay flat on the floor and roll marbles the size of a walnut. Hop to straddle into boiling salt water, but do not boil at a gallop. After ten minutes remove and wipe with rough towels. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels and serve with fish soup."

### Do They All Get 'Em?

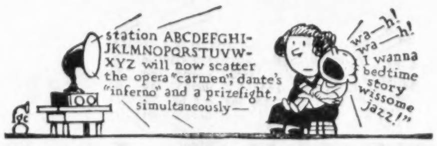
HERE is an important tip from Frank McEniry, the genial gent who is always ready to tell the world about KOA in Denver:

"Found! a souvenir hunter's paradise! For instance, if your hobby is knickknacks such as toy balloons, pincushions, foreign coins, pictures of bathing beauties or blotters get a job at a broadcast station.

"On the other hand, yours may be an Annie Oakley complex—complimentary tickets to dog shows, picnic resorts, theatres, cafés, dances, rodeos and county fairs. Still, however, the answer is simple—get a job at a broadcast station.

"Finally, if your souvenir hoarding fancy runs to metallurgy—gold nuggets, tin whistles, brass paper weights or galena crystals—then, according to the School of Experience, get a job at a broadcast station. All these things come to announcers."

Thassalright, Frank, but a lot of 'em must get nothing but raspberries.


station ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ will now scatter the opera "carmen", dante's "inferno" and a prizefight, simultaneously—
wa—h!
wa—h!
I wanna bedtime story wissome jazz!"

### Enough is Plenty

ABOUT the time this appears the fourth annual radio conference will be going on in Washington under the guidance of Secretary Hoover. The delegates will attempt to solve the many problems confronting radio broadcasting and formulate some plan for its operation throughout the coming year. The most pressing problem is the reallocation and limitation of stations. We have far too many now, and yet there is a long waiting list of would-be broadcasters. New York, Chicago and Philadelphia together have sufficient to serve the nation were they better situated geographically. It seems to me we have reached a point where regulation is necessary for the common good.

---

# The Camera Lies

Continued from page 14

battleships clipped from newspapers and magazines. Little piles of gunpowder were hidden back of these profiles and touched off by a red-hot wire thrust through the back of the scene. They made a very realistic showing of a battle fleet in action.

Smith was so encouraged by his success that he photographed fires with much success. When the famous Windsor Hotel burned he soon reproduced it by having a cardboard model of the hotel painted and set afire. From behind the model he threw pinches of gunpowder on the flames to produce puffs of smoke that belched through the cardboard windows, making a realistic reproduction of the fire.

These stunts were child's play compared to the camera tricks of to-day.

There's the streak of lightning, for instance, which administers punishment to the villain at the psychological moment. It looks uncanny, but it is merely scratched or painted on the negative. And the buildings and people that turn into futuristic shapes right before your eyes. How come? The negative is heated until the emulsion runs.

When you see a conglomerate mass take shape and definite form you may know that the negative has been heated and the action of the film reversed. The actor who apparently rushes right through the fierce, devouring flames is in no danger, for lycopodium torches, that furnish red flames with little heat, are used. They blow the flames between the hero and the camera. The flowers that bloom while you draw an astounded breath are taken with automatic cameras that shoot the bursting bud at calculated intervals—say one photograph every three hours.

Very pretty effects are gained by reverse action. An example is in "The Thief of Bagdad," where Douglas Fairbanks is seen swimming to the bottom of the sea through a mass of seaweed. In reality he is hoisted by invisible wires, making all the motions of a swimmer, and the negative then reversed. The seaweed is made of strips of cotton covered with mucilage.

Here is a puzzler for you, though. A comedian is dreaming. He suddenly finds that he can walk the floor, the walls and the ceiling of his room with equal facility. The audience sees him do this plainly—and wonders. This trick calls for considerable mechanics and careful timing. Also a level head on the part of the camera man. The strain comes on him. Machinery revolves the room on its axis, while the camera man and his machine are made fast to a corner of the room. The actor walks across the floor, the room turns and he walks across the wall, which has become the floor, and then the ceiling. It is the camera man who is hanging head down part of the time, cranking his camera; but, then, camera men are inured to hardship.

Some clever tricks in double exposure are to be found in "Earthbound," T. Hayes Hunter's picture. One of them is shown in the photograph accompanying this article. The mystery of the maneuvers of the dog in "Earthbound" remained a puzzle even to the industry for a long time. Fans will remember the scene in which a child leads a dog across a room. The animal halts suddenly, hair bristling, body tense and shivering. As the ghost of his master slowly forms to his right, the dog turns toward it and barks in wild excitement. The supposition is that the dog senses the ghost.

The solution is simple enough. At the proper moment a cat and a goat were brought near enough for the dog to see. He bristled with canine rage and as they were whisked out of sight an employee at the dog's right mewed like a cat and the dog turned abruptly at right angles. The rest was clever double-exposure work, carefully timed by metronome and with the route of the ghost across the set charted to correspond with the dog's movements.

Lighting is a valuable adjunct to camera work and many's the trick that can be pulled by proper lighting. Laurette Taylor, for instance, looked as slender as a sixteen-year-old in the picture "Happiness." Trick photography and special lighting now enable the highly capable mature actresses to come to the screen, where formerly only very young and beautiful girls could be used.

One of the greatest discoveries in creating illusions lies in the employment of expert artists who paint backgrounds on glass. This cuts production costs by many thousands of dollars, for almost any scene or building may be reproduced without fear of detection.

The Film Booking Offices once needed a New Hampshire village scene with a background of New Hampshire hills. Transporting the actors and equipment to New England would run into money, so a village was built on the California lot. Artists painted the hills in miniature on glass, copying photographs, and matched the glass backgrounds exactly on a line with the roofs of the studio village. Superimposition of two negatives did the trick so beautifully that the New Hampshire audiences accepted the hills without question.

This method has obviated the rental of gorgeous tapestries and other accessories of a mansion, which had to be guarded with great care until returned. One set in a Barrie picture had antiques worth more than fifty thousand dollars. Nowadays such tapestries are painted on glass from photographs of the original and it is safe to say that no one can tell the difference.

Many motion-picture companies still favor the close-up of daring feats, knowing that audiences are getting suspicious of the long shots and want a thrill. There are plenty of dare-devils anxious to gain fame and fortune in the movies by risking their lives at from one to three hundred dollars per risk and per day. This provides an authentic thrill. Sometimes, however, it is a trifle hard on the dare-devil.

An amateur dare-devil recently had an experience that was far from amusing. The locale was in the mountains—real mountains, at that. The stunt was to leap off a peak and fall hundreds of feet into a net, while the camera shot him from above. A thick layer of hay was spread around the net in case the rebound took him outside of it.

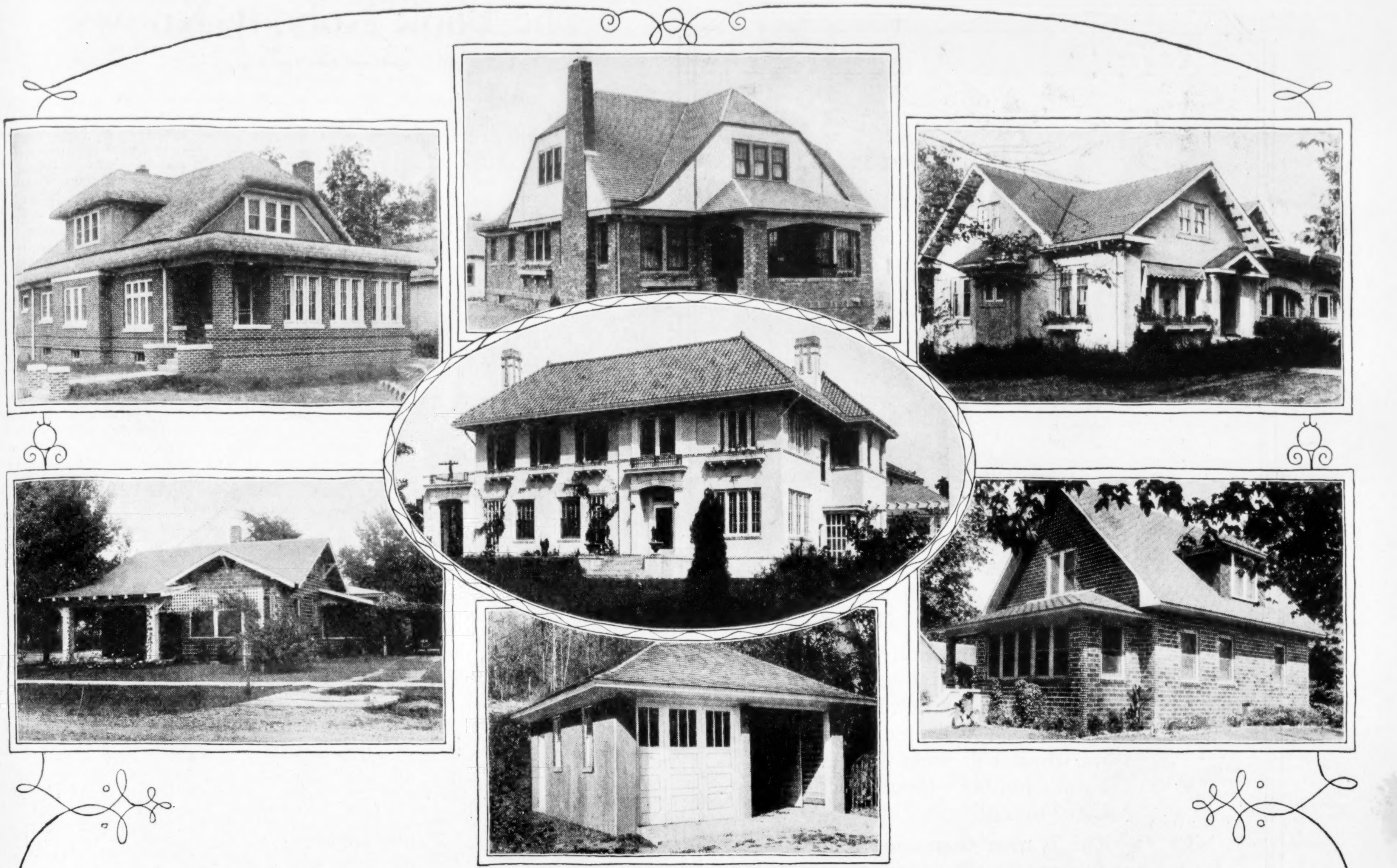
The director was a stickler for accuracy and detail and made many elaborate preparations before the word was given to go. The dare-devil, impatient at the delay and growing more nervous every moment, made the leap in safety and was already counting his gains when the order was given to repeat.

The dare-devil grumbled, but once more made the leap.

"Good," said the careful director. "Just once more, in case of accidents to the film. And suppose you turn over and over as you fall this time—that'll make it seem more real and thrilling."

Speechless with rage, the dare-devil made one wild leap at the director instead of the net. When the latter recovered consciousness, with a wonderful "shiner," the would-be fillum hero had left for parts unknown. It is reasonable to suppose, from such fragments as his hearers could gather as he left, that he proposed engaging in the future in some such sedentary occupation as hijacking or majoring in a South American revolution.

Collier's All-America Football Team will be chosen by Grantland Rice, the greatest living authority on sports in America



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MAKE certain that you obtain the utmost in value, the utmost in economy, as well as beauty in line and architectural design. Remember, the walls once built are up to stay although changes may be made in interior arrangement, trim, fixtures or finish.

***Economy*** starts with construction. The first cost is low, often less than perishable, inflammable construction. The large units of tile save in labor cost, in material and the speeding up of construction. Hollow Tile is manufactured near you saving the long costly freight hauls on building material. Hollow Tile Homes are the most economical to build and to own.

***Maintenance*** is reduced to a minimum. There are no costly repairs, repainting is for trim only. The Hollow Tile walls provide superior insulation against heat, cold and moisture, thus heating costs are reduced. Hollow Tile Homes are cooler in summer and warmer in winter.

***Permanence*** of Hollow Tile construction maintains investment and resale values. The walls will not burn, sag, warp, crack, decay or disintegrate in any way. The load bearing capacity is ten times that required in a residence. Hollow Tile Homes will serve generation after generation.

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***Safety*** is ever present in the exceptional protection afforded against fire loss, against the ravages of the elements. Hollow Tile Homes staunchly withstand storm and shock as well as provide unusually healthful, sanitary housing.

***Beauty,*** supplied by architectural genius, is supplemented by the dignity of permanence in Hollow Tile construction. The exterior may be Face Tile, face brick or stucco alone or in combination according to architectural design or individual preference.

*A Booklet "Hollow Tile Homes" will be sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents*

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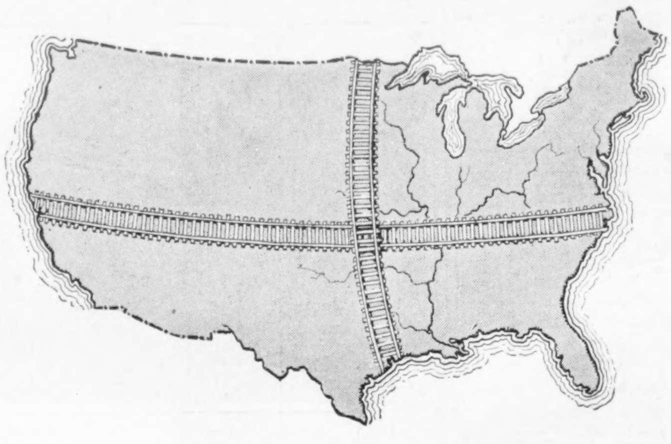


The ties that bind

RAILROAD TIES! Stretching far and wide, they help to tie the nation in closer bonds.

Florida gets its daily bread from Western wheat fields by rail. Oregon's woodsmen keep warm with Massachusetts woolens—delivered by rail. The Iowa wheat belt seeks shelter under Oregon's lumber—brought across the country by rail.

This is more than a job of fetching and carrying. It is a process that changes sectional wealth into national welfare. It is a work that intimately links the well-being of the people with the well-being of the railroads—for if a railroad prospers it is because that railroad has helped its territory to prosper.

Observe how this works out. The railroad in good financial condition is able to attract capital for improving its facilities. Then more freight can be handled. Crops can be moved faster. Business in general speeds up. Everybody benefits. For adequate transportation is essential to national prosperity.

It comes down to this. Now that many of the roads are beginning to earn a fair return, let us recognize that this is a good thing for the nation at large, because their financial soundness will enable them to render a satisfactory service today and to build for our growing transportation needs of tomorrow.

*Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.*

Western Electric Company

*Since 1869 makers and distributors of electrical equipment*

*Number 68 of a series*

# The Book Nobody Knows

*Continued from page 8*

paragraph is superb. What a way to begin a story! How dignified, how impressive, how swift and sure the movement! How nobly superior to the Greek mythologies, free from grossness and puerility.

If you argue that evolution tells the story differently your argument is only partly true. What does evolution say? That in the beginning there was nothing but nebulous matter; that it gathered itself first into stars that threw off hot, shapeless planets, which by revolving grew round; then separated into land and water; that gradually vegetation appeared, then life in low forms, then higher forms, and finally man.

Genesis too starts with matter fluid and formless, "without form and void." But the matter is not wholly inert; the creative Spirit (the scientists say the "First Cause," which means nothing much except that they don't know) is brooding over that vast shapeless egg and incubating something of purpose. The matter is in motion. It separates itself into masses. There is distinction between that which belongs to the earth and that which is of other bodies. Upon the earth the waters gather into oceans, and land is seen in continents. So far there is nothing inharmonious with the main outlines of astronomy and geology.

Then we emerge into biology. Life appears first in low and simple forms. Life in the water and life in the air—life that creeps and life that flies and life that walks. The higher animals are evolved or created, whichever term suits you best. And, last of all, man appears. His place at the top of the pyramid of creation is the same in both Genesis and geology, the difference being that Genesis compresses within six hundred words what science expands into hundreds of volumes and Genesis has a reason for man's creation and a goal for his life, while science throws up its hands with the blank admission, "We do not know."

So we have man and woman launched forth upon a brand-new planet. Science locates the beginnings of human life in the fertile and fragrant valley of the Euphrates. Genesis is more specific, naming the beautiful spot the Garden of Eden, and identifying the first couple as Adam and Eve.

Adam, our first ancestor, does not make a very brave showing. He and Eve were given the run of the garden, with permission to eat any fruit except the apples of one particular tree. They ate the forbidden fruit, and when God discovered them in their transgression Adam took refuge behind Eve. "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me," he complained, "she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." A cowardly excuse which profited him nothing. For their sin they were cast out, and the garden was closed to them.

Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel. As a shepherd Abel had nothing to do but sit on the side of a green hill and watch his flocks grow fat, making riches for him the while. Cain was a farmer, and anyone who has ever worked on a farm understands why farmers in all ages have been discontented and will realize how Cain felt. In his jealousy over Abel's easy life and calm demeanor Cain slew him. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he demanded in surly tones when God made inquiry for Abel. The question has come down through the generations as a text for a million sermons.

Cain seems to have had good stuff in him, regardless of his envious nature and terrible temper; at least his boys were successful. One of them, Jubal, was the first musician, and another, Tubal-cain, as the first blacksmith, founded the useful arts. But the taint of the killer was in the blood, for a great-great-great-grandson, Lamech, was also a murderer. Humanity lost no time in developing its worst as well as its finer traits.

We skip over a number of interesting characters of those early times, noting only that "there were giants in the earth in those days" and that men lived to wondrous old age. Old as these patriarchs were, they did not learn wisdom with their years. In fact, their misdemeanors were so flagrant that "It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart."

There seemed to be only one thing to do—wipe out the whole race and make a fresh start. One man and his family—Noah, his wife and his sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth—were selected for survival, and Noah was instructed to build an ark that would hold them, together with a male and female representative of each species. He was allowed to warn his neighbors, but when in any age has the hopeful human race been willing to face bad news? They jeered at his stories of the coming storm; they stood around the dry dock where he was working on his ark and passed the same sort of crude jokes with which the folks of a later day greeted Fulton and his Clermont.

". . . every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground, both man, and cattle, and the creeping things, and the fowl of the heaven; and they were destroyed from the earth: and Noah only remained alive, and they that were with him in the ark."

Years passed, centuries perhaps, and the great figure of Abraham emerged, a wealthy shepherd having flocks that roamed over so wide an area that he was brought into conflict with rival ranchmen and had to fight for his rights. Abraham was a grand citizen, open-handed, hospitable, successful in business. He had vision and courage. When God commanded him to leave his country and go into another he "departed as the Lord had spoken unto him" and was rewarded by becoming the father of a mighty people. Abraham's son, Isaac, was a good man but something of a dreamer, who allowed his father to select a wife for him and promptly became subject to her will. The story of the wooing of Rebecca is the first romance in the Bible, and makes pretty reading. But Rebecca was a strong-minded woman who knew what she wanted, and her principal desire was to supplant her eldest son, Esau, and put her second son and favorite, Jacob, in line for Isaac's property.

Esau, being a hard-working farmer and an outdoor man, was hairy; Jacob was smooth-handed, literally and figuratively. Isaac had grown old and blind. Rebecca, the shrewd schemer, made a pair of gloves of kidskin for Jacob and sent him to the old man Isaac with food and a request for the inheritance.

"And Isaac said unto Jacob, Come near, I pray thee, that I may feel thee, my son, whether thou be my very son Esau or not. And Jacob went near unto Isaac his father; and he felt him [the hairy gloves] and said, The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau . . . so he blessed him."

Jacob, shrewd and unprincipled, met his match in Laban, who was to become his father-in-law. Laban had two daughters, a homely one named Leah and a beauty, Rachel. Jacob agreed to serve Laban seven years if he might have Rachel for his wife. At the end of the seven years Laban gave him Leah instead and insisted that he serve a second seven-year period for Rachel. Jacob stuck to it, and he and Rachel were finally married and proceeded to repay their loving parent in kind by taking all the best cattle and leaving him sickly ones. With this fine moral start they set up housekeeping, and Jacob lost no time in becoming the father of twelve sons, of whom the next to the youngest, Joseph, is the second important post-Flood figure.

The oldest of the twelve brothers was Reuben, to whom Jacob on his deathbed said significantly, "unstable as water, thou shalt not excel." Reuben would have liked to protect Joseph from the envious hatred of the others, who saw all too clearly Jacob's favoritism, but he was too weak to accomplish anything. The hatred of the others cast Joseph into a deep pit, from which he was rescued by a passing caravan and taken to Egypt.

A fine parade of human attributes now marches before us—Potiphar, captain in the service of Pharaoh, who took a liking to Joseph and made him an overseer; Mrs. Potiphar, who fell in love with the bright youngster and, when out of his loyalty to her husband Joseph refused her advances, caused him to be cast into prison.

Presently, however, Joseph secured his own release, having been able to interpret a dream for Pharaoh himself. Pharaoh had seen in his dream seven fat cattle and seven lean cattle, and behold the seven lean cattle ate up the seven fat ones. In a parallel dream there were seven good and seven withered ears of corn. What could it mean? "It means," said Joseph, "that we are going to have seven good business years and then seven very bad ones; and we better get ready for the bad one right away." Thus Joseph made the first Babson chart, showing that the area of financial inflation precedes that of depression and is of equal size and density. Babson has publicly admitted that he got the idea from Joseph, and it has made him a fortune, even as it caused Joseph to be promoted in the public service until he was second only to the king. Through Joseph's foresight and organizing ability the Egyptians stored up food in the seven fat years and came through the lean years with flying colors.

Joseph was big in nature as well as in ability. He sent for his father and brethren, forgave them, got them good jobs in the public service, and settled them in luxury in his adopted country. Thus things went swimmingly for the children of Israel until Joseph died. Then sudden calamity descended. The Pharaoh who had been so friendly also died and "there arose a new king in Egypt which knew not Joseph." Envy and jealousy of these smart Jews were rampant.

A wicked decree of Pharaoh commanded that every son who was born to the Hebrews should be cast into the river. The mother of Moses managed to hide her baby for three months, and then, unable to secrete him any longer, she made a little cradle and set him afloat in the river near the spot where the daughter of Pharaoh and her maidens came down to bathe. Pharaoh's daughter took compassion on the pitiful little voyager, carried him with her to the palace and reared him as her own. She gave him his name, Moses, "because," she said, "I drew him out of the water." The boy grew up with all the educational advantages which the palace could give, but his heart was true to his people. He had hardly reached his full stature of manhood when he ran afoul of an Egyptian taskmaster who was abusing a poor Hebrew workman. Moses slew the man and hid his body, and formed then and there the determination to set the Hebrews free.

With his brother Aaron, who was a good talker, which Moses was not, he carried on extended negotiations with Pharaoh, enforcing his argument by a series of ten plagues that descended upon the Egyptians. In the end he was allowed to lead the Hebrews forth into the wilderness, but Pharaoh changed his mind at the last moment and gave pursuit. It was a fatal decision. The Red Sea, which had separated to let the Hebrews pass through, closed up on Pharaoh and his army and drowned them every one.

Moses was not only a leader but an executive as well. He associated certain other upright men with him as judges, and thus it came about that the people were provided not only with a law—through the Ten Commandments and the comprehensive Mosaic Code—but with a judiciary as well.

The Ten Commandments are, of course, the outstanding monument to Moses' wisdom and influence. Read them over. How direct; how simple; how free from superfluous or trivial injunctions! They drive straight at the heart of human and divine relationships, and are the corner stone upon which the nations have erected their legal and ethical codes. But they are not the only survival of Moses' leadership. The long, carefully molded Mosaic Law is hardly less remarkable. It embraces both a civil and a criminal code and foreshadowed by centuries not only our modern jurisprudence but much of our modern health regulation and medical practice.

On the civil side there is protection of property and reputation. There are exemption laws providing that the outer garment of a poor man, given by him in pawn, shall be returned to him at night; laws providing that the land that has been mortgaged and forfeited shall be restored to the family at the end of a period of years; laws punishing libel and protecting the good name of man and woman. There are laws providing that a poor man's wages are not to be retained to his injury. On the other hand, judges are warned not to favor a poor man, but to render equal justice. Taxes were light and levied in proportion to a man's property, but there was one tax concerning which it was provided that the rich should not be permitted to pay more nor the poor allowed to pay less. It was a small tax, but it represented manhood and self-respect and equality before the law.

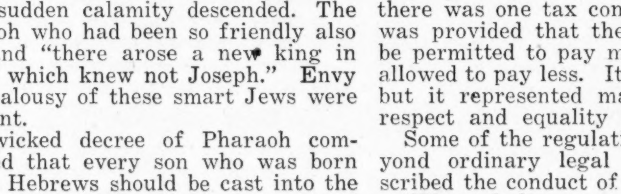
Some of the regulations went far beyond ordinary legal limits and prescribed the conduct of a gentleman:

"Thou shalt not curse the deaf, nor put a stumblingblock before the blind, but shalt fear thy God: I am the Lord. . . . Thou shalt not go up and down as a talebearer. . . . Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart. . . . Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God: I am the Lord. And if a stranger sojourn with thee in your land, ye shall not vex him. But the stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself."

The criminal code was severe and swift, but inflexibly just. Life was protected and murder punished with death. Even accidental homicide did not go without penalty to him by whose carelessness it occurred, but he was not condemned to death. "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" sounds severe in these days of sickly sentimental talk about "crime a disease," but it made a law-abiding people careful of each other's rights.

The sanitary code was extended, minute and enforced with strict pen-

(*Continued on page 36*)



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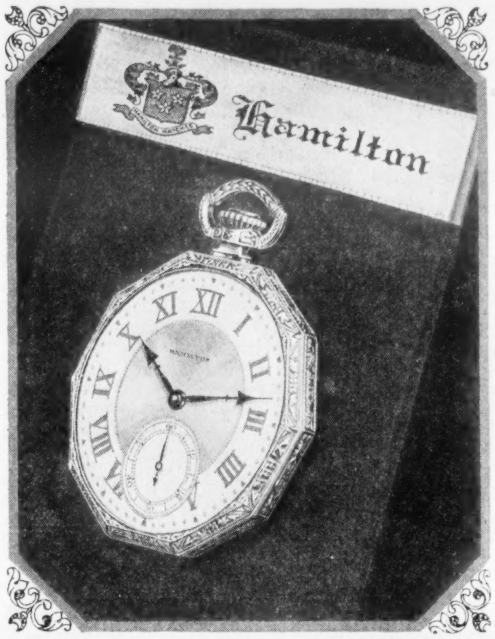
By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

*In Next Week's* Collier's



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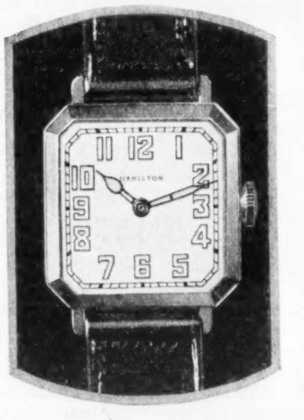

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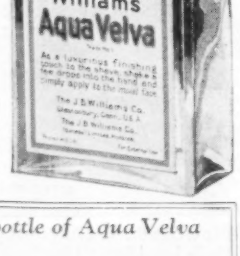

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Colliers, 11-21-25

# The Book Nobody Knows

*Continued from page 35*

alties. Can you imagine the feat of bringing a horde of escaped slaves across a wilderness without losing them by dysentery, typhoid fever or hookworm? It was made possible by a simple but powerfully effective system of sewage disposal.

Most important of all, the laws of Moses were of such a nature as to minimize the social evil. The healthy sex life of the Jews of ancient times is one of the chief reasons for their amazing racial continuity.

The distance from Egypt to the Promised Land is only a little longer than the trip from New York to Philadelphia. Moses might easily have led his people over the route in a few weeks instead of letting the wanderings occupy forty years. But his wisdom saw the necessity for a long period of isolated discipline. They were slaves when he started with them; they were an organized self-governing nation when, at length, he climbed to the pinnacle of Mount Pisgah and looked across into the Promised Land, which he was permitted to see but not to enter.

How well he had done his work was immediately apparent. Joshua, whom he had chosen to succeed him, took hold without a hitch and completed the journey into Canaan. He too was a man of vision.

Joshua was a soldier, and a soldier was needed for the work which Moses had left to be done. He led his people across the Jordan, engineered the successful attack upon Jericho, the walled city of the unfortunate people who happened to be in possession of the Promised Land, and conducted a triumphal campaign which was about as savage as any war could be. Finally, his work completed, he called his people together for a farewell address of great dignity and power, and made them enter into a covenant to serve the Lord and shun strange gods. Soon afterward he laid aside his arms and died.

### Samuel the Incorruptible

COMES now a picturesque succession of leaders, called Judges, with whom we can tarry only a moment in this rapid survey. There was a woman, Deborah, among them, whose stirring battle hymn is one of the first recorded poems. There was a keen fighter named Gideon, a shrewd strategist, who equipped his slender force of 300 men with chariot lights and trumpets and attacked at night. The enemy, roused from complacent slumber, hearing the din of trumpets and seeing the lights charging down upon them from every hillside, imagined that a host of chariots was attacking, and took to flight. So Gideon won a bloodless victory.

Some of the Judges made their way up from the ranks—for national necessity knows no respect for pedigree. Of these Abimelech (who made himself King of Shechem) was the son of a housemaid, and Jephthah the son of a harlot. There was Samson, the strong man, who had been promised that his strength should remain with him as long as he did not cut his hair. A good-natured easy-going fellow he was, fond of athletic sports and overfond of women. Delilah wormed his secret from him, cut off his hair while he slept and delivered him to the Philistines, who put out his eyes and amused themselves with his labors as a slave.

In their triumph they did not notice that his hair was growing every day, and when, at a great feast, they sent for him to make sport, he bribed his guide to let him stand between the pillars of the temple. With one mighty heave he thrust the pillars apart, burying himself and his enemies in a common grave.

Finally there was Samuel, stern, uncompromising, incorruptible. He was not a particularly lovable character, and his powerful one-man rule does not seem to have left a place for any associates. At least the people saw no one capable of carrying on in his place, and reminded him brutally that his own sons were failures.

"Behold, thou art old, and thy sons walk not in thy ways: now make us a king to judge us like all the nations."

Angrily Samuel agreed, but not without a warning. Their king would be tyrannical, he told them; they would repent their demand. None the less, he acceded to it, and searching through the tribes he found a clean-cut young man named Saul, who stood head and shoulders above all the rest. Him he selected and anointed as Israel's first king.

He was modest and likable, but he was a prey to sullen moods and the slave of jealousy. He was jealous of Jonathan, his son, and would have slain him but for the determined protest of the people. Most of all was he jealous of David, who, when the armies of Israel were standing in helpless terror before the giant leader of the Philistines, Goliath, took his shepherd's sling, picked up a smooth stone from the brook and planted it squarely in the giant's forehead. For this victory and the acclaim that followed it Saul never forgave him.

Saul was not without military genius. He led his people more than once to victory. Throughout his career fighting was constant, with the Amalekites, with the Philistines, and other hostile tribes, and sometimes one side won and sometimes the other. But much of the energy and time that ought to have gone into the nation's battles was spent in the vain effort to destroy David; and the net result of Saul's reign was little. "To-morrow," said the ghost of Samuel, appearing grimly before him—"to-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be with me." Saul marched into battle on the morrow knowing that his fate was sealed; and when the final moment of defeat arrived he called upon his sword bearer to run him through, preferring to die like a man rather than be the captive of his enemies.

And David reigned in his stead.

If you are thrilled by Napoleon, the penniless young lieutenant leaping to the throne of an empire; if your imagination is warmed by the rise of the gaunt, homely, country boy Lincoln to the White House, then there is a real treat for you in David. What a romantic story of success! The simple shepherd lad, tending his sheep and playing his harp, receives a sudden summons home. Saul, the king, who is passionately fond of music, has sent out a call for a musician.

The boy goes to court and by his modesty and quick intelligence becomes a favorite. The blustering Goliath affords his courage a golden opportunity; in a single hour he wins the gratitude of the nation and with it the jealous hatred of the king.

Jonathan, the handsome crown prince, loves him, and between the two boys there springs up one of the sublime friendships of history. Compelled to flee the court, a rebel not by his own wish but because of the insane envy of Saul, he lives for years by his wits, surrounded by the ragtag and bobtail of insurgency.

"And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him; and he became a captain over them: and there were with him about four hundred men."

At length Saul dies and David ascends the throne. With firm hand and statesmanlike vision he enforces order within the kingdom and respect without. So successful are his campaigns that he is able to establish a garrison in far-off Damascus and levy tribute on the Syrians, while Hiram, the powerful king of Tyre, is glad to claim him as an ally and a friend. He is one of the most real characters in all literature. You can see his sturdy body and strong but kindly face; you hear his tones and feel his presence, for there is no attempt to make him anything more than human. In fact, his sin—the great blot on his kingly career—is set forth in complete detail. It is one of the famous illicit love stories and has been the theme of countless poems and plays.

Walking one afternoon upon the roof of his palace, David saw a beautiful woman in her bath. It was love at first sight. He sent immediately to inquire her name, and though it was told him that she was the wife of Uriah the Hittite he took her into his harem. The act was made more heinous by the fact that Uriah was away, fighting his king's battles at the front.

After a period the girl, Bathsheba, brought David the uncomfortable news that she was with child. Then came the act of villainy. David conferred with Joab, his general, and arranged that Uriah should be sent into the very foremost rank at the next battle. Loyally the brave soldier fulfilled his orders and—as had been expected and hoped by the king—he was reported among the casualties. Bathsheba became the favorite of the palace and bore a famous son, Solomon, for whom she secured the succession through her influence over David.

### David's Repentance

IT IS not a pretty story, and the prophet Nathan, a rugged old preacher who feared nothing, did not allow the king to forget his sin. Until his dying day David was conscience-stricken. We are quite sure that many of the Psalms which are attributed to him must have been written by others, but we know that he *did* write this one, a bitter cry of repentance:

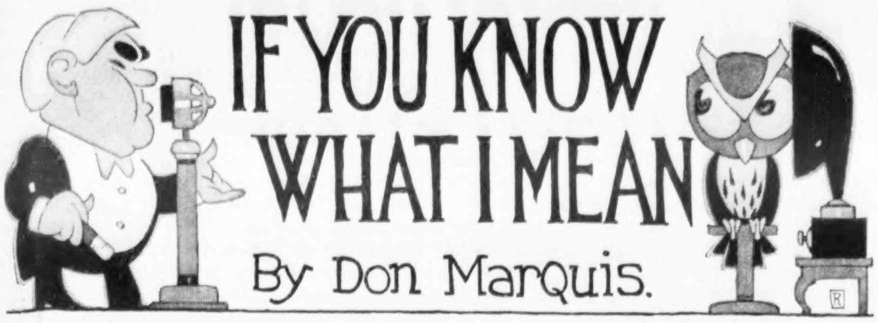
*Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. . . .*
*For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.*
*The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.*

We know also that the great shepherd psalm was David's, composed probably during the brief insurrection of his son Absalom, when the king was forced to abandon the capital city and flee like a hunted thing in the wilderness:

*The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.*
*He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.*
*He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*
*Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*
*Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*
*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

If David had done nothing more than compose these two poems he would have established his right to immortality. But he was one of the great statesmen-kings, lifting his people up to their high point of national independence and self-respect. His reign is the climax in this outline of history. Through his leadership and that of his great predecessors the children of Abraham, who started as wandering shepherds and passed through the purifying fire of Egyptian slavery and the hard schooling of the wilderness, achieved at last a sense of racial solidarity which has persisted through the ages.

*The second part of "The Book Nobody Knows" will appear in an early issue of Collier's*



# IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN

### By Don Marquis.

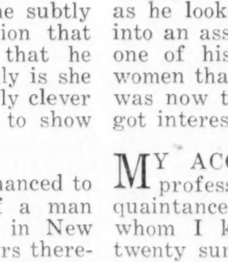
THE House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church has stricken the word "obey" from the marriage service; and the action is a reminder that there really must have been a time when obedience was expected of wives. And a time, still earlier, when it was not merely expected, but generally exacted, rigorously enforced. Disobedient wives were beaten into subjection with the acquiescence and frequently with the applause of the Best People of the community. Cynics of the male persuasion will say that that was the Golden Age. Nowadays when a wife is beaten, or a husband is beaten, it is the result of a struggle between acknowledged equals and not as a matter of course.

HAS the struggle for domination in marriage merely shifted from the physical plans to the psychological? There is a school of thought which maintains nothing less—which affirms that although women do not wish to be beaten, they do wish to feel in the men they marry the ability to beat them. This puts an extraordinarily difficult problem up to the man who is genuinely anxious to please his wife. How is he to get it across to her that he is able to beat her if he really wants to, without mental suggestions which are in themselves, essentially, as brutal as beatings? If he cannot dominate her, he is told, he will lose her love; if he dominates her too utterly he will lose her love.

IS IT any wonder that so many husbands recoil from the dilemma—just simply give the problem up, and let the women run the whole show? It is a cruel, cruel woman who demands of a man a parade of the ability to dominate her when she knows in her heart that he really doesn't have that ability; and knows that he knows he hasn't. A far more kindly person is the woman who tricks the man into the belief that he can dominate her if he wishes, while at the same time subtly educating him to the conviction that his strength is so supreme that he never need exert it; more kindly is she and more clever. And the really clever wife is always far too clever to show how clever she really is.

EIGHT or ten years ago I chanced to make the acquaintance of a man doing time in a penitentiary in New York State; and for three years thereafter nearly every man liberated from that prison called upon me as soon as he hit Manhattan Island. Many of them were forgers by profession; there were two or three burglars and several confidence men and there was one bigamist.

I must say that not one of them ever tried to put across anything crooked on me; several of them borrowed small sums of money, which were punctiliously repaid—indeed, in this respect I have had better luck with the acknowledged crook than with some other citizens—and one of them, hearing that I was busted, came into my office one day and dumped $500 on my desk which he begged me to borrow. Most of them were rather interesting, for one reason or another; and not the least interesting was the bigamist.



I WILL not go so far as to say that all the wise cracks about marriage and women that I have published since came as a result of conversations with this bigamist, but I did draw him on to talk about domestic relations. And I listened reverently. For what better authority could there be than a man who had been married to five or six women, not one after the other, but simultaneously? He imparted to me the secret of his successes. It is very simple. What women want, said he, is attention; they will forgive everything, he said, except neglect. It was through forgetting that he was married to Mrs. Five (he was at the time engaged in marrying Mrs. Six and so one can understand how Mrs. Five may temporarily have slipped his mind) that he aroused Mrs. Five to such anger that she finally landed him in prison. They will *not* forgive neglect.

Any marriage, he opined, may be made into a happy marriage (as marriages go) if the husband will always remember this cardinal principle—and he claimed that all his wives were happy until they began to find out about each other.

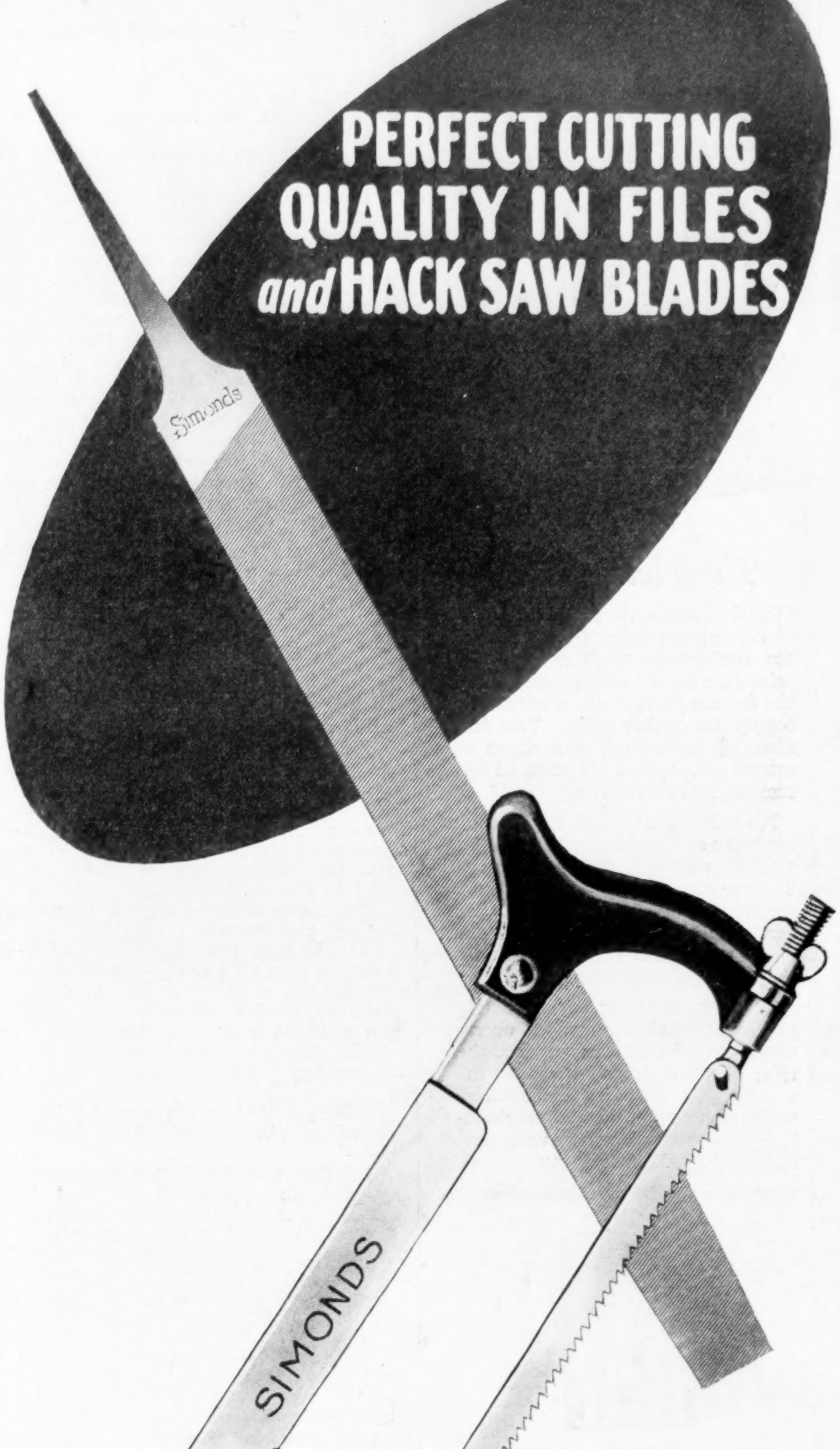
I SAID to him one day: "Now that you are out of prison, and the old stuff is all washed up, I suppose you intend to go straight hereafter?"

(These birds always said that they intended to go straight, and I always encouraged them; the temptation to be a Moral Influence in their lives, so they used to tell me, was absolutely irresistible to any man that had never been in jail.)

"Yes," he said, "I'm going straight after this." And then he added, with apparent seriousness: "I'm going to get married and settle down."

This fellow was an awful liar. He looked like a liar. I have called him false-eyed. There was, in fact, a kind of false glitter all over his face: hair, forehead, eyes, teeth, chin; he *looked* crooked. I always wondered why women married him. He looked so crooked that you said to yourself that no person could possibly be as crooked as he looked. I suppose he turned it into an asset. In fact, he told me that one of his dodges was confessing to women that he had been a bad egg, but was now trying to go straight. They got interested, then, in reforming him.

MY ACQUAINTANCE with these professonal crooks, and an acquaintance with several flocks of hobos whom I knew quite well more than twenty summers ago, make me wonder just how valuable the deductions of many of our laborious and conscientious sociologists may be. For one great joy of the crook and the hobo is to lie interestingly and elaborately and as convincingly as may be to whatever person he suspects is associating with him for ulterior motives of serious study, uplift or scientific investigation. And profound great tomes and voluminous reports have been based upon these light-hearted fabrications and reviewed and analyzed by experts, and many wise conclusions have been drawn. Stringing the serious thinker ranks high among the more intellectual amusements of the underworld.



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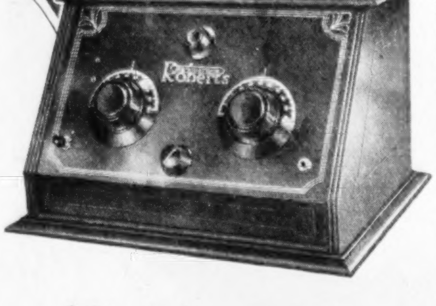

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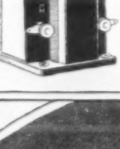

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# The Deep Seam

*Continued from page 30*

railed passage she marked her place on the checkboard. When she came out at night she would hang her check on the peg with the corresponding number as evidence that she had returned from the mine.

Christine now began to be guided by instinct. Not for nothing had she lived in mining camps; not for nothing had she absorbed every detail in Girard Selden's office. She skirted the wash house where some of the men changed to mine clothing and came to the manway. She must walk down as the man trip ran only at night and in the morning.

Christine paused to light the carbide lamp at her cap. Then she plunged confidently into the darkness and began the mile walk down to the chain yard where Minto Newell had his office.

Newell she found in his office at the chain yard five thousand feet from the surface. Christine paused outside and scanned him to find what manner of man he might be. Occasionally she caught a glimpse of his face under the light. He wore no cap, and his light stood on the table beside him. Christine spoke from the door. "The old man sent me to Selden," she said, again, in slurring muffled tones. "Four-eighty-two's my number."

Newell was bending over a blue print. "Git the hell out of here," he snapped. "Selden's in Twenty-one Left."

EVEN in the murk she recognized Selden's tall figure. He was standing at one side, apart from the men, watching two miners operate a breast auger to sink a hole into the face of the coal. Christine walked over to him, and spoke in her muffled voice:

"The cap'n said you needed a powder monkey, and he sent me."

Then it was that Selden lifted his light and surveyed her in wordless disapprobation, so silent and so long that Christine moved uneasily and spoke with a slight quaver in her voice.

"The old man said you needed a powder monkey," she repeated. "Here I be."

Selden grunted and lowered his light. "This is no place for children. The old man—"

Christine pretended anger, in keeping with the character she had assumed. "I'm old enough to know my bisniss," she cried in the vernacular of the miner. "Leastways, I been makin' my livin' at it a right smart time."

Selden lifted his light for another scrutiny, and Christine saw him briefly. His face was much the same as she remembered: a little thinner, perhaps, the jaw a little leaner. She wondered that the change was not more apparent. But there was something in the face that had not been there before. Christine saw that instantly. It was a fixity, an immobility of expression, a sort of reserved indifference.

Christine still spoke in character. "The old man said for me to report to you," she said sharply. "How 'bout it? Goin' to use me?"

"What do you know about powder?" Selden asked, unmoved by her petulance.

"Enough to handle it, and that's somethin' a lot of 'em never learn. I aims to last a good long while."

Selden spoke sharply: "How about this? Six-foot hole in a five-foot seam at an angle of forty-five degrees. How many sticks to blow it out?"

"Four, with maybe a little more if the rock is thick," Christine answered promptly. She had listened to just such problems as these in Selden's office. She knew Selden's theory: "Better give it a little too much than not quite enough."

She knew a lot more than that. "Ask me something hard," she challenged him.

Selden stirred a pile of newspapers with his foot. "Make me a tamping cartridge."

Christine was undaunted. This was the one thing she knew from practical experience. Instead of preparing his cartridges underground, her father sometimes rolled them on the surface where clay was plentiful. He had taught her to make them.

"Where's your stick?" she asked, and Selden kicked it over. It was a section of a pick handle about four inches long and trimmed to roundness. Christine tore a square from a pile of newspapers and twisted the paper around the stick; one end she crimped and shook out the stick. She looked around.

"Where's your clay?"

"They didn't send me any," Selden answered. "Fill it up with coal dust."

Christine glanced at him sharply. "Like hell I will," she said. "You ought to know that's agin the law. I ain't makin' no dust cartridges, an' I ain't shootin' none neither."

Selden's teeth showed in a dry smile. "I was only seeing how much you know. You'll find clay behind that pillar over there."

From the empty powder box, half filled with red dirt, Christine took enough to fill out the paper cylinder she had rolled. Then she crimped the open end and handed the cartridge to Selden. He turned it over in his hands, scanning it closely, then handed it back.

"Very good," he said. "You're not as young as I thought. What's your name?"

"Jim Driscoll."

Selden paused a moment to speak to the men operating the breast auger.

"Get that angle a little sharper. This coal is tough, and you're driving it deep." Then he turned back to Christine and moved toward the face of the coal where the miners were busy. At them he waved his hand.

"They do the drilling and loading and you and me will handle the shooting. We don't do that until they go up. I don't hold with the practice of having men in the mine at shooting time. I wouldn't have a powder man if the company didn't require it. When they leave we'll get busy. Better be studying the seam."

Selden lapsed into silence, watching the men and only occasionally giving a brief direction. A little behind where he leaned against a timber Christine watched them too, but mostly she watched Selden. The lighting was poor, but Selden was motionless, and occasionally the light from a miner's cap fell full on his face.

Selden appeared unconscious of her scrutiny, and, disarmed by his apparent concern in the business at the coal face, Christine fell to studying him more openly.

SHE awoke with a start to find Selden regarding her steadily. After a moment he reached up, took off his cap and turned the lamp on it full into his face. "Have a good look," he invited calmly.

Confused, she was silent. Selden held the light immovable, and his eyes peered at her. She shrank a little although she knew his gaze could not penetrate the darkness.

"Don't do that," he warned, still speaking calmly. "I don't like it." Christine stammered a half apology, but Selden waved his hand carelessly. "Never mind. Come on to the face of the coal and begin getting your cartridges ready. The men will be going up in a few minutes, and we don't want to waste time. We shoot at five o'clock."

As she worked, her thoughts were busy with Selden. If the change had been more apparent she would not have been so uneasy; it was too deep for surface indication.

Selden's capacity for silence apparently was inexhaustible. After the miners had departed with a word of farewell to the dour contractor, Selden and Christine set to work to fill the holes with the powder—really a misnomer, for it was a modified form of nitroglycerin. But all explosives are powder to mine men.

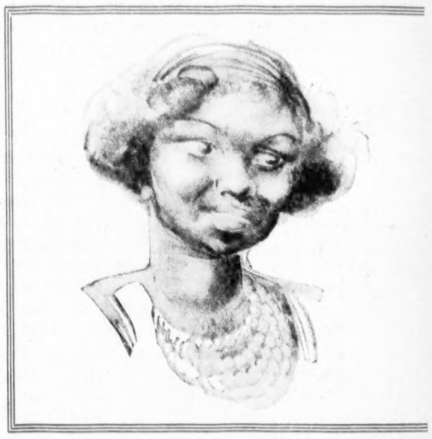
Selden packed the cartridges into the holes drilled six feet into the coal: first a red cylinder of powder, then another bearing the mercury cap in its nose and trailing a length of thin wire; then two more sticks of powder, each pushed firmly to the bottom of the hole with the tamping bar; then the tamping cartridges jammed down tight. It was rapid work by skilled hands.

Selden did not break the silence beyond indicating what he wanted. With the scraper he cleared the holes of all dust and fragments, then pushed in the red cartridges of waxed paper. Christine cut the explosive into the lengths desired and his curt words, "Two sticks four inches." "Four sticks," was the only conversation between them.

Christine presently became conscious that Selden was watching her as she affixed the detonator cap to the cartridges, but she did not become confused. She knew he could not see her in this light, and now all fear of recognition had passed. Selden had accepted her for what she seemed.

She punched holes in the explosive for the mercury cap, deftly closed the aperture and then attached the wire that lay coiled behind her. Selden did not comment; whenever he extended his hand for a cartridge it was instantly ready. Selden finally straightened and looked around at the two tiers of holes in the coal face. From each led a thin wire, the other end of which was attached to the mercury detonator in the powder.

"They'll do," he said curtly. He looked at his watch. "Not time to shoot yet. We will have to wait. Bring the juice out here."



He kicked the storage battery that set the spark to the hidden mercury that in turn set off the powder and brought down the coal. All the holes were to be fired at once by a master wire which Christine was busily connecting even as Selden spoke.

The two sat down in the entry. There was an air of waiting about Selden.

"Why don't you go on up?" she asked. "I kin carry on now. That's what you're payin' me six dollars a day for, ain't it?"

"No," said Selden. "I'm paying you because the company requires me to have a man to handle powder when I work more than five men."

"Yeh, I know," said Christine wisely. "They're bettin' me six dollars ev'ry day that I don't come out. But I will. I know enough about the stuff to be careful. I learnt that. You won't have no windy shots with me."

"Oh, shut up!" Selden snapped. He looked at his watch. "Time to connect up. Get busy."

CHRISTINE swung the battery into the light of his lamp. She had been holding two wires as she waited. They were the master wires connected with every shot. One of these she connected to a terminal and then looked at Selden.

"I'm ready when you are," she said.

Selden's eyes were on the watch he held in his own hand. Looking at him, Christine again caught the attitude of waiting; waiting half in fear and half in welcome; waiting with much greater intensity than the few seconds' pause before firing explained.

Abruptly he closed his watch. Under Christine's eyes his figure lifted. His voice was strained.

"All right!" There was a perceptible space between the words. "Let her go!"

Momentarily Christine looked up from the battery. In the dimness she saw his white face raised; his chest heaved and his shoulders momentarily squared. Then she touched the wire in her hand to the other battery post.

Nothing happened. There was a succession of dull concussions, followed by the acrid tang of the powder smoke. The shooting was over for the day.

Still on her knees, Christine stared up at Selden's figure, which held its rigid pose for a moment. Then it slumped and relaxed and Selden hung his head. Christine thought she caught a groan.

"Not to-day then," Selden muttered to himself.

Suddenly timid, Christine reached up and touched his arm. "What did you say?" she asked.

She expected harshness, but instead Selden smiled faintly. "Nothing you would understand," he said almost pleasantly. "Bring the juice and come on. We're through for to-day."

CLEM BENNETT came back to Marengo and sat himself down like a spider to spin his webs. In them he planned to catch Selden and perhaps his wife. His pale lashes winked once or twice at the thought.

He was no longer undecided about Ensley: a bluffer, a blowhard, a bag of wind; a man who made his mouth serve for courage and whose tongue was his most effective weapon.

The guard, in large hospitality, invited Bennett to share his cottage, and Bennett was glad to do so.

*Courtney Ryley Cooper*

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THE FOOTS TOOL

*in next week s*

Collier's

Ensley replaced an empty jug and half sat on the kitchen table. One long leg swung free, and his nose glistened in the light from the lamp.

Bennett spoke cautiously. "You're mountain-born, ain't you?"

"Shore. Born right over Cat Mountain on Cane Creek. My mammy and pappy live there right now."

"You folks ever have trouble with any others round the neighborhood?"

Ensley nodded cheerfully. "Shore, but not sence I growed up. You see, it was thisaway. When I got big 'nough to handle a rifle—"

But Bennett interrupted. "You know how it is to want to get a man, then?"

Ensley nodded and added in his nasal whine, "Yeh, but not f'r long. Me an' him usu'lly has it out."

Bennett veered in his questions. "You got a monopoly on the whisky in this camp?"

"Yeh; I does that so I kin control it. You cain't keep it out entirely, an' it's better f'r me to handle it 'n it is f'r ever'body, 'cause I kin control it a lot easier while it's gittin' into folks 'n I kin after hit's done got in."

"How about the other thing?"

Ensley was puzzled. "What other thing?"

Bennett reached over and tapped the butt of one pearl-handled pistol. "Pepper and Salt."

"P'intedly so," Ensley answered hastily. "That's what I gits my money for—at least part of it. Ain't nobody else workin' no cannon in this camp."

"Don't ever rent them out to anyone, do you?"

Ensley got off the table and for once answered laconically: "Ain't never yit."

"I want to find out some things about some people in this camp, and I need your help to do it," Bennett said.

Ensley's long upper lip curled back from his protruding teeth. "Want me to show you a way to watch Selden's cabin, don't you? Well, I kin. 'S far as that goes, I kin watch 'most any house in the camp 'thout nobody bein' th' wiser."

"Well, I want to know all there is to know about Selden," admitted Bennett. "I'll put my cards face up. Him and me are going to have a showdown before I leave this camp. I been waiting a long time for it, and when it comes I want to be ready. See?"

Ensley nodded. "Why'n't you shoot it out with him?"

Bennett looked to see if he was in earnest. Ensley's bland squirrel face told nothing. Bennett blinked. "That doesn't suit me," he said shortly. "I ain't said I want to kill him."

"All right, I kin show you where you kin see Selden's place. I fixed me a place where I kin see all th' cabins. Wanna go there now?"

But Bennett preferred to wait until morning. Then Ensley led the way up past the commissary and by the tipple, where he plunged into a path through the woods. It led up Cat Mountain, and Bennett was breathless when they came out on a small plateau almost at the summit. The underbrush had been cut away before them and the camp lay below them in the distance.

Ensley went to a huge oak with a long blaze in its side and reached a long arm into a hollow in the wood. He drew out a pair of binoculars and handed them to Bennett.

"This here place has come in handy more'n onc't. Take these things an' you kin see just like you was standin' at the commissary. I fixed me this after the time—"

Bennett fitted the glasses to his eyes and the camp sprang closer. He could follow every movement in the single street, being high enough to see over the knoll. To his left was Selden's cabin, also on Cat Mountain but below him.

Ensley looked at him for approval. "Pretty good, ain't it?"

Bennett nodded. "I'm going to spend considerable time up here."

Temporarily Bennett forsook Kriel's mission and devoted himself to his own. Patiently he watched Selden. The former superintendent lived in unvarying routine: into the mine shortly after daybreak and not out until after dark. He walked straight from the mine to his cabin, perched like an owl's nest on a shoulder of Cat Mountain. When he entered this it was not to reappear until the following morning.

At length he was satisfied with his observation of Selden. He knew all he wanted. Now he turned to his wife, whose cottage stood in plain view on the near slope of the knoll.

FROM time to time during the morning hours he caught glimpses of Christine as she went about her household tasks.. Sometimes she sat on the steps.

Punctually Christine disappeared shortly after noon and was seen no more that day. Then a little after three o'clock a miner appeared and entered the manway through the checkroom. Bennett watched at night and knew that he returned shortly after seven o'clock when the rock crews and the timber gangs came off. But that was all he learned.

Day after day he watched, and always the same custom was followed. Then the explanation came to him, and he swore at his stupidity. He sought Ensley at their cottage that night.

"Got any miner's clothes?" he asked.

Ensley shook his head.

"You could get me some, though, couldn't you?"

"Sure. Anything else you want?"

"Lamp, cap, shoes, overalls, whole outfit."

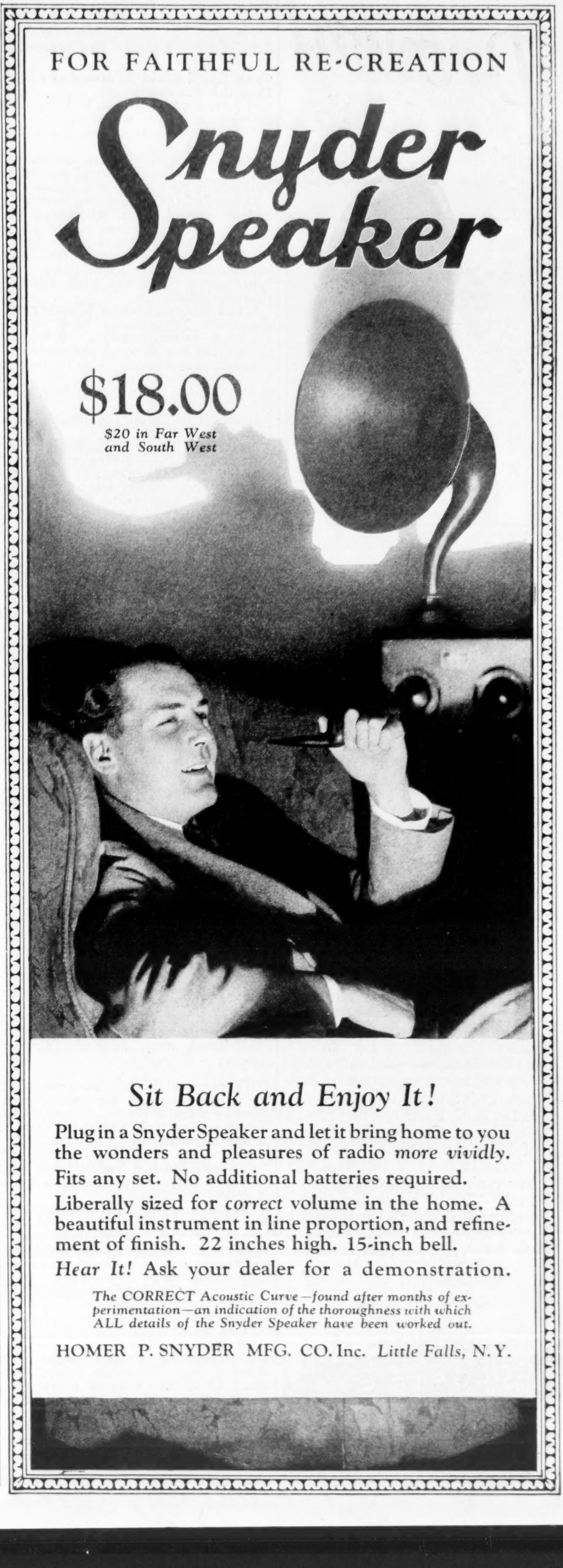
"Don't want a pick too, do you?"

"No. I ain't going in to dig coal."

"I didn't think you were," Ensley answered with unexpected dryness. "Sure. I'll git you the clothes."

Two days later Ensley produced them. Bennett took them with a muttered word of thanks. Ensley asked no questions. In his room Bennett spoke to himself. "*Now* I guess I'll find out what's going on down there."

(*To be continued next week*)



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# The Flying Mercury

*Continued from page 13*

mean that I would be afraid of him?" Dominick demanded.

"I have the rizzons, yes, to know that monsieur is a man of courage."

"And just what is it, then, you would be saying?"

"If monsieur would give the time—but not here where there are ears. Perhap' in that Place d'Armes—"

It was Jackson Square that he meant, and it showed as a wilderness, all shadow. The cathedral bulked bigly above the Cabildo's low roofs. A warm wind had come up from the Gulf islands, making the night pulse with languor. On the wet turf Aguirre squarely halted.

"It is this, monsieur. The lady, of course—" The Creole's hand waved suspicion gallantly away. "But that baron, that dog of an Austrian—come to twis' our necks with his so fat money bag—bah! Three men on who the Donna Beatriz d'Eulenberg has been please' to smile—"

Dominick flared, but the Creole's hand fell upon his sleeve.

"Monsieur has promise' that he listen. It is this. Had these men die in duel—" Agurre's shoulders shrugged complete acquiescence to that. "But it is not so. One in Vienna, one in Rome, one in Paris, they die. Discover', lying in the street in the dawn, dead like the dog with the knife in their rib. And the money of the baron crush all inquiry, yes."

Dominick had listened; almost he had heard.

The luck of the opals, carrying him as on the crest of a wave! In a flash came enlightenment. This warning was meant to clear him from the way. His bow was a miracle of mocking courtesy.

"I thank Mr. Aguirre for his information. And I see how it is meant to serve the purposes of Mr. Aguirre's self."

A hot moment, lurid with antagonism! The spiky aloes of the square were as potential blades, its palms funeral plumes. Aguirre's pride swept back again, a hot reply almost leaped from his mouth. Then it was wiped out by a strange look which had pity in it.

"Very well, I wash my hand. I have the *honneur* to bid monsieur good night."

He went, stalking in a dignity that came perilously near the ridiculous. Yet the loneliness was doubled by his going. Almost Dominick called out to learn the meaning of that look. Pity is always an insult to youth. But the baroness' parting note was still unread. His fingers trembled as he unrolled it.

*I drive to-morrow at four on the Shell Road, near Anse des Cannes Gelées.*

SHE came, with filmy laces sweeping the coarse grass, her face clipped about by a frilled bonnet—a face which that flickering light and shade seemed to love to caress.

"Donna mia . . . Donna Beatriz . . ."

She regarded him long through narrowed, smiling eyes; there came a laugh of delicious intimacy.

"Figure to yourself, if you can, how furious my husband was last night . . . because of you. Look—those marks upon my arm. That is what he did. Do you realize that he would stick at nothing to keep me?"

"I have heard that he has—stuck at nothing."

"And yet?"

"I am here."

"And because?"

"Because!" Dominick's tongue was loosened now. "Because I love you, that's why. The moment I saw you, last night, I loved you and knew that always I'd been loving you."

She was leaning away from him, seeming to taste the sound of his words upon her hidden ears.

"You love me?" His cry filled the place and her warning glance hushed it.

"Yes, I love. It has come to me late, after seven years of hateful marriage. Beatriz d'Arco I was, in my dear Venice. And when a woman of the d'Arcos loves she makes history. Still more, if she be thwarted in it . . ."

She paced to and fro, a figure of strange desperation, mocked by the perfections of her attire. Dominick wondered into what those opals had brought him. He had fancied an intrigue, all light love and roses. But this woman . . . She swept round on him in a torrent of words:

"It is not merely my arm. There are other marks. . . . Marks on my soul as well! The Austrian beast loves to have a woman of conquered Venice at his mercy . . . Oh, I tell you that unless I go to happiness with the one I love, then, some day or night when that baron is too intolerable I shall . . . ah—ah."

An uncontrollable pantomime finished the sentence.

"A fine predicament for a woman," she choked. "Faithlessness . . . or murder. Oh!"—she squeezed the sound out with wrung hands—"I wonder which is the more lightly regarded in heaven?"

"But you love," he said, drawing her to him. "And love, mavourneen, excuses all."

She clung wildly to his shoulders.

"It is you, you who must help. Remember the vow laid on you by that monk. And now it is I who call to you—'redeem' me—"

HER arms were almost strangling, like those of one drowning who clutches at a strong swimmer. He felt as though he were being dragged down in dark, tempestuous waters. She gave him her lips, in full this time, and she seemed to know the instant when their heady wine had rent all reason from him.

"You will—you will? Caro mio, say you will."

"I'm living only for you."

She drew away, suddenly calmer.

"As you said, it is love that excuses all." She laughed on an odd note, as though laying all responsibility on his shoulders. "Come what may, dear one, remember that my excuse is that—I love."

"Never, never will you be needing excuse to me," he declared.

"No? Perhaps you do not know of what I am capable. Though you are seeing a fair sample." She laughed again, daring him. "Are you not afraid of such a wicked one as I?"

"Hell itself would be sweet with you."

She gave him his reward for that; then sat down, pulling him to his knees beside her.

"But now we must plan. Where is it you would take me?"

"There's all the world before us," he raved. "We have but to choose. There's California, where 'tis said they're picking gold from the streams. Or this new Texas, with thousands of leagues but waiting to be taken. It's an empire there," he cried, as heated visions danced before him; "and it's my arm shall be carving it for you. Land as far as you can see, horses and cattle—all yours."

"But how do we go? It is the leaving that is dangerous for us. The baron's arm is long, and if we go by land—"

"We must be taking a ship, then."

"Ah, yes. One of those swift schooners that sail the lake there. And oh, caro mio, must it be to that savage Texas? Why not Cuba? I have dreamed of it so long, so long, while I waited, waited for—"

"Waited for me," he finished gloriously for her. "Oh, be saying it, be saying it."

"But if I say that now what will there be left to say in all the years to come?"

"It's living it you'll be then."

"To live it." A gust of emotion shook her. "Yes, I shall be. Ah, I can hardly wait to really live, after these years. So—" Her eyes narrowed, tantalizing him with the promise that

JAMES HOUSE JR. '25

# TOM MASSON SAYS —

THE *difference between an amateur and professional beauty is that if you marry a professional there is always the chance that she may support you.*

* * *

*A pity the pussyfooters cannot be crossed with the jaywalkers.*

* * *

*Men's hats are increasing in price so that it will not be long before they will be noticed by women's hats.*

* * *

*Most of us are supporting our wives in styles to which nobody before or since has ever been accustomed.*

* * *

*We may be short of flying experts, but think of the number of strap hangers who daily loop the loop!*

* * *

*Those sirens have certainly horned in on us.*

* * *

*The ideal community is one where the neighbors are so busy listening in on the radio they have no time to listen in on your party phone.*

* * *

*The consumption of wool in the world is two pounds for each human being. This ought to be enough to pull over everybody's eyes.*

* * *

*They are talking now of subjecting motion picture censors to intelligence tests to ascertain if there is any minimum.*

* * *

*There are only 200 gorillas left in Africa. Should we run entirely out of them, however, someone will invent another human race—if the demand keeps up.*

* * *

*Thomas Hardy writes poetry at 85. Maybe if some of our American poets keep at it that long they will succeed.*

* * *

*"Should people be allowed to carry revolvers?" asks a contemporary. Possibly, but there might be an open and shut season, with a maximum of two murders.*

* * *

*A New York hotel has converted a part of one of its floors to accommodate men who are unusually tall. If they stay overnight, they will be short enough.*

* * *

*In India 22,000 people die every year from snake bites. Well, this is quicker than being run over by autos.*

* * *

*Those who know more than we do are always so much younger!*

* * *

*Anne Nichols says she doesn't think there is any such thing as uplifting the drama. She ought to see some of the shows we have seen this season.*

she still would not give. "Well, let us say, while I waited for the one I was to love."

"And now you'll be having him."

"Yes; now I shall have him." She leaned back, her gaze misty with bright future pictures. "Ah, dear one, I can see it. That lovely Cuba, all warm with the sun. Great fields of sugar cane; black slaves singing as they work. A stately Spanish house rising among the palm trees."

"And in it the man you are to love," he suggested.

"Yes, in it the one I love."

"I—I," he urged. "Oh, be saying it's I."

"You?" She ruffled his hair again in that maddening withholding. "But truly you are my Flying Mercury. The messenger of Olympus he was, bringing the gifts of the gods to us poor mortals. Oh, if you only knew what you bring to me!"

"No, no, it's you who bring to me."

"To me you are as one who opens a gate to let me out. Last night, when I saw you standing there alone, wearing those opals—"

"They led me to you," he declared. "It is you I was to save."

"Then that would make it fate?"

"It was our fate," he agreed, "that we should both love."

"Fate." She dreamed lusciously on the word. "We cannot be held responsible for what is fated. But now we must speak of the boat, for if we go it must be to-morrow night. The day after the baron leaves for Europe. Besides, he already suspects you."

"I'll have a boat ready by to-morrow night."

"I have seen many anchored in the lake as I drove out each day on this Shell Road. And I have heard of a captain, a faithful man with a swift schooner. His name is Manuel Sacappa, and he can be found at the Café Luziane, on the levee."

"I'll find him this evening," Dominick decided.

"Tell him to be ready to sail at midnight to-morrow, with a boat at the Spanish Fort waiting to take us to the vessel."

"You and I, at midnight—" Dominick paused in distaste. "But Cuba, now? There's that Yznaga, a friend of your husband, and they do be saying he's a great man in this Cuba."

"Yznaga?" A motion of her hand waved the man away. "I have good reasons for not fearing him."

Lengthening shadows in the canebrake told of passing time.

"Caro mio, I must go. The baron will suspect if I am late. In these hours to come I must be a model of wifely virtue."

"How can I let you go," Dominick cried, "to *him?*"

"It is the last sacrifice that I must fling on the altar of my real love. To-morrow night he goes to a farewell banquet in the city. And you will be at the side gate in the Tchoupitoulas Road at midnight."

THEY whispered long, hushing their words from even the wildness about them—intricate details of escape that thrilled him with excitement. For the first time he believed it. Already he could see her, cloaked and shrouded, stealing out through the night to join him. His uncontrollable murmur filled the place.

"My dear one."

This time she more than yielded. Her embrace brought a strange feeling as if he were being clipped about by some powerful super-cat. Her gaze fed on his face, and a puzzling word burst from her lips:

"Oh—I want to keep you, to keep you always."

Dominick's horse stamped and whinnied; they tore themselves apart; someone was near. He came straight toward them, an ugly, swart fellow, obviously Spanish, dressed in the baron's livery. Beatriz breathed relief. "It is only Antonio, my Cuban servant. He knows all and will go with us."

"But can he be trusted?" Dominick asked.

"Yes, for he loves my maid. It is escape for all four of us. Well, Antonio?"

"Madama, the baron rides down the road."

She screamed, with hands pressed to her throat. Even the dropping sun seemed to have taken a sickly cast; the place was yellowed over by stalking shadows of tragedy. "Go," Beatriz whispered. "If he finds you here—"

Dominick seized his horse's rein, but the Cuban spoke:

"Not by the road, señor. The baron is too near."

The Anse, with its scrub palmetto, offered no concealment. Besides the road there was only impassable swamp. Tearing saddle and bridle from the horse, Dominick turned it free. "It's now but a stray beast," he said as it cantered off to the limits of the knoll. "You, fellow, hide that saddle under those logs, and I—"

He stepped deliberately into one of those round pools, sinking instantly to his shoulders, then crouched his head among the shielding water hyacinths. "For you," he softly called, and her hand warned him to silence.

It was only voices that came to him in the moments after. Eulenberg spitting thick German; Beatriz Italian, coolly liquid.

"Ah, Rupprecht, I was waiting for you." An Austrian curse, then the woman's tones again. "You see, you generally turn up wherever I am."

"It is to meet a lover that you came here."

"Of course. I always meet my lovers in the presence of my servants—especially this Cuban whom you and Yznaga foisted on me to watch my actions."

MORE rumblings, unintelligibly threatening, as the man stamped about. The lily roots against Dominick's legs were horribly like snakes. Creeping things came toward him on the green hyacinth stems.

"Where is he?" Eulenberg roared.

The woman's answer had barbed laughter under it.

"I don't know—unless he is in that pool there. You might wade in and see."

"—his name?"

"Since you never let me see any other man, Rupprecht, mio caro, I think it must be that Señor Yznaga."

"Yznaga was with me all day, and I have just left him at his house . . . woman trick, seeking man friendship to break. It is that Irishman, whom you under my very nose described as Flying Mercury, you came to see."

"Well, I seem to have at last succeeded in making you jealous."

"You mean—"

"Foolish one, when will you learn to know me?"

A silence, torturing the listener with thronging pictures of reconciliation. Then Eulenberg again, coldly grim:

"All the same, my Beatriz, it will not be well for that Mercury."

And the woman, daring, with what one would have sworn to be a ring of very truth:

"Rupprecht, believe me, I do not care what you do to him."

They were gone long before Dominick dared to creep from that pool, squishing water with every step. His horse had taken its own way; he must shoulder the saddle and tramp it. The breeze brought shivers through his sodden clothes, the darkening swamp was dismal with rising mists.

What a woman, and how well she played her part! . . . His teeth chattered in feverish chill. Could it be that she played it rather too well? A rider was coming down the road, an unsaddled horse cantering beside him. He drew abrupt rein, peering down at the dripping Dominick.

"So it's you."

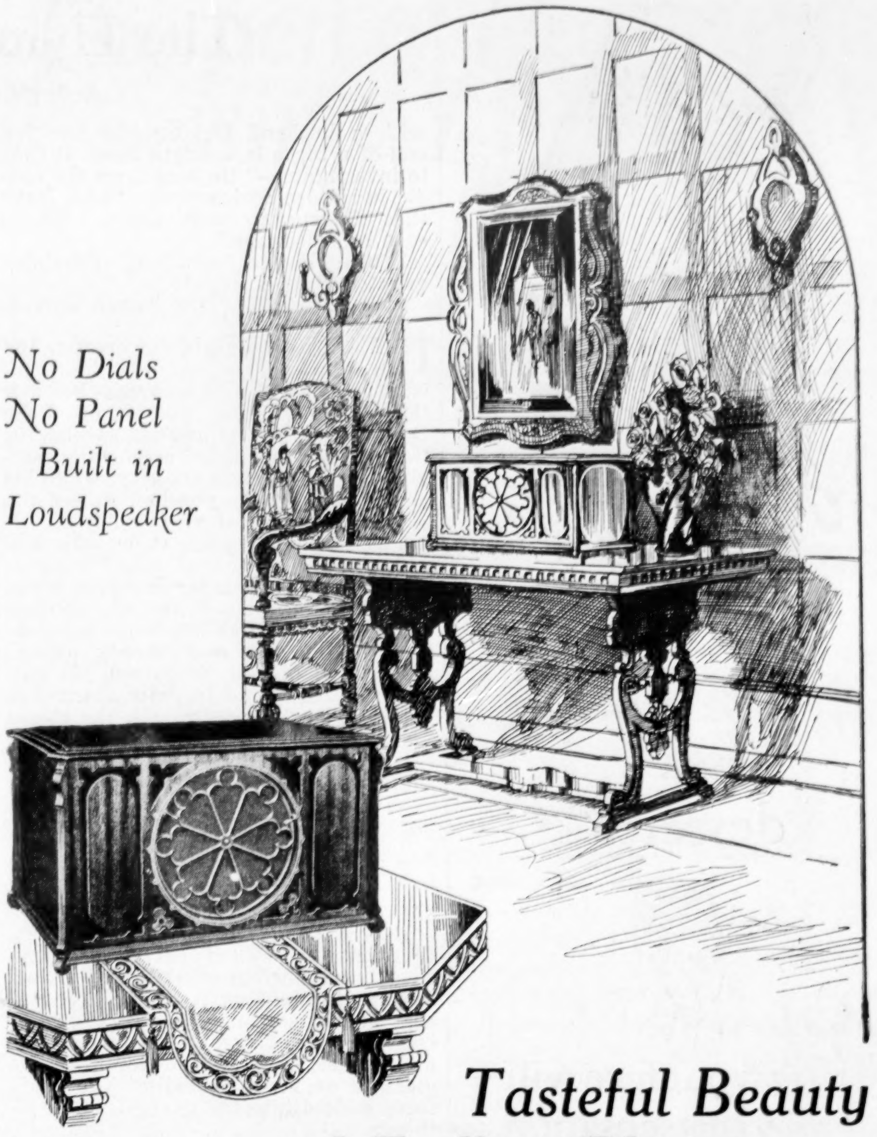
Dominick breathed relief. He knew this man—a Texan sitting his horse with the wide firmness of a rock. Under his beaked nose the mouth twitched to a grin.

"I knew it," he remarked. "Lad, you have a plumb talent for trouble."

"You came after me?" Dominick asked, and the other grinned again in hard-shelled humor.

"Well, when I find your pony running loose, and when I meet a gal in a coach

(*Continued on page 42*)



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(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

# The Flying Mercury

*Continued from page 41*

with a husband looking like the fag end of a tornado, I might think it time to investigate—" He bent from the saddle in sudden seriousness. "Lad, leave that European outfit alone. That's sure bad medicine."

"It's going to be worse," Dominick grunted, "for somebody."

"You've said it," the Texan agreed.

IT WAS a good night for escape, and the schooner was ready off the Spanish Fort. Then the dawn breeze bowling them through the passes of Lake Borgne, and sea wings all spread for Havana, the fat baron meanwhile hugging himself back in the city, while his wife, all imperious passion, waited the signal to join her Mercury's flight.

Those blessed opals, their luck was unfailing.

A narrow gate under drooping trees. It yielded at a touch and the doubled darkness inside was like some hot cavern, where wet and thorny things clutched at him as he passed. A galleried house loomed in paler shadow; a single light showed through the closed jalousies of a window.

He whistled softly, and the slatted shutters were softly opened. A white hand flashed jewels, there came a laughing gasp:

"My Dominick, is it you?"

Who else should it be? He laughed back, reaching for the hand. And then . . .

His first confused thought was "a thunderbolt." Then earthquake, cyclone, anything but what it really was. It came to him that it was a blow and that hands were upon him. The very bushes seemed to grow them, and arms, and bodies, and sudden torches that gleamed on white eyeballs while black faces melted into the general smear of things.

But not all were black. There was a slender, olive-colored fellow in a tropical foppery of white clothes, and another, grosser shape spouting guttural sounds.

From behind the jalousies had come one shrill scream. Now all was silent in there as he dazedly tore and fought. They were winding ropes about him and Eulenberg grunted in Austrian triumph:

"Tie him tightly. Then to the city back we him take. Zo, der fliegende Mergury, hein? This New Orleans in the morning shall a new statue ge-seeing be."

The man in white gestured to that silent window.

"But that will take you hours away. Will you then be leaving la señora unguarded?"

"Nein, my friendt. That task it is to you I am leaving."

It was all impossible, a nightmare; only the bite of those cords could convince Dominick of its reality. Eulenberg was a Tyrolese boar, rooting for luscious truffles of cruelty. Yznaga was an olive snake, bowing with too much suppleness as he made his answer:

"Believe me, I will guard your wife as no one else could ever do."

They were thrusting him into the coach, flinging him on its floor like a bound sheep! Niggers climbing to the box; the baron glowering monumentally in a corner! Then a straining start over the mud! Lurch, splash, bump, throwing him helplessly from side to side . . . a sort of cup and ball, which missed him every time. And Beatriz . . . left to be "guarded" by that serpent of a Cuban. Better that than what she would have to face with her husband's return.

Opals . . . lurch, splash, bump . . . luck . . . hell . . .

Those crawling miles back to the city seemed eternal. There were hints of June dawn as they lifted him like a log of wood. A building had a flagpole rising from its cornice. The baron gave an order:

"To the roof up."

God . . . what were they going to do to him? . . .

Black hands tearing the last vestige of clothing from him! Black fingers, leathery, curiously cold, roping his bare body to that flagpole! They swung him perilously out over the street, one leg trussed up behind him, poising him on one foot on the cornice in a horrid travesty of winged flight. Enlenberg's pig eyes roved over him as though taking a full meal of satisfaction.

"The coming down from Himmel one, hein? New Orleans enough of its Flying Mergury shall see."

They were gone, leaving him swaying at his rope's ends or the intolerable pain of a single strained foot. Streets greenly gray in the hour's emptiness, growing dimmer to eyes sick with height! If only his brain would relax its acid of torture. Beatriz . . . to what had he brought her? She had called on him to redeem, and he had only thrust her more deeply down. She had flung away everything for his sake—flung it away because, once she had seen him, she could not help but follow. . . . Now he hung here above the street like a side of beef in a butcher's stall, to make her and himself the city's laughingstock. . . .

Voices, but they were only in his own buzzing brain! It would be hours yet before anyone came.

Voices, and hands, but they could not be real, even though they seemed to be hauling him back by those ropes, lifting him in their arms and severing the biting cords. . . . One seemed to be that Aguirre fellow, and that alone proved it a dream. Of all in New Orleans he would be the last to come. The other was a Texan. . . . Soon he would wake again and find them only phantoms of his mind. . . . And now, blackness. He had time only for one choked word—"Save . . . save Beatriz . . ."

HE HAD known that he would wake again. The merciful darkness was passing, and he was struggling up through it to renewed pain. But—

Surely this was a bed, and he was lying on it—his own bed—with hands rubbing stinging, healing ointment all over him. Early light through green slats; the packed baggage which he had meant to pick up on their flight across the city! The Texan was somewhere about. And that really was Aguirre bandaging the rope's rawness on his ankles. With a wrenching effort, Dominick sat up.

"Mister Aguirre—you came?"

"Monsieur Ommara, I was tak that *liberté*, yes."

The fellow would be formal, though he fried on the coals of hell. But Dominick himself was past that.

"Considering the way I was treating you the other night—"

"Monsieur, that is another *affaire*, for which I wait the apology. But this"—he shrugged—"that baron not understan' this Louisiane. A duel, a private revenge, yes. But to mek of a white man an exposé to be laugh' at by those nigger—"

So that was it: nothing personal, but still— Dominick had just strength enough to deal his own pride a deserved kick.

"Mister Aguirre, I'll be making that apology now."

The ramrod bent in what was meant to be graciousness.

"Monsieur Ommara, it is accept'. And still yet I have feel responsib', since it was I who acquaint you with the lady."

The lady! An ebbing weakness came on Dominick and he sank flat again.

"Oh, God! Beatriz—what will become of her!"

A CURIOUS silence came, with two men exchanging glances of superior knowledge. Aguirre walked to the window. The Texan stood by the bed, with something of unexpressed humor under his pity.

"Lad, did you ever do any of that play-baby fox-hunting in your green wet blanket of an Ireland? Well, did you ever hear of a false scent to lead your hound dogs away from the real fox?"

This must be a joke, meant to tide him over a period of pain. But deep down in his racked body Dominick found a chill bubble of fear.

"You'll—you'll be meaning. . . ."

"You don't have to be afraid for the dame. That piece can look after herself. Whilst this baron man was having his fun with you in the city that gal up and vamooses it to Cuba with this Yznaga, in the boat that you chartered for 'em."

Pain, indeed—probably his heart was broken. Yet somehow it beat quietly on, and the ache was somewhere else. All over him it seemed as if his very skin were being peeled off. He could feel it coming away in strips, the skin of his young conceit.

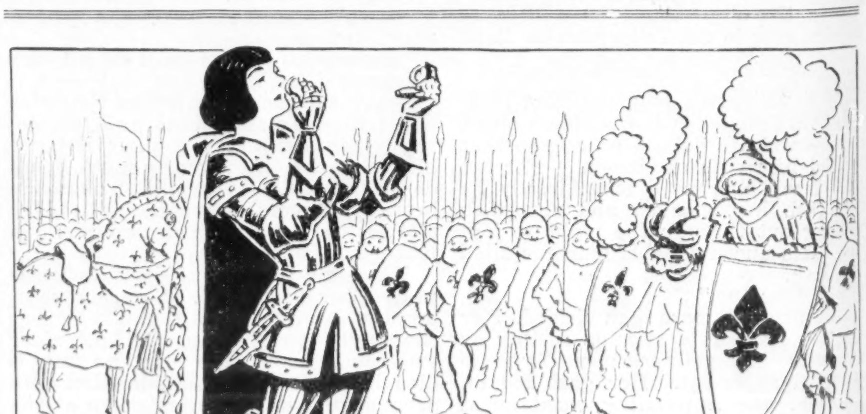
"Then . . . then . . ."

"Hang me for a dirty Mexican if it ain't true," the Texan exploded. "But she was playing you for the goat, lad, all along."

Much later Dominick, alone, reached for the pile of torn clothing that they had brought from the roof. From a pocket he drew the remaining opals. They glittered in his palm, milkily pale, innocent as the morning outside.

The opal string, come from a madman, trailing strange luck until they should be redeemed.

"A pretty fool I've been," he murmured, "all puffed up with 'redeeming.' But these—" He dropped them solemnly from one hand to the other. "These I'll pay to myself. For, by all that's holy, this time it was I was the one needing saving."



HISTORIC FACTS WE ARE SURE OF
*That Jeanne D'Arc didn't powder her nose*

# CATCHING UP with the WORLD

### *By* EDWIN E. SLOSSON

*Director "Science Service"*

## Making Science Out of Poetry

And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks,
Touching with dazzled lips her star-light hand.

WHAT did these lines from Keats make you see? Or feel? This is the picture they aroused in the mind of a Wyoming college girl:

"Vague image of a dark form sinking to its knees. Then a feeling of light on the lips which burn, and visual picture of a white bright hand. I actually seem to touch light with my lips. Throughout there is a feeling of visual dazzle, localized on the lips."

The student who wrote that answer was one of twelve in the universities of Chicago and Wyoming who were the subjects of experiments by Dr. June E. Downey.

This couplet from Poe was used also in the tests:

[Who] sees the darkness coming as a cloud—
Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud?

Of it another of the "subjects" reported:

"The image of a heavy storm approaching — indicated by the still, dark day and by the black clouds in the sky. Auditory images of roaring wind far off and of loud claps of thunder. The thunder is so vivid that I actually blinked my eyes."

In the following fragment Shelley attempts to appeal to five senses at once, to the eye, the ear, the nose, the tongue and the touch:

And the hyacinth purple and white and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft and intense,
It was felt like an odor within the sense.

How many hits did the poet score in your case out of his possible five? The passage aroused olfactory sensations, as well as visual and auditory, in nine of the twelve students.

The gustatory sense is closely allied to that of smell, but is harder to reach by words. The most tasty passage of those used in the tests was the following from Keats:

Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breath'd from sacred hills,
Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick.

And no wonder, for Keats piles it on thick; nine words of taste and smell in four lines. This was rated as one of the most "unpleasant" of 113 passages of poetry used in the investigation.

The passage most effective in stimulating auditory sensations was this from Keats:

Where their own groans
They felt but heard not for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse.

Keats set the students shivering with these lines:

Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
Shew cold through watery pinions.

And finally, Keats scores again in this passage, which made three fourths of the students sleepy:

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.

These are the opening lines of the "Ode to a Nightingale," and Keats is apparently using the same method of suggestion to put us in a drowsy state as does the hypnotist.

## Motor Fuel From Sunflowers

THE common sunflower may be pressed into service to provide fuel for the automobiles of the world, in time, as a result of disclosures made by experts who, at the order of the British Government, sought a source of a substitute for gasoline.

The seekers reported that the sunflower (the so-called Jerusalem artichoke) was a thrifty plant, grew like a weed, was remarkably free from fungous diseases and insect pests, did not need to be replanted when once started, in fact was hard to root out and yielded from ten to twenty tons per acre of tubers edible by man and beast.

Now England seeks not food but power. She cannot afford to grow grain for alcohol since she has to import most of her breadstuffs now. Some root or tuber crop is the only source in sight, and the choice lies among potatoes, mangels and artichokes.

The last named seems to be the most promising. It is figured out that a ton of the tubers when fermented will afford from 15 to 25 gallons of 95 per cent alcohol. Besides the alcohol there are some by-products that may prove profitable.

The Royal Naval Cordite Factory is anxious to get a home-grown supply of acetone and butyl alcohol, for solvents in the manufacture of high explosives. So the cordite people have been experimenting with artichokes, and they find that while the yeast plant is fermenting the pulp into common alcohol, the butyl bacillus may be at work manufacturing the desired solvents.

By inoculating the mash with both the "bugs" at once they get a liquor that consists of 70 per cent of ethyl alcohol (the common, all too common kind), 10 per cent of acetone and 20 per cent of butyl alcohol. They further figure on getting something out of the dried artichoke stalks.

Our government is also investigating the possibilities of the plant, but from another angle. The Bureau of Standards has recently worked out a practicable method of preparing from the tubers a kind of sugar new to the market, levulose.

Since this is 50 per cent sweeter than common sugar, two pounds will take the place of three in our coffee or in our jelly. And since more sugar can be obtained from an acre than from beets or cane in this country, the so-called Jerusalem artichokes may come to be classed among our most useful crops.

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NEARLY every President since Lincoln has been the happy user of a John Holland Fountain Pen! Great men and great pens! Truly the Jewel, John Holland's newest, is a pen with a heritage. It's the scion of worthy stock—a direct descendant of America's first fountain pen, made by John Holland, back in the sixties!

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Watch Out for Film

*That's where pyorrhea and tooth troubles frequently start, now say authorities*

Run your tongue across your teeth; you can feel film if you have it. Now combat it without harsh grit—*the new way.*

DO you want whiter teeth? Do you want healthier teeth, teeth that are better protected from film-caused troubles? There is a new way—a way urged by leading dentists throughout the world.

Now, as a world-wide hygienic movement, a 10-day test is offered free. Send the coupon. See for yourself the amazing benefits it offers.

*That dangerous film—how it fosters most tooth troubles—what to do to make dull and dingy teeth prettier, whiter*

Look at your teeth. If dull, cloudy, run your tongue across them. You will feel a film.

That's a potential danger sign. If the dentifrice you're now using doesn't combat that film successfully, it's failing in its duty.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid starts decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

*Now new methods control it*

Many tooth pastes do not cope with it adequately. Gritty substances were discarded as dangerous to enamel. Numerous methods have been tested and found wanting.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants and embodied them in the modern tooth paste called Pepsodent.

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# Billie the Kid

*Continued from page 11*

for the thickets which bordered the bank of the Bonita River, about fifty yards in the rear. The kitchen door was thrown open and, shouting the battle cry of freedom, Billie and his smoke-begrimed followers rushed forth.

Of course there was a fight. Just as Billie came into the open he put a bullet through the head of an opponent named Beckwith, who, as he fell, retaliated by administering a death shot to Lawyer McSween, and then, in the general mêlée, five others were killed. One of these was a deputy belonging to the Turner posse, one was an adherent of Billie's by the name of Morris, while the remaining three were Mexican friends of his from the Chaves camp who had rushed down from the hotel to participate in the fun.

A week later, with his gang intact, except for the loss of Morris, and with a new headquarters established in a camp near Fort Stanton, only a few miles from Lincoln, Billie was again in active operation, and for a month or two amused himself by going back to his former profession as a gambler.

In accordance with its usual fall custom, the government had entered into a contract with a number of Mexicans to "put up" several hundred tons of hay for winter use, at $25 per ton, and the opportunity thus afforded of taking this handsome pay roll away from the laborers was one that Billie could not resist. As the work proceeded he stayed right with the hay camps, and every night, beneath the faint illumination of a smoky kerosene lantern, he dealt his game of monte.

When the first contract was complete Billie the Kid had all the money that the Mexicans had earned, but, rather than see such a delightful situation come to an untimely end, he arranged for a new deal all around. One night when nobody was looking he rode to the fort, touched a match to the haystacks, and watched them burn to the last straw. The next morning the quartermaster let a new contract. This time, because it was late in the season, the price was $50, and thus, because of his original genius, did the young hero reap a double reward.

Prosperity, however, seems to have disturbed the Kid's judgment, because when he had finally reached the point where he could have settled down to enjoy the fruit of his endeavors he committed the serious blunder of stealing from the wrong man.

Claiming that old John Chisum owed him a considerable sum for having fought for him during the Lincoln County war, Billie went to that venerable monarch's domain, near Roswell, and helped himself to 116 head of fat beef steers. This was too much for the old man to stand, and he at once became elaborately in earnest in his demand that the authorities of New Mexico do something to rid the territory of such an unmitigated scalawag as the Kid was now proving himself to be.

This was a sad blow to Billie. With Chisum against him, he now had no influential friend, and he found himself forced to avoid the towns and the gaudy pleasures thereof and spend most of his time on the range. For this reason a permanent fortified camp was established at Portales Lake, from which business was conducted as usual. The Texas raids were kept up, and occasionally the boys, clandestinely of course and for purposes of conviviality and courtship, would spend an evening in Fort Sumner. On one of these pleasure excursions Billie added a picturesque notch to the growing collection on the butt of his gun when he accepted the invitation of a foolish stranger to "shoot for the drinks." Billie won, and the stranger was buried.

As a prelude to the beginning of the pursuit which eventually terminated in his downfall, Billie and his followers, on November 23, 1880, which was the Kid's birthday, went into the town of White Oaks and pulled a party. White Oaks at that time was a hurrah mining camp: a newly established community which was suffering from the exhilarating effects of a gold boom and hence was a delightful place in which to have a lurid time.

Billie and his gang had one, and as they were leaving, in the nature of a farewell offering, Billie took a friendly shot at a deputy sheriff by the name of Jim Woodland. This shot wasn't intended to do anything more than make Mr. Woodland jump, but in so far as the effect that it had on Billie the Kid was concerned it was, in reality, the one shot that was heard around the world. Woodland was not an individual who was going to allow himself to be made a target of for the amusement of anybody, not even the Kid, so he lost no time in seeing to it that a posse was organized to go in pursuit of our hero.

This posse, under the leadership of Will Hudgens and Jim Carlyle, set out at once, ran into the gang the next morning at Coyote Springs, and shots were immediately exchanged. The Kid and his men were caught at a disadvantage. They hadn't thought that their innocent revelry of the night before was worthy of any demonstration at arms and so were not at all prepared for battle. Their horses were unsaddled and unbridled, and after the first fire the whole party, with the exception of the leader, broke for cover on foot like a bunch of quail.

The Kid jumped on his horse, bareback, and attempted to run for it, but as his mount was shot under him he also took to the timber and managed to escape. Not having made any captures or caused any damage, the posse, taking Billie's saddle and gloves along as souvenirs of the expedition, returned immediately to White Oaks, and that very night Billie himself followed them into the town. He stole his saddle back, hypothecated a horse to put it on, and the next morning rejoined his command and led them to the Greathouse road ranch, forty miles from White Oaks.

The Kid's impudence, however, in revisiting White Oaks, almost simultaneously with his pursuers, was not to be forgiven and so the posse again took the road. The gang was trailed to the road ranch and the place surrounded. A parley ensued which resulted in Jim Greathouse, the owner of the place, giving himself up as hostage to the posse, while Jim Carlyle went inside to have a talk with the Kid on the delicate subject of placing him under arrest. This subject, though, was never discussed because sticking out of Carlyle's pocket were the gloves that the Kid had lost a few days before, and no sooner did the young man spy them than he shouted, "What the hell are you doing with my gloves? Come on over here and take your last drink on earth."

Carlyle obeyed. In fact, because the Kid probably had not the slightest intention of killing the man, he was induced to take a number of "last" drinks until finally the whole crowd began to sing and dance and enjoy themselves. In the meantime the minutes had been flying, and when the time limit for the truce was up—it having been agreed that Greathouse would be killed in case Carlyle failed to return at a certain hour—a shot was fired outside of the house. Hearing this report, Carlyle thought that Greathouse had certainly been executed, and not doubting that his turn would come next he made a dash for the window and jumped through it.

As Carlyle ran the Kid knocked him down with a bullet and, as he attempted to crawl away through the snow, he finished him with a second one. The whole thing, though, had been a sad mistake. Some member of the posse had merely taken a random shot at the house, just to liven things up a bit, and had succeeded to such an extent that Carlyle was killed, while Greathouse had escaped payment of the ultimate penalty by slipping away in the dark.

A few days later, and with the people of a place called Anton Chico still highly indignant over the loss of its best saddle animals, stolen by the Kid and his gang, Pat Garret, the new sheriff of Lincoln County, arrived and brought joy to the hearts of the natives by announcing that it was his purpose to organize a posse and go in pursuit of Billie and his gang.

Knowing that the Kid couldn't, for reasons already stated, remain long away from the place, Garret led his army, which now numbered thirteen fighting men, down to Fort Sumner, where he was at once informed that the gang was in the neighborhood and that its headquarters were usually made at an abandoned hospital building. Garret immediately decided to camp on that very spot and, with a luck that followed him through a good many years of later service, he was rewarded on the very first night of his vigil.

At about eleven o'clock Lon Chambers, who was on guard, came in and broke up an interesting poker game by announcing that the Kid and his men had ridden in at the gate. Instantly everybody grabbed a rifle and ran into the yard, and as they did so Tom O'Phalliard rode around the corner of the house.

"Throw up your hands," yelled Garret. O'Phalliard's reply was to reach for his gun, and instantly two shots were fired. O'Phalliard fell from his horse, mortally wounded, both bullets having pierced his chest, while the Kid and the rest of his men wheeled and dashed away through the night.

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There was no pursuit; the poker game was resumed; the wounded man, lying on the floor in the corner, cursed Pat Garret with his last breath and died, and before morning a heavy snowfall had completely obliterated the trail of the bandits. There was nothing to do now but wait for news, and again Garret's patience was rewarded. Late in the afternoon a rancher named Wilcox rode in with the word that the Kid and his men had made camp at a rock house near the Stinking Spring, and at once the sheriff was on the move.

Riding hard, Garret and his men reached the rock house shortly before day and, leaving their horses concealed in an arroyo, crawled up within about thirty feet of the door and awaited developments. They came quickly. Just after daylight Charlie Bowdre stepped out with a feed bag in his hand. In response to Garret's order to throw up his hands he very foolishly repeated O'Phalliard's motion of the night before. Garret and Lee Hall fired instantly. Both shots hit Bowdre in the chest, and when the wounded man ran back into the house the members of the posse distinctly heard the Kid say: "Charlie, you are done for. Go out and see if you can't get one of them for yourself before you die." Bowdre made the effort, coming back with his pistol in his hand, but before he could fire he fell over dead.

After this it was a matter of siege, and just at nightfall the Kid, realizing that he had no chance, agreed to surrender provided Garret would guarantee not to shoot him and his men as they walked out. The sheriff gave his word and, with their hands above their heads, the gang came forth single file and allowed themselves to be disarmed and handcuffed.

The next morning Sheriff Garret, with his posse and prisoners, and carrying the body of Charlie Bowdre with him, returned to Fort Sumner.

Following this capture, Billie the Kid, heavily adorned with the jewelry of the period, was taken first to Santa Fe and then to Mesilla, where he was at once put on trial for the killing of Roberts in the battle at Blazer's sawmill. This trial resulted in an acquittal, but as the indictment in this case was only one of many that were in stock against the young bandit, another was produced charging him with having willfully murdered Sheriff Brady. On this count he was convicted and sentenced to be hanged in the courthouse yard at Lincoln on the 13th of May, 1881.

Two or three weeks in advance of the date set for his execution Billie, guarded by Bob Ollinger and Dave Wall, was taken to Lincoln. As the regular jail had on previous occasions proved to be entirely unsuited to a man of his merits, the Kid was confined in a specially fitted apartment on the second floor of the courthouse. Here, for a week or two, wearing handcuffs and leg irons, Billie spent a more or less pleasant time with his guards, and then, on April 28th, Sheriff Garret dropped in to make the pleasant announcement that he was off to White Oaks to procure timbers with which to construct a scaffold, and to instruct the guards to keep a close watch on the prisoner during his absence.

In reply to these instructions, Ollinger stepped to a closet in the room, took from it a double-barreled shotgun and, looking at the Kid, said: "There are eighteen buckshot in each barrel, and I guess, Sheriff, that the man who gets 'em will feel it." The Kid hadn't been invited into the conversation; nevertheless he entered it, saying, with a smile: "Better look out, Bob; you may be the one to get 'em yourself."

And Ollinger did "get 'em."

At five o'clock that afternoon, leaving Wall on guard, Ollinger went across the street for his supper. No sooner was he well out of the way than Billie, who had been starving himself so that he might do so, slipped his left hand from his cuff and, leaping at Wall, who was carelessly reading a paper, brought his right hand with its weight of attached steel savagely down over his head. Wall threw up his hands to guard himself from a second blow and at the same time jumped from his chair for the door. As he did this the Kid snatched the pistol from the guard's holster and shot him dead at the head of the stairway. Wall's body rolled to the bottom of the stairway and fell against an old German named Geiss, who had stopped to see what the racket was about. The frightened citizen at once stampeded and ran to the middle of the street, where he stopped and began to yell, "Wall has killed the Kid! Wall has killed the Kid!"

Hearing this announcement, Ollinger, who had rushed from the supper table at the sound of the shot and was making a run for the courthouse, subsided to a walk. As he passed beneath the Kid's window he heard someone call out, "Hello, Bob." He looked up, and as he did so he received eighteen of his own buckshot squarely in his heart.

With both guards thus permanently disposed of, the Kid called to the German to bring him a file. This was done, and then, after cutting the chain that held his legs together, the happy youth armed himself with two pistols and a rifle, strapped on two belts of cartridges, and descended to the street prepared to meet all comers. When no opposition appeared he again pressed the old German into service; ordered that the county clerk's black horse be brought to him and, after being once bucked off because of his extraordinary equipment, mounted and rode away. As he topped the rise going out of the town the Kid stopped, turned in his saddle, waved his rifle at the assembled crowd and called back to them, "Three cheers for Billie the Kid."

Following this spectacular get-away, the Kid, with characteristic bravado, and stopping only once for the purpose of stealing a fresh horse, rode straight into the arms of his lady love at Fort Sumner, where, hiding either in the town or in near-by sheep camps with Mexican friends, he remained for two months.

Finally, however, in the first week in July Garret received a letter from a man named Brazil telling him that the Kid was visiting his sweetheart with loverlike regularity and that he could be located nearly any night. Garret immediately replied to this letter by telling Brazil to meet him at a designated point outside of Fort Sumner on the afternoon of the 13th, and, accompanied by John W. Poe and Kip McKinney, the sheriff repaired to the rendezvous.

The night of the 13th was one of tiresome waiting. Brazil failed to show up and, although Poe rode into Fort Sumner and cautiously scouted around for news, the next day was also fruitlessly spent. No clue to the Kid's whereabouts could be obtained; so at about ten o'clock Sheriff Garret decided to ride into the town, with his two deputies, and do some investigating.

Leaving their horses concealed in an orchard, the trio of officers went on foot through the deserted street to the home of Pete Maxwell, a wealthy cattleman and a friend of both Garret's and the Kid's, where the sheriff hoped to learn something definite. When the house was reached Garret told his deputies to wait on the porch and, as the door to Maxwell's bedroom was open, he walked in without knocking. Maxwell was asleep, and after waking him Garret sat down on the edge of the bed to have a talk. Naturally the conversation was about the Kid and, strange to say, right in the middle of it that young man walked into the room.

Having finished his courting for the evening Billie the Kid had come up the back way to the room he occupied at the rear of the Maxwell home and, slipping off his shoes and stockings, he read a paper and asked a Mexican servant to prepare some supper. Upon being told that there was no meat in the place, the Kid picked up a butcher knife with which to cut off a piece, and went around to Maxwell's rooms after it. As he stepped up on the porch he saw the figures of the two deputies and drawing his pistol he asked in Spanish, "Who is it, who is it?"

The men, who had no idea that it was the Kid himself, made no reply and, going on inside, Billie said to Maxwell, "Pete, who are those fellows?" Maxwell made no reply either, but Garret recognized the voice and drew his gun. Just as the Kid stepped into a streak of moonlight which came in through a window the sheriff fired. Billie the Kid dropped to the floor, and the sheriff fired again. This time, either because Garret was badly frightened himself or because the gun went off accidentally, the bullet went wide, and, jumping over the body on the floor, the sheriff and Maxwell ran out on the porch.

A few minutes of intense silence intervened. Then, as no sounds, not even the gasping of a wounded man, could be heard, a lamp was procured and the four men went cautiously into the room.

Stretched out on the floor, barefoot and shot squarely through the heart, lay the body of Billie the Kid. By his right hand was a .41-caliber pistol and clutched in his left was a butcher knife.

*"The Brave and Untrue," another story in Mr. White's series about yesterday's gun fighters will appear in next week's issue*

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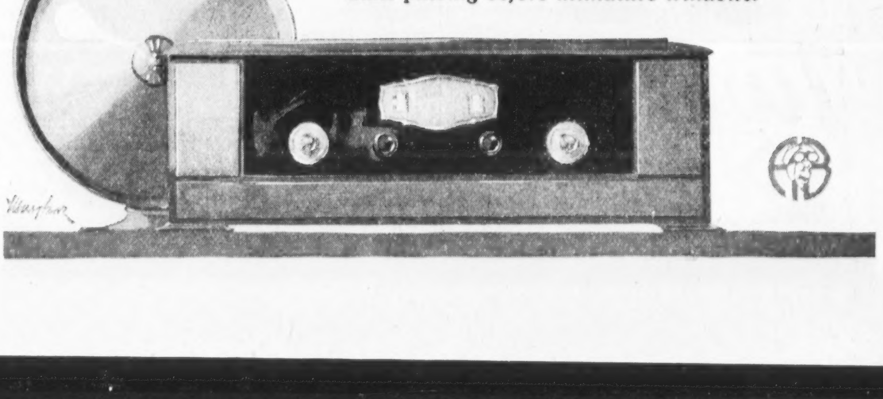

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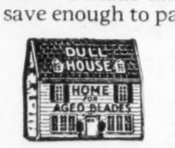

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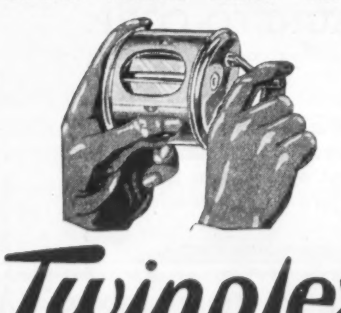

*Twinplex Stroppers*

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

# The Swede Woman

*Continued from page 6*

She smiled, displaying strong, white teeth. Yes, she liked it.

"Ain't you scared to stay alone up here on the ridge?"

"Scared? Me?" She showed him her arms, strong and red as a man's. "No. I ain't scared."

A wind blew in from the sea, a wind fresh and sharp, flavored with salt and the odor of kelp, a wind buoyant, boisterous, playful. The clean, wet clothes flapped on the lines, and the woman's gingham dress whipped about her, making a crackling sound. Cloud shadows raced across the earth. The sun came in fitful flashes, warm, promising. Tim Carty whistled as he blanketed the horse. He was sick for companionship.

And here was a woman who was not afraid to smile at him.

She pinned the last of the curtains to the line and went indoors. Tim had the lawn to do. Reluctantly he went to the front of the house and worked until noon, cutting up one side of the thick stand of clover, down the other. Then he raked the fragrant tips and heavy, creamy-white blossoms into a heap, stuffed a bag full and carried it back to the horse. "There's some clover for you," he said. "Eat your belly full, doggone you!"

His own lunch consisted of a bottle of milk and half a dozen homemade doughnuts. He sat down with his back against the garden wall, his eyes watchful and eager.

The kitchen door opened, and the woman came over to where Tim Carty was sitting.

She was a tall woman, big, awkward, lumbering. She made you think of a tree in motion. She had high cheekbones, a flat nose, eyes the color of the sky or of those flowers known as gentian, which grow in the meadows in the early spring. "I have somet'ing for you," she explained.

Tim Carty followed her into the kitchen. She had spread the table, and cups and saucers were placed neatly, a folded napkin, a tin coffee pot, a plate of bread and a plate of butter, jam, cold meat. "I ain't got much. Yust for myself."

"Guess I'd better wash my hands."

"That ain't matter."

Tim Carty sat down, brushing off his knees, smacking his hands together. While he ate, the woman watched him.

"What's your name?"

"Randa."

"That's a Swede name, ain't it?"

"Norwegian. Where you from?"

"Me? Ireland."

"You goin' back some time?"

He shook his head. "This place is good enough for me," he said, with an expansive gesture. "I got a house of my own. Built it for myself."

"A house?" The woman's face grew faintly wistful. "Gosh. I like to have my own house." She put her arms akimbo on the table and leaned toward Tim Carty. "I always work hard for other people. All my life. I ain't got nothing of my own."

Suddenly Tim Carty became troubled and shy. He gulped down the remainder of the coffee, pushed back his chair, and got up. "Guess I'll get to work. Gets dark early, these days."

THERE began a period of wooing. Every Thursday Tim Carty's wagon turned into the garden on the ridge. The great woman, strong and impassive and golden, with her frank eyes and her slow smile, was sometimes there, working in the kitchen. But more often she would be away at the beach with the children, tending them while they splashed and waded, two young demons in scarlet suits, among the shallow pools left by the receding tide.

One day he showed her the ring.

She had come out with a handful of sugar for the horse.

"Nice horse you got," she said, and, leaning forward, pursed up her lips and kissed the animal's nose. She was a kissing woman. She kissed everything—babies, dolls, puppies, flowers. The idea that she might some day kiss him made Tim Carty burn from throat to forehead. His ears grew scarlet. He dared, magnificently. Fumbling at the leather case, he drew out the ring and held it in the palm of his hand. His hands were tough as alligator hide, criscrossed with wrinkles, burnt and stained.

"Say. Lookit here! Ain't this purty?"

"Ya."

Her eyes grew big. Brushing her straight, wind-blown hair back from her forehead, she leaned down to look at the miraculous token, but she did not claim it for herself. She was very strong and very humble.

"Ya," she said. "Fine! Oh, ya. Wonderful! Ain't it?"

TIM CARTY did not speak, then, because, by some reversal of principle, remote, primitive, he was in turn humbled by her humility. But he went away dejected. At Jim Weare's store that afternoon Reg Stivers spoke of her.

"Good-lookin' Swede woman up to Dixon's place," he said.

The other men, grouped around the stove by force of habit, or lounging on what Jim Weare called his "shoe bench," laughed because Reg Stivers had spoken. They expected a humorous comment.

"Depends," Reg Stivers said, "on whether you like 'em fat or lean. Nowadays you can't always tell who's a woman and who ain't. Same, back and front. Can't tell 'em goin' or comin'. But this Swede! Whew! Golly! Say, there ain't a mite of doubt—"

Tim Carty moved forward, with a curious, lunging motion. The men paid no attention to him. They were accustomed to his ugly, shy presence. Only when he spoke they all turned their heads, startled, and Jim Weare, from his point of vantage behind the counter, scratched the tip of his nose and grinned.

"Leave her alone," Tim said. He choked on the words. "She ain't none of your business!"

Reg Stivers shifted his position. "Well, now, look who's here! The sheik in lamb's clothing!"

The men laughed immoderately. Jim Weare, alone, was sobered. He saw, perhaps, the flash of insane ugliness and temper in Tim Carty's eyes. He said quietly: "There now, Reg. Tim's right. I'd go easy if I were you."

Reg Stivers laughed the short, irritating laugh of his particular kind. "Aimin' to marry her, are you, Tim? Courtin' her?" He slapped his knees. "Why, gol-durn it, you couldn't git her inside that house of yourn—it 'ud burst!"

Tim Carty struck, and Reg Stivers, after one surprised, dizzy look, pitched forward, flat on his face.

The other men drew back.

"Guess you'd better git out," Jim Weare said, after a pause.

"Yes, sir."

Instinctively responding to the quiet voice of authority, Tim Carty moved away, regained his wagon and drove through the gathering dusk. He was breathing fast. His heart suffocated him. In the back of his mind, dimmed by the incoherent rage that had seized upon him, an idea persisted. Once before he had half killed a man for laughing at him. And for that they had shut him away from the sweet earth.

He unharnessed the horse and bedded the animal down for the night. Then he went back to the house and sat in the doorway. Twilight was fading into darkness; here and there fireflies pulsed. Soon the bushes and trees would be a flickering mass of these wan little torches. Tim Carty could smell the upturned earth in the patch he had been working, the patch he had intended to plant with flowers.

A car turned out of the highway, zigzagged across the meadowland and began the steep, rough climb to the ridge. Tim got up, licking his lips, and stepped back into the house. There he changed his mind. When the car turned in at the gate and bumped toward him he went forward to meet whoever it was.

A voice spoke from behind the headlights. "That you, Tim?"

And Jim Weare alighted, looking around curiously.

"Thought I'd find you," he said.

Tim Carty braced himself. Jim Weare was sheriff as well as storekeeper; more than once Tim had seen the star pinned on the lean old fellow's vest, over his heart.

"Yes, sir," Tim said.

"You shore hit that critter hard," Jim remarked.

The big man said nothing, and Jim Weare, sauntering toward the house, said quietly, "I'd watch out for him if I were you, Tim. He's ugly. And you didn't give him any warning."

"He ain't dead?" Tim demanded in a strangled voice.

"Dead? No! He wa'n't knocked out. Only scared half to death."

He paused, his hand on the lintel of Tim Carty's door.

"This place belong to you, Tim?"

"I found it."

"Old man Beale's son has been paying the taxes on it," the storekeeper said. "Does he know you're here?"

"I been here five years. Anybody could've seen me. It ain't a secret."

"Well, I daresay you can buy the place if you want to. Beale'd be glad to sell."

"I've spent seven hundred dollars, all told. The pump's mine, and the stove and most of the lumber."

Jim Weare approached the car, which had all this time been kicking and shivering, and climbed in behind the wheel. "Well," he said dryly, "I'd see to it if I were you. Reg Stivers won't stop at much. Thought I'd speak to you, anyway. . . ."

THE story of Tim Carty's blow, and the reason for it, his chivalrous defense of the "big Swede" up at the Dixon place, went the rounds.

Randa heard the story from the children.

"I won't tell what I know about *you!* Shamy-cat! Shamy-cat!"

"You tell Randa, sweetheart."

And then the breathless recital, garbled and dramatized, after the manner of children. The big woman burned with shame, because she knew that behind the criscrossing of small fingers, the artless prattle of the innocent ones, there must be some truth. That night, when the dishes were done, the children in bed, the kitchen mopped, she approached Mrs. Dixon.

"I like to go out," she said. "Please."

"Of course, Randa."

She knew where Tim Carty lived because more than once he had pointed out to her the small stand of buildings which he claimed as his own. To reach them she could not follow the backbone of the ridge, since between the Dixon place and the old Beale farm there were five miles of scrub growth, a tangle of bayberry, wild rose, hemlock, sumac and giant goldenrod. She took the highroad. The village, scattered lights and paved paths, lay behind her, below.

When she found his house she went straight to the door, heedless of Bo's rush of investigation and challenge. Tim Carty looked up and saw her standing there on the sill.

"I come to find out. You hit a man?"

Tim Carty grinned. He was sheepish, delighted.

"Sure I did! Think I'm goin' to let any man talk about you?"

Her eyes lighted. "You like me, Tim?"

"Sure I do."

Suddenly his hand fell on her shoulder. And at that moment Tim Carty was not an ugly fellow.

"I like you a lot. I'd like you to stay here and be my wife."

"Ya?"

"Come in."

She stepped into the room, and Bo, who had been snuffling restlessly outside, followed, flopping down on the floor and sighing, his eyes fixed on this newcomer. She seemed to bring with

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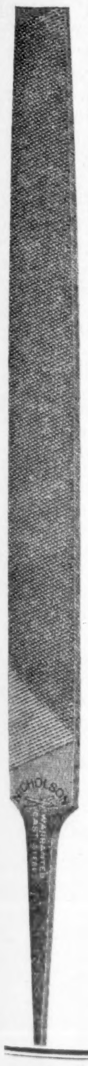

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her a certain radiance. The light fell on her hair, her white dress. She stood there, silent, looking at everything. She saw herself putting the place to rights, scrubbing and polishing. She saw herself home at last. The two of them, big, slow, strong, stood a little apart, shaken by the happiness that had come to them.

"Sure, I'll marry you," she said.

"To-morrow?"

"Ya."

"You ain't afraid?"

"Who? Me? I ain't afraid of anything."

Tim Carty said: "We'll live here and farm. What do you think?"

"Good."

Before she left, he offered her the ring, but it was too small for her fingers. She giggled. It was too fine for her, she said. "No—no!"

But she promised to come in the morning. They would drive to Berwick and be married. "Ya."

IN THE morning, before sunup, Tim Carty rose and dressed. He trimmed his stiff, red hair, hacking it off with a penknife. He shaved. He squeezed his neck into a starched, upstanding collar with wings, but decided that a gold button of a certain size and brilliancy was more becoming than a cravat.

She came just at dawn, climbing the hill with the easy strides of one who is not made breathless by obstacles. She wore a white dress and a queer hat made of white straw and trimmed with red pansies. She carried cotton gloves. But there was a glory in her face that was not the light of the rising sun. She breathed deeply, and once she put her hands over her heart in a simple gesture of fulfillment.

All she said, when she saw Tim Carty, was " 'Allo!"

They were both shy, inarticulate.

Tim Carty touched the sleeve of her dress. "My, you look fine."

"I come early. Mrs. Dixon let me off to-day. To-morrow I go back."

"No, you don't!"

"She need me."

"You stay right here," he said. "Now you're my wife. I ain't lettin' my wife work for anybody but me."

A great sigh shook the woman. She seemed to accept the miracle of his possession gratefully, as if she quenched a thirst, or as if she warmed herself at a fire. She said, "Ya. I come."

"Maybe I ought to tell you," he said. "I been to jail."

"What for?"

"I hit a man that laughed at me."

"Ya. I know."

Triumph, release, the certainty of absolution, flooded Tim's consciousness, blinded him. He went toward her. "It's all right?"

"Sure it's all right."

"I'll be good to you."

"Ya. I know. You're a good man."

"I'm your man."

"That's so."

She began to smooth her hair, unpin her skirt, adjust the queer bridal hat. "When we come back, I'll scrub the floor. Make everything fine. Clean! What you want for dinner?"

"I got a chicken. How about a chicken?"

The sun was up now. Golden light fell across the threshold. They went out to the wagon together, and Tim assisted her to the place beside him.

"I'll give you the ring when we get to Berwick," he said; licked his lips.

"What ring?"

"The one I showed you."

"I don't want no ring," she said patiently. "You keep it. Maybe some day—"

Her voice trailed off, and again she pressed her hands against her heart, drawing a deep breath. "Ain't it wonderful? Here we got each other. We're strong. And young. Both of us. We got this place." Her voice deepened a note, became warm and vibrant. "Home! All my life I wanted a home."

BUT Tim Carty was looking beyond, to the road. A car had come up the "toboggan" hill. It turned with a jerk and a grinding of brakes, backed halfway across the road and stopped in front of Tim Carty's gate. A man leaped out and hurried toward them, tossing a lighted cigarette into the grass. He was a fat man with prominent eyes and a white, loose skin. He took short steps, a sort of angry running. And as he ran he waved his arms.

"Get away, you! *Shoo!* Call your dog off, will you?"

"Here, Bo! You come here, doggone you, and behave yourself. Lie down!"

"You Timothy Carty?"

"That's my name."

"Well, my name's Beale. I'm from Boston. Guess you've heard of me. Eh?"

A cold feeling passed across the roof of Tim Carty's mouth. He said, "No. Don't know as I have."

"Well, I own this place."

He came a step closer and stared up at them, his fat face puckered with anger. "How long you been squatting here, I'd like to know? I pay taxes on this property. It's mine! That's what it is. And here you come along and act as if it was yours. Well, it ain't. And I'm giving you fair warning! You can get off to-day, or I'll have you put off."

Tim Carty sat like a stone. The rigid grin of his bridal had given way to a look of age and defeat. He was very old, as he sat there, the reins slack in his hands, his mouth half open. He was as old as defeat and ignorance.

"That so?" he said.

"Yes, that's so. I've a good mind to have you arrested, anyway. I could make you pay. I'd never have known you was here, never in this world, if a friend hadn't written me."

"Reg Stivers wrote you, I bet."

"Well, what if he did? You get out, that's all. *To-day.*"

Suddenly his eyes found the woman, the quiet, dumb woman sitting beside the great fool, and both of them wearing their wedding finery, the big dolts!

"Well, who've we got here?" he demanded.

"We were going to get married," Tim Carty explained. His deference to authority made his eyes shifty. "I guess we can't, now. I guess it's too late."

"I should say so!" Beale taunted. "What you going to marry on? All you got is a horse and wagon!"

The woman unclasped her hands. "We don't need you to tell us," she said. "We marry anyway."

"That *so?*" Beale laughed. "Well, now, listen to the lady! Going to get married anyhow, and set up housekeeping in a wagon! Real gypsy style. That's great!" He slapped his knees. "That's a good joke."

"Ya?"

Her eyes were like blue ice.

"How much you want for this place?"

The fat man wiped his eyes with a dirty handkerchief.

"Five hundred, little lady. Five hundred as it stands. Five hundred will buy it, hook, bait and line."

SHE said nothing. Tim Carty turned to stare at her. He was conscious of great forces at work within her; the slow, imponderable gathering of her remote and beautiful intention. She was a woman. She was strange to both of these men, Tim who would marry her and the other who would cheat her if he could. There was something majestic and terrible about her too. There was in her silence an avenging righteousness, the strength of a woman who has lived and yearned in silence toward an unimaginable reward. She clasped her hands again, slowly, tightly. Her breath was deep and strong.

"All right," she said at last. "I buy."

"You buy? What the hell are you talking about?"

"All my life I save for a home of my own. I work, I save. What you know about it! I got plenty money in the bank. Ya. I buy. To-day."

She turned to Tim Carty. "Now," she said, "we get married."

And as the wagon jerked out of the rutted field into the road it passed the grave of that stranger who had traveled too far and had searched too long for happiness.

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# Gyps That Pass in the Night

*Continued from page 10*

as soothing to the eye as smoked glasses and the mock plot was a longer stag-party joke than most of 'em. It was well toward the end of the first act before pretty Pansy appeared, and when she did she started something. As scantily draped as the day she was born, Pansy did a Charleston, and how! The number stopped proceedings for several minutes and she took a half dozen bows. Up the aisle comes a big basket of flowers for her and Barbara turns to me suddenly.

"Oh, I wish *we* had thought of that, Bill!" she whispers. "It would have been awfully nice of you to have sent Pansy flowers!"

"That's the way I figured when I ordered that basket she's getting now!" I remarks quietly. "I'm sure tickled the kid's gotten across. She's not a bad fellow at all, Barbara, and you must admit she *has* got stuff! That was a cruel piece of hoofing she just tore off, wasn't it?"

"I do wish you wouldn't *always* be so slangy, Bill!" says Barbara, frowning. "And if you want my candid opinion, I think your friend Pansy is extremely obvious, bold and shameless in both costume and action!"

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty!" I grins and squeezes her arm.

She turned on me, her face ablaze, and then she laughed.

"Perhaps that *was* feline of me!" she says. "Still, I don't know why I don't get up and leave you here to enjoy your Pansy complex alone!"

"If I was you I wouldn't give me the satisfaction!" I smiles.

In the lobby during intermission I run square into Jack Fairfax, parading around in a tux which fit him like a grape's skin and swelled up like a toy balloon. I tried to duck him, but no such luck.

"As I live!" he exclaimed. "The boy wonder, Bust-'Em-Bill himself! Aren't you sorry now you let Pansy slip away from you?"

"I'm sorry to see her mixed up with *you*, that's a cinch, you big tomato!" I answers courteously.

"You small-town boys are out of your element in New York," sneers Fairfax. "It requires real money and some finesse to capture lilies of the field such as Pansy! I happened to have the necessary ingredients and you didn't. You're not a very good loser, Grimm!"

"So's your Uncle Oscar!" I says, scornfully. "I've lost nothing to you, Fairfax—Pansy's too level and far too wise to fall for any such crude worker as you. She gives your kind a run around and makes you like it!"

"Well, you keep away from her, Grimm, or I'll find a way to stop you!" he snarls, suddenly ugly.

"Why, you poor, dizzy boob, I never was Pansy's heavy boy friend!" I says. "Don't start getting rosy with *me*—I could flick a muscle at you and you'd be out for a week!"

I knew the only athaletics he'd ever engaged in was to take a jump at a conclusion.

"There are other weapons besides fists, you roughneck!" he spits at me and loses himself in the crowd. I felt like the hero in a movie!

WHEN I went back to my seat I told Barbara about this little incident, and she likewise advised me to cross Pansy off my list, warning me that Fairfax was just the kind of a mug which would stop at nothing. Positive that Pansy was now well started on the road to success, I made up my mind that I was about as necessary to her as another ear, so I decided to keep away.

After the show I took Barbara to a place where it's never too late to spend for a bite and a couple of dances, but we left when Pansy and Fairfax blew in a little while later. Like all the others, this night club was selling, and Fairfax promptly tipped off the manager that Barbara was a revenue agent, so our exit was greeted with a sigh of relief.

Before prohibition, this eat, drink and dance palace took down a $2,000 net nightly, but since the amendment a $7,500 gate is nothing at all. The one thing which strikes me comical about prohibition as it's played now is that some poor chump named Tony Lazzaretto or the like gets pinched for selling a watery wine, while in Times Square there's a million gilded scofflaw joints running wide open where you can buy any kind of poison. They ain't even under cover and don't tell *me* them places couldn't be closed if the authorities wanted 'em closed! The trouble with prohibition enforcement is that there's none so blind as those which get graft. It's the bootlegger which pays and pays and pays!

WELL, while I had nothing to do and was doing it, Butch Ford signed me to box Rough House Gallagher, heavyweight champion of Earthquake, California, at a club in Harlem. Left Hook O'Brien was carded for the same show against anybody the promoters picked out for him to mangle. O'Brien would fight the marines if the purse was right.

Easing up on my training one day as I was getting a bit fine, I released Shifty Jones, my big colored sparring partner, to a crap tourney and invited Barbara for a ride in my speed boat. On the way to the landing on the Hudson we met Pansy Pilkington skipping along upper Broadway. I give her a warm greeting, but got back the icy stare, on account of me being with Barbara, I suppose.

At better than thirty miles per hour we roared up and down the river in my boat, which I'd named "Miss Barbara." I whizzed past the downtown docks and like to collided with a ferryboat when some bird balances himself for a instant on the rail of the ferry and then jumps kerplunk into the Hudson! I tossed him our big white doughnut.

Barbara let fall a horrified gasp, and the ferryboat began reversing, with many whistle blasts. Two more life preservers comes flying from their upper deck. One of 'em fell in my boat and the other one's skimming the air yet, for all I know. It seems there was plenty life preservers on hand—what was needed was a good quoit pitcher!

I tore off my shoes, shed coat, collar and shirt in the well-known twinkling and dived. The Hudson in the late fall is no Golf Stream by no means and that water was as cold as a mother-in-law's caress! But I got to this drowning umpchay with a few strokes, and then the fun waxed fast and furious. This fellow would have baffled Billy Sunday—he didn't wish to be saved, what I mean! He fought me tooth and nail, while the neighbors' children crowded the ferryboat rails and cheered—which of us, I don't know. We was both under a half dozen times till finally I managed to tap my vis-à-vis on the chin and he went limp.

Barbara had maneuvered the motor boat around and held him against the side of it till I pulled myself aboard and dragged him in. The ferry tooted goodby and churned off, while I dropped flat in my boat to pant my own way back to life.

Our gasping would-be suicide was close to a total loss, and while we worked over him Barbara whispered that he seemed to be shot to pieces from drugs. He was about medium size and looked to me like a gunman, and the minute he could talk at all he snarled his first words of gratitude:

"Who told *you* people to butt in? Why didn't you leave me bump off?"

His voice was cracked and high-pitched, and he seemed on the brinks of busting out crying. I started a naturally angry retort, but Barbara shook her head at me, so I floundered back to the engine and got under way for the boathouse. I was what you might rightly call all wet!

When I walked back to Barbara and our new traveling companion, he held out a shaking hand and thanked me kindly for saving his life. I guess we run along for about ten minutes in dead silence before he begin his story, and a wild tale it was!

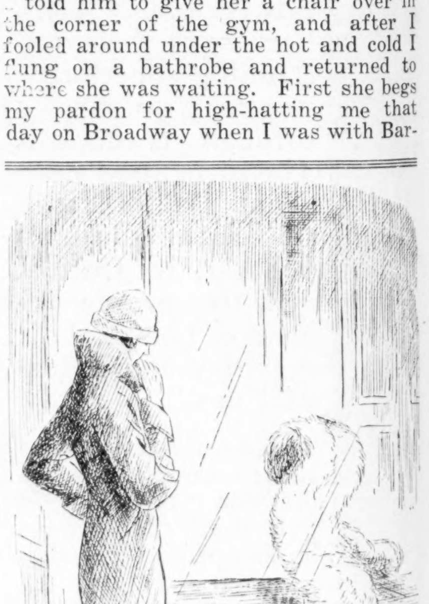
His name in round numbers was Johnson, and he freely admitted being a drug fiend. Johnson had belonged to a mob of dope smugglers, working with the crews of certain steamers making New York as a regular port. Coming into Quarantine at night, the crews would drop packets overboard attached to floats, and the smugglers would cruise by in the darkness later and pick 'em up. According to our tête-à-tête, this dodge was a very common one till the activities of the revenue boats after rum runners had made the bay hot, and now it was seldom attempted.

Johnson claimed he'd been trying to break the drug habit and quit these gyps which pass in the night, who'd figured he was going to make a squeal and threatened to cook him. Terrified by their warnings and driven cuckoo by hop, Johnson had decided he was taking the exit nearest him when he leaped off the ferry.

Well, we was both sympathetic, but Barbara's professional interest was aroused. This drug-smuggling thing was right in her line of duty, and she managed to worm out of Johnson that a boat was due the following week to toss off dope for the gang. Now, if there's anything I despise it's a trafficker in drugs. Beside them guys bootleggers is public benefactors, no kidding! Anybody which will make another a slave to dope will sell it to high-school kids like they do and ruin thousands of lives yearly. Anybody low enough for that rates no mercy!

When we got to the boathouse I phoned Butch Ford for dry clothes for two, and Barbara took charge of Johnson, who was close to the heeby-jeebies. After he'd repeated his story to her superiors and been promised protection, they sent him to a hospital for treatment.

A FEW days after that little experience I was working out in Butch's gym for this Rough House Gallagher brawl before a crowd which each put four bits on the line to see me ready myself. I'd just got done sparring four fast frames with Shifty Jones, when who walks in but Pansy Pilkington. As usual, she closely resembled a million dollars and got plenty attention from the gathering of admiring fight fans and pugs, but I didn't give her a tumble. I was starting for the showers when Shifty run over and says the lady wants to see me. I told him to give her a chair over in the corner of the gym, and after I fooled around under the hot and cold I flung on a bathrobe and returned to where she was waiting. First she begs my pardon for high-hatting me that day on Broadway when I was with Bar-



*Shoplifter: "Believe me, there's a skin I'd love to touch"* bara and then she thanks me fluently for the flowers I sent her.

"How did *you* come to be back in here?" I says, anxious to get the interview over. "I thought you had a matinée to-day?"

"Not to-day or any other day, Bill!" smiles Pansy, a bit sorrowfully. "I'm not with 'Yes, Yes, Yvette' any more. I'm—er—resting!"

"You—you threw up a chance like that?" I exclaims, believing my ears to be liars.

"Pardon you—I did not!" returns Pansy. "Fairfax fired me!"

"Well, I'll be a cup of cocoa!" I breathes. "Look here, Pansy, you was the hit of that show. Why, some of the critics was afraid you was a success and predicted your name would soon be up in the lights! Another thing, Jack Fairfax has been trying to make you for months, to my knowledge. He wouldn't give you the air for no ordinary reason! Now, what's the answer?"

WELL, she stalled for a bit, but I'm hard to discourage when I'm interested, and finally I got the low-down.

"Bill," says Pansy, toying with her hand bag and looking down at the floor, "you scored a bull's-eye with your guess that Fairfax's interest in me was—was, well, for no good reason! In fact, he—his demands became so insulting that I had to stop him from calling on me. Did—did you know he is a drug fiend?"

I shook my head, amazed.

"And that isn't all!" continues Pansy. "He's mixed up with a gang of dope peddlers! I found that out when I let him use my apartment one night for what he called a conference with his business associates. Naturally, I thought he meant his partners in the production of his show. When they left I told him what I'd eavesdropped, and he tried his darnedest to get me to—to take cocaine, I think it was! Of course I was furious and ordered him out. Then he got raving mad and carried on something awful. He told me the real reason he'd helped me and wound up by giving me my notice!"

I'd jumped to my feet before she got half finished, and now I grabbed her arm.

"Wait till I get dressed!" I says, and, believe me, I was running a temperature. "I'm going up and shellac Fairfax till he'll have to be introduced to his own mother! Then I'll have him pinched. He wanted to make you a hophead, hey? I'll knock that Humpty-Dumpty bow-legged!"

But Pansy jumped up too, looking much alarmed.

"Hold everything!" she says. "For Goshsakes, lay off Fairfax, Bill. He's poison! It's just one more tough break for me, and I'll have to make the best of it. Fairfax carries a gun now, and if he found out I'd squawked to you he's just crazy enough to do anything. Why, Bill, if I hadn't come in the night he had those men up to my flat he'd have shot one named Johnson then and there for trying to quit him!"

"Johnson, hey?" I hollered, thrilled to the core. "Eh—look here, Pansy, have you got any money?"

"Enough to get by till I land on Broadway again, thanks!" she says. "My press notices on 'Yes, Yes, Yvette' should mean something!"

"Kayo!" I says. "Run along now. I'll see you all of a sudden. As far as Fairfax and his artillery is concerned, I ain't shivering. Did you ever hear of dead reckoning?"

"Why—yes," she says, puzzled.

"Well, I killed it!" I grins, patting her shoulder. "So long!"

OVERJOYED by the knowledge that the trap set for the dope smugglers would nail Fairfax and rub him out of my life maybe forever, I declared myself in when Barbara and the hard-boiled customs men went down the bay after them in my speed boat. They jumped at the chance to use mine, because most of the revenue boats was known to the rum and drug runners.

Without lights we made the run to Quarantine in jig time, in spite of a pitch-black night, a high wind and a pelting rain. We arrived off the stern of the big freighter Johnson had tipped us off on just in time to hear the putt-putt-putt of the smugglers' craft going away, and then the panic was on! We'd mounted a high-powered searchlight on my boat, and by swinging this back and forth we quickly picked out our prey zipping along in a wallow of foam. Then the chase began!

People, that was one exciting evening! The smugglers replied to a megaphoned command to stop by turning loose a volley of shots which spattered all around us. The customs guys promptly returned the compliment, and as I'd brought a gun along just in case, so did I. Bullets flew right and left—no kidding, it was just like Chicago! I made Barbara crouch down out of range and stood in front of her as much as I could, when three or four times flying lead splintered the rails and sides of my boat.

The smugglers headed for a dock, and it's a good thing for us they did, because my expensive "Miss Barbara," riddled with bullets, sank like a stone a instant after we'd all leaped out on the dock after 'em. There was my swell motor boat at the bottom of the river, and I still had six payments to make on it!

Well, we fought all over the dock in the storm, socking whenever a head showed up which didn't resemble a revenue agent. I remembered to back my victims against a post before letting 'em have it, as in that way you drive their head against whatever's in back of 'em and get much more horsepower. We finally beat the gang into listening to reason and rounded them all up, handcuffed and quite a bit shopworn. But Mr. Jack Fairfax was not in their midst, although I went over them five times with a flashlight!

I hadn't seen him during the free-for-all, and the prisoners claimed they never heard tell of him. When we got to headquarters we found that this Johnson baby had copped a sneak from the hospital, so that the only witness we had to pin the rap on Fairfax was Pansy Pilkington, and she shut up like a clam! Pansy declared if she got implicated in the thing it would ruin her chances of getting in the Follies, and wild horses wouldn't drag another word out of her!

So again Fairfax escaped the law—and me!

I NEARLY fell through the ropes when I seen this jazzbo in a ringside seat the night of my fight with Rough House Gallagher. Left Hook O'Brien had lost his bout on a questionable foul and was in my corner telling me about it, when I lamped Fairfax. He was sporting a black patch over one eye and some court plaster on his pan. This proper clown had the nerve to grin insinuatingly at me, and I was immediately positive he'd got his wounds in that mêlée on the dock with the smugglers the other night. Infuriated by that conviction and the fact that I couldn't prove it, the loss of my unpaid-for motor boat and the knowledge that Fairfax was plainly enjoying what was running through my mind, I simply run amuck!

The instant the bell rung I let off steam by charging madly at Rough House Gallagher and swarming all over him. "C'mon—like it!" I invited him, but he never got started. I just sprayed him with lefts and rights, battering him all over the ring and dropping him four times in the first two minutes. The customers was on their chairs screaming wildly and Rough House Gallagher was on the ropes, out on his feet, when the referee stepped between us and motioned me to my corner, just as a sponge come flipping in from Gallagher's handlers. The fight lasted less than a round, and now you know what made the reporters think I'd swore a vow to kill the unfortunate Rough House Gallagher.

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# WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

*You made this page what it is to-day. Now is the time to take thought for the morrow*

### No Sights so Beautiful—

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

OVER here in New Jersey people never saw a show boat— Oh, I wish I were smart enough to write you about the show boats we used to enjoy down on the Ohio River when I was a little girl thirty years ago.

We lived on the Ol' River Road—the show boats landed just below our dining-room windows. When the siren whistle of the caliope came tooting around the bend of Nyers' Landing the entire town rushed to the river bank.

There were many beautiful theatre boats among them. Cotton Blossoms, the Sunny South, the Eizenbarth and Henderson Floating Palace, the Golden Rod and the pioneer of them all—Old Colonel French's Floating Sensation.

The first movie I ever saw was on the Golden Rod; the best acrobatic feats I ever saw (picked circus performers who spent the early spring on the river) on the Sunny South.

Always the boats carried a snappy brass band which paraded the streets at high noon and gave a band concert on the upper deck at twilight, just before the electric signs flashed on and the box office opened.

I can shut my eyes and fancy I hear "Hiawatha" floating out over the water at dusk, and can see again the blue-eyed trap drummer who smiled at me—a flapper in a red sweater and an eleven-gored skirt smiling back at him.

All school children and townsmen were welcomed on the boat all afternoon. They were treated most courteously by everyone—from the lowest darky deck hand to the captain.

The plays were mostly melodramatic but between the acts we—thirty years ago—saw vaudeville and heard the new songs of the summer—"I'm Tying the Leaves so They Won't Come Down," "Daisies Won't Tell" and "The Moon Has His Eyes on You," etc.

MARY LOUISE COLLINS SCOTT,
"Old Doctor Collins' girl,"
Camden, N. J.

### Purposely Passed

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I hasten to ride on the crest of the flood of letters to plead for mercy for the tired proof reader who is responsible for the crime against "the laws of mod and gan" (page 23, Collier's for October 24, 1925). It gave me such a chuckle that I vote you give him congratulations and a week's vacation at the expense of our paper.

G. B. DETWILER, Clarendon, Va.

### College Without Cash

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

The letters which were sent to me through Collier's in answer to my query about working my way through college proved a great source of inspiration to me, for which I am very grateful.

I wrote several of the colleges suggested but every school to which I applied had its reservations filled. When I had about abandoned all hope of college this year, and had decided to work and save money for college next year, I saw an advertisement of the evening classes at New York University.

I came to the conclusion that it was possible for me to attend these classes, and to work during the day, thus earning my room and board and incidental expenses. The tuition, which I learned would be very moderate, was taken care of by my brother.

In less than a week all the necessary arrangements were made, and I came to New York. After two weeks I secured a position which covers all my daily expenses, and have been attending my classes regularly.

I think this is the best solution for anyone who finds himself in the circumstances I was in. "NEW JERSEY."

### "Do You Get the Plot?"

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

M. E. C. of Boston, Mass., takes pride in the Short Short Story that he dug up from somewhere. I can go him one better with the following culled from the past, I forget where:

"Rat, Cat, Scat," a complete story in three words.

H. C. P., Hamilton, Canada.

### Slow and Sure to Get There

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I fear that in your choice of the catch phrase "Fast and Safe" as a title for Tommy Milton's article you made a very unhappy one which may have tragic results.

"Speed" is relative. We must define it as "Driving too fast for conditions." "Speed" does not mean 20 or 30 or 40 miles per hour. It is dependent upon the weather conditions, the paving, the traffic, the time, the equipment, the location.

I have conscientiously studied thousands of accident reports and I feel safe in stating that *speed and safety cannot mix.*

J. ROBERT CLAIR, Boston, Mass.

### That Was *Our* Title

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I want to take exception to Senator Moore of Texas in his statement that in re pardons granted by Ma Ferguson that her "mercy is not strained!" The wise way in which she bestows her mercy on the poor and friendless and withholding pardons from the rich and political grafters looks very much like using "some strainer," and that with Solomonic wisdom.

F. W. SOUTHWORTH, M. D.,
Tacoma, Wash.

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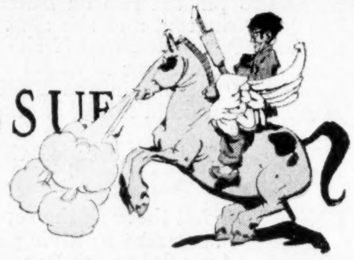

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### Her Children Call Her Blessed

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

The minister, as Mr. Johnston alleges, may not be a good business man. As a rule, he is not. But the minister's wife, besides being the salt of the earth, is one of the best business managers in the world.

She makes an inadequate salary do the work of a comfortable income.

She gives herself in love and sacrifice to the rearing of her children.

She sees to it that in some way they get an education.

She trains them to high-mindedness and honor.

She seeks with all her heart and strength to develop in them the shining graces of a genuine Christian character.

"Her price is far above rubies. . . ."

"Strength and honor are her clothing."

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness."

The proof of all this is to be seen in the thousands of ministers' sons and daughters who have won for themselves places of trust and leadership in the industrial, the commercial and the professional life of America. The homes of culture and refinement, despite meager financial resources, from which these men and women have come could never have been built upon such a foundation as that pictured by Mr. Johnston in his caricatures of the members of an ancient and honorable profession.

But we leave the gentleman to the tender mercies of Dr. Barton.

A SON OF THE MANSE.

### Anybody Seen That Cat?

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

As long as Don Marquis seems to be transplanting his fiction family entire to the columns of Collier's—for which transplanting I am devoutly thankful—why not have a word or two about that unmoral cat, Mehitabel?

Mehitabel is to me the priestess of the most satisfactory school of optimism—a Pollyanna deobnoxionated, if there is such a word. At least, her "toujours gai" carries with it no sickening sentiment. And Polly was such a prude.

No, I'll take my optimism mixed with a little sophistication.

ONE OF MEHITABEL'S ADMIRERS.

P. S.—But Don can leave Hermione at home.

### If Riffians Are Ruffians

*To the Editor of Collier's:*

I was tremendously interested in Fairplay's letter comparing the Riffs with the Boers, Belgians and finally with American Colonials.

If Fairplay is a victim and not an agent of propaganda he will find admissions by both American and British authorities that the French rule in Morocco is the best, most enlightened and most humane that has been achieved by that country so far.

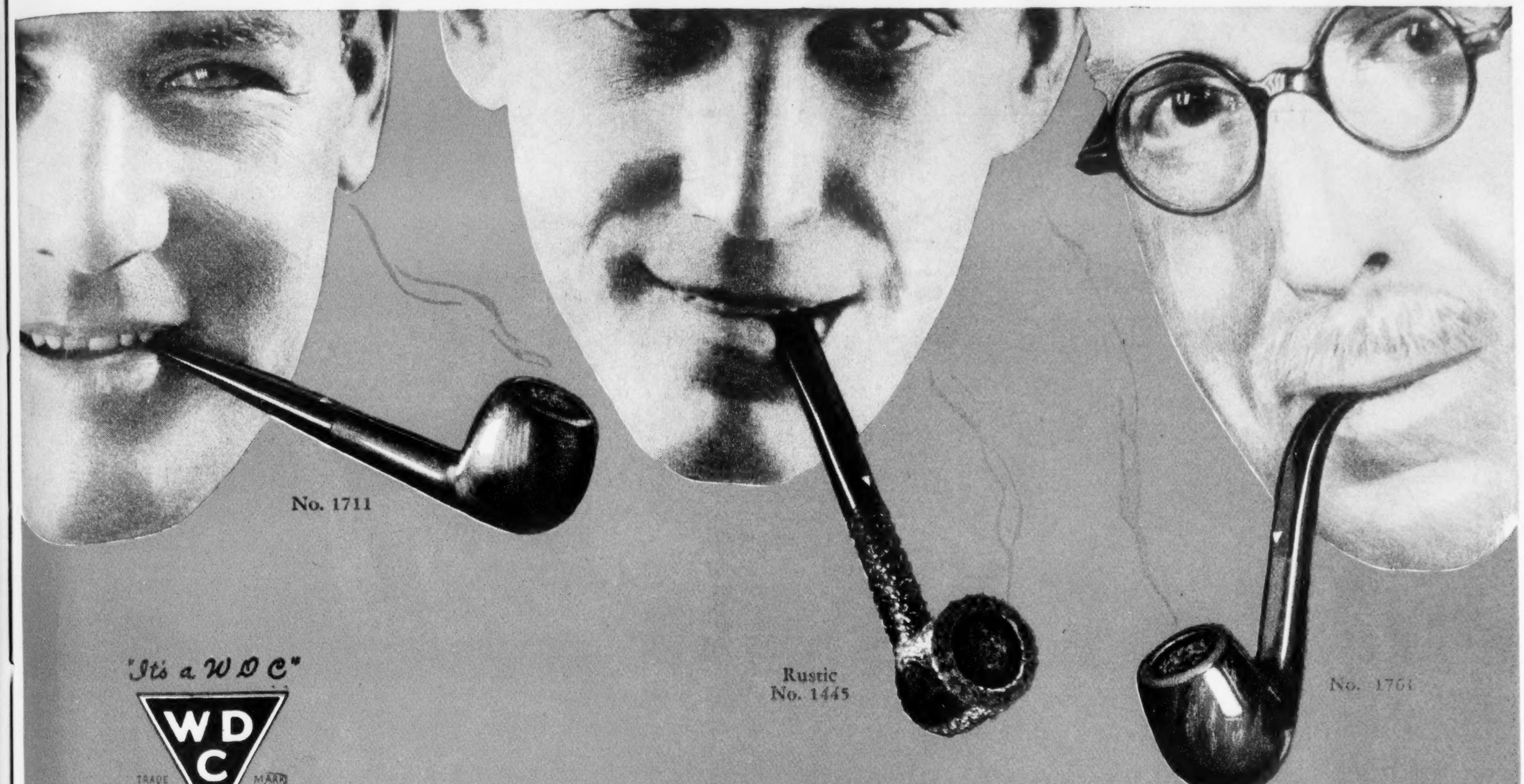
He can then get the reports from the American consuls on the methods of the Riffs in their invasion of French Morocco.

It is conceivable that Fairplay sympathized with Villa but hardly possible that he would have cared much about him if he had tried to overrun Texas. Villa as judged by his methods was a haloed saint as compared to Abd El Krim.

In addition Villa was undoubtedly, according to his own lights, a patriot.

The word "patriot" has stood a great deal of abuse but if one applied it to the Riffian leader in his fight for mining concessions for the German group it would certainly be the last straw.

LEE ROLFE,
Buffalo, N. Y.



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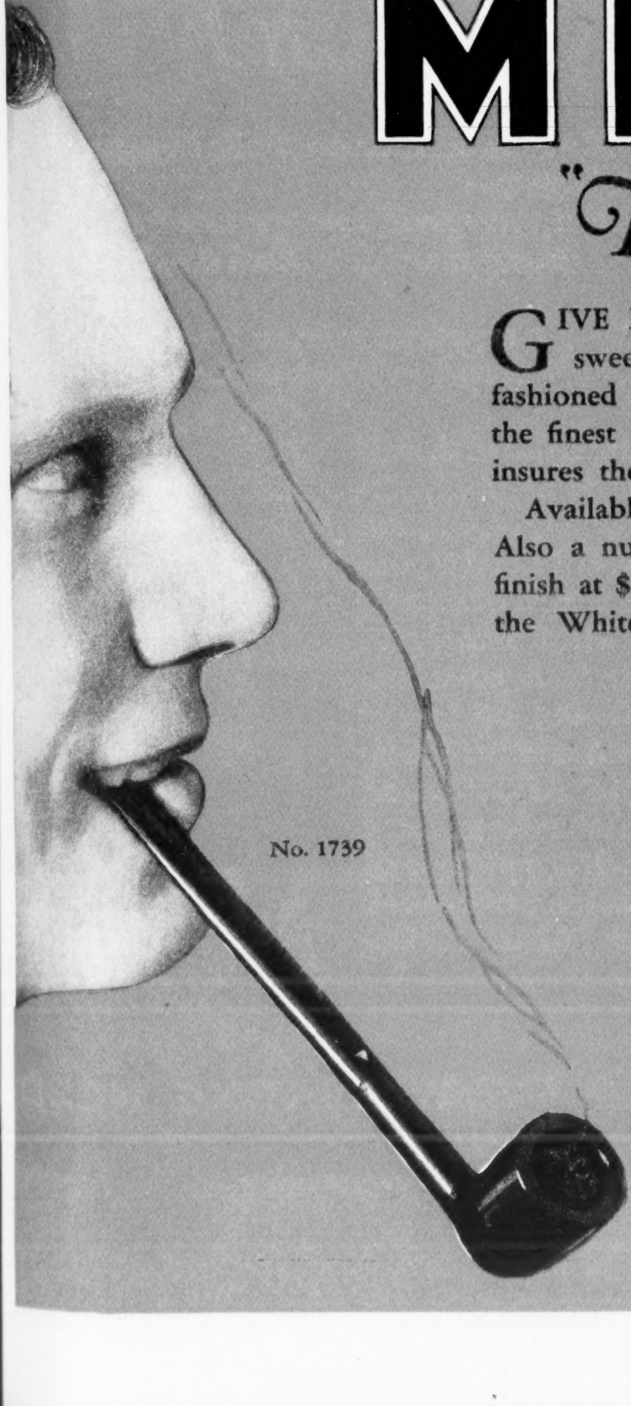

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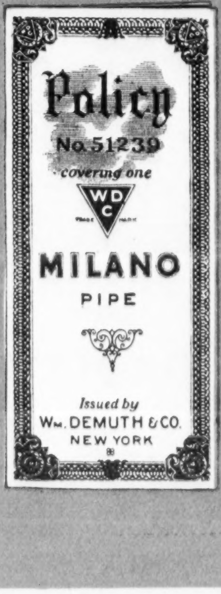

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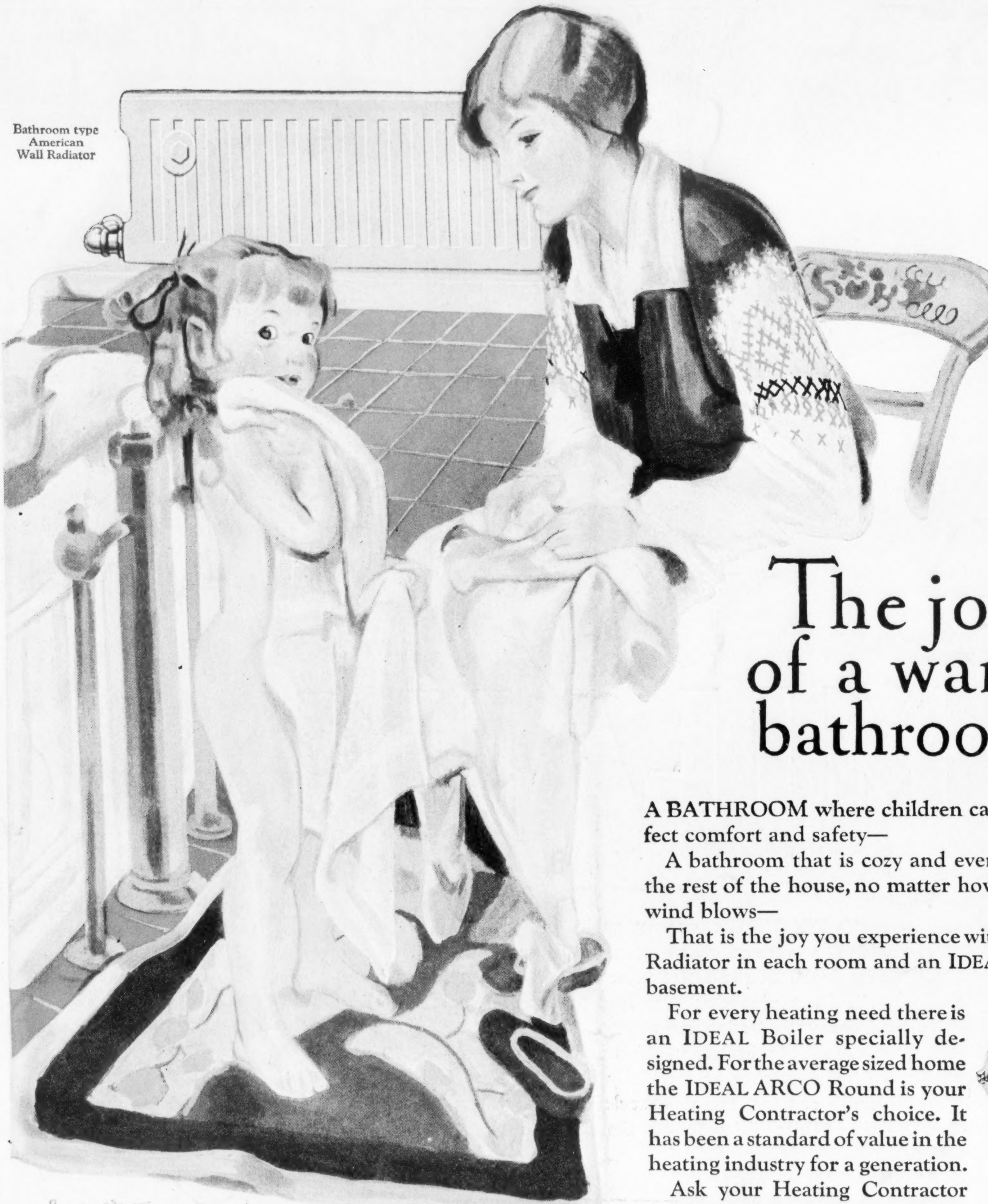
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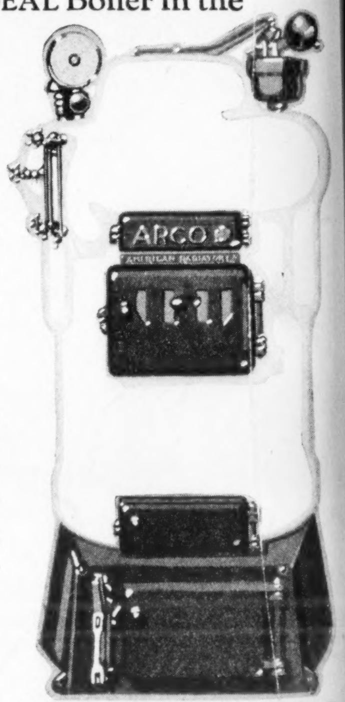
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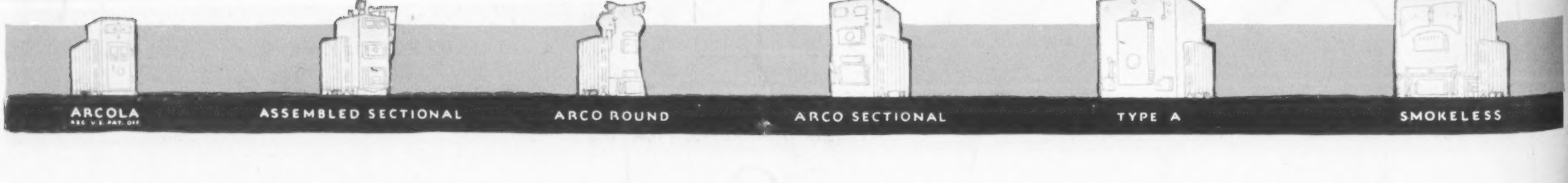
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